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ART. I. — *A History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa.* By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 1846. 8vo. pp. 603.

THE enterprise, the history of which Dr. Alexander has presented so much at large, originated in a desire to benefit the colored race both in this country and in Africa, the slave as well as the free. It was meant to serve the free, by providing a home where they should not be oppressed by those associations of contempt and injury which hang round them here and prevent their rising; and to help the slave, by showing that his condition can be improved by emancipation, which is now doubted by many, and not without some reason. It was believed that there were those who held slaves from a feeling of necessity, and because they considered themselves responsible for their welfare, — retaining them in their service not from selfish motives, but from the sincere impression, that to dismiss them, under ordinary circumstances, would do them more harm than good. Such persons undoubtedly there are, quite as many as would be found, in the same relation, in any other part of the world. Notwithstanding all that is said, to the disadvantage of our country, of the glory which England has gained by her West Indian emancipation, no one believes that there would have been more freedom at this moment in Jamaica than in Louisiana, had it depended there, as it does here, upon the

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masters. Those persons must be largely blessed with faith and charity who can look over the social condition of the British empire, and believe that the English are more alert than all the rest of the world in surrendering evils and abuses which they are interested to maintain. Here and elsewhere, there are some who, from reasons of humanity, desire to escape from the unnatural relation of master to slaves; others who deplore its effects on character, both in themselves and their children; others yet who live in dread of the consequences and changes which it may possibly bring. These all, acting from various and perhaps blended motives, are willing to surrender their charge, if they can be sure that they are removing them from a bad condition to a better. The colonization system is intended to answer this natural and reasonable demand.

But there is an impression in many minds that the plan originated in selfishness, and that the whole operation of the system is selfish from first to last. The best way to determine this point is to consider the character of those with whom it began; unless there is something which they could have expected to gain by it, there can be no ground for the suspicion. The well known divine, Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, first suggested it. Though, in his day, the relation of master and slave was not questioned as it is now, and it was not so generally admitted that man can buy no right to man, it was evident that the bondman was at the mercy of his lord, that they who have unlimited power will sometimes abuse it, and that, even if the slave should be humanely treated, it is only physical comforts which such kindness can supply, since, in order to reconcile him to his condition, his mind must be kept in darkness, thus closing the only window through which heaven's light can reach his soul. Dr. Hopkins thought, too, that the colored race might be made the means to carry light and civilization to their African brethren, who have always been so difficult to reach. Surely, no one can ascribe his zealous philanthropy to any mercenary designs. Some years after, Dr. Thornton, a native of Virginia, brought forward a similar plan, and published an address to the free people of color in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, inviting them to go with him to Africa to establish themselves in the land of their fathers. He failed for want of means; but what earthly end could he have

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gained from it but labor and sorrow, had it succeeded to his utmost hope? Dr. Finley, of New Jersey, called the first meeting which ever was attended in this country to consider the subject; and he, Dr. Burgess, and Samuel J. Mills, who went forth to explore, and found his grave in a foreign land, were as far removed as any men can be from the suspicion of using philanthropy to veil self-interest and ambition. And it may be said in general, that those who have taken up this object have struggled against wind and tide, having no loud voices of encouragement to cheer them, and yet persevering against contempt and resistance, when it was impossible to account for their self-devotion, except by admitting that it came from the heart.

But it is said, that there are those who sustain this enterprise, not from any desire to serve the slave or the African, but simply with the view of making slavery safer and more permanent by removing the free colored people from our shores. Undoubtedly it was free men whom they expected to remove. It was not understood that any should be compelled to go; if they went at all, it must be by an act of freedom on their own part, by using the power of choice. Even had it been otherwise, had the slave been compelled to go, we cannot see the extreme cruelty of the operation; for we have the impression that slavery is a bitter state, and that whoever takes a man out of it to a land where he can breathe the air of free moral existence renders him a service, though perhaps against his will. When we see a man in the fire or the water, we may be forgiven if we do not ceremoniously ask his consent to draw him out; and if he should prefer remaining in either element, it should not be accounted inhumanity on our part, if we consulted his welfare more than his will. It may be, that some have exerted their power as masters in a last act by compelling their slaves to go; but if there have been such cases, we do not know them, and we apprehend that they are very few. That the system has been advocated by some Southern statesmen on the ground that it makes slavery safer and surer, we readily admit; but certain it is, that the men who hold extreme opinions on the subject, believing slavery intended as a permanent blessing, are among the most jealous enemies of colonization, because they feel that the whole matter is brought under review and made to agitate the pub-

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lic mind in this form, when it could not be introduced in any other. If, therefore, colonization could be put down, they think that it would close the only avenue through which light can reach the minds of the masters, and prevent all discussion of the right of man to man.

There is no doubt that this is a correct impression, and in all these cases the question is not, with what views is an enterprise supported, but what is its effect likely to be. Every extended movement enlists a variety of interests and feelings; some, who are perfectly indifferent to it in one point of view, may be warmly interested when they see it in another. If one of its advocates presents it to one set of men as favorable to their interests and views, and to another set, having different interests and opinions, as favorable to theirs, it is an evident fraud and falsehood on his part; there is no excuse for his double-dealing. And so, if the appeals and reports of any association hold different language according to the point of the compass to which they are addressed, offering colonization to the South as a means to perpetuate slavery, and to the North as an instrument to undermine it, no man in his senses will undertake to excuse or defend them. The case is different, when the plan is simply presented, and each one left to judge for himself what purpose it will answer, and why it should have claims to his friendly regard. The reasons which have weight with them may be different; they may sometimes be directly opposed to each other; one advocate, who takes one view of it, may present that view, and another, at his side, or in a distant region, may hold forth an opposite doctrine, without any moral inconsistency or prevarication. In every thing else, there is the same contradiction. Some friends of temperance are in favor of restricting laws, while others, equally sincere, believe that these create more intemperance than they suppress. Some opposers of capital punishment deny the right to take life, while others maintain the right, but would not exercise it, because it gives a murderer the aspect of a victim. Thus it is that men travel in different paths to the same result; and it is no reproach to a cause, if it should be sustained from views and inducements various and even contradictory, since it has been so with every enterprise since the world began.

But while the scheme of colonization presents itself in

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various aspects to different classes of its supporters, and we are not aware that its advocates lie open to any charge of perverting or suppressing the truth, though it is not seen alike by all, it is well known that a great prejudice has been exerted against it, and that, too, in a part of the country where it might have expected the warmest welcome. It was not so in the beginning; the friends of humanity and freedom in New England at first were deeply interested in it; it seemed to open precisely the way that was wanted, in which philanthropy could touch the subject of slavery without throwing off constitutional restraints, or calling up the fierce resistance of the masters. For a time, the only objection made to it was the poverty of its resources, and the vastness of the work which it proposed to do. This objection was met, by showing that all beginnings must be small; it is only by slowly and heavily piling one stone on another, that foundations are ever laid; that it was far better to make thorough, even if lingering, preparation for the work, than to have a multitude thrown into the new colony at once, without a mass to receive them in which their ignorance and barbarism could be melted down. Discouraging as such beginnings are, it is evident, in looking back on every such enterprise, that their hopelessness at first has been their greatest blessing, calling out patient hope, inspiring successive as well as strong endeavours, and giving the new elements time to ripen into consistency and hardness, to bear the weight that shall afterwards come.

As to the work which it proposed to accomplish, it was not supposed that mere efforts of private liberality would remove the vast slave population of the country, increasing every year, as it does, by tens of thousands. If the States interested would consent to the surrender, and the nation put its energy to the endeavour, no doubt it could be done; but no one ever imagined that a voluntary association, however extended in its numbers, or liberal in its contributions, could any more relieve this continent from its burden than they could dip the ocean dry. Still, there was something which was entirely within their power; they could make an experiment, to show, that, under favorable circumstances, the emancipated slave could throw off his degradation, expand to the full proportion of intellectual manhood, form an energetic and practical character, and learn to respect him-

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self and command the respect of others ; yet more, that, with his powers thus drawn out, he could give to the world the example of a moral, well ordered, and free community, with wise laws, administered by efficient members, and not indebted to the white man for counsel or guidance ; and, reasoning on common principles of human nature, it was believed that such a colony would send an inviting light across the deep, that slaves would hear of it and be earnest to go, that masters would feel that there they might safely send them, and thousands would find their way to it unaided and of themselves, as men always succeed in arriving at any destination which they strongly desire to reach. In all this there is nothing visionary. The slender resources of the colony, though a discouragement, have proved a blessing ; the corner-stone has been slowly and surely laid ; and the time is not distant, when it shall be a matter of attraction, and interest, and rejoicing to the colored race in this country and the world.

These objections, which met the plan in the outset, being answered, it was prosperous and successful for a time. But the subject of slavery was kept before the public mind, and inquiry began to be made concerning the foundation of the master's right to the slave. If the possession came by inheritance, the father could not transmit to the son a stronger claim than he had himself ; if he bought from the slave-dealer, the trader could transfer only his own title ; and this came originally from the African chief, who destroyed and plundered some village, that he might sell his wretched captives for gunpowder and rum. His only claim was that of the robber to the goods he had stolen ; so that, on looking into the validity of deeds, it became tolerably clear, that, if the slave was a man and not an animal, he had the best right to himself, — a right of which he could not be dispossessed by any act of power. By such processes of reasoning, the idea of the right to emancipation became familiar to the public mind ; and any thing which appeared to deny that right, or to assume that the slave was not in a condition to claim it or be the better for it, was looked on as an excuse for injustice and oppression. All at once, an attempt was made to persuade those who took a humane interest in the subject, that the colonization scheme maintained the unfitness of the slave to be free, and discouraged the hope that, under any circumstances, he could rise to the dignity and station of a man.

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It was not easy to understand how this suggestion could gain credit, when the whole object of the society was to make him free, and to place him in circumstances propitious to the full development of his powers. To be sure, it went on the supposition that, as things are now, there is no place in this country where he can be situated thus. Go where he may, he encounters a cruel prejudice, which weighs him down like a millstone, excluding him from the honors and comforts of life, and reminding him, with perpetual insult, that he belongs to an inferior race; a prejudice so deeply ingrained in the public mind, that many, who are kind and generous in other relations, are hard as the rock in this. Now, the question is, what shall be done for his relief? Shall he submit to these heart-breaking sorrows in silence, waiting till the time shall come for a general change in the public feeling, which may not come till long after he is in the dust? or shall he take advantage of a way of escape that opens, and relieve himself, by passing to a more favored region, where none can stand above him or trample him down? His master is desirous to send him to such a country, and he is desirous to go. Why should they not be gratified? What possible advantage can result to any one from keeping him in bondage, when he may as well be free? If it be said, that these cases of occasional release exert an influence adverse to the more extensive deliverance which might give the same blessing to greater numbers, it might be well to show how the manumission of one can, by any imaginable effect, be unpropitious to the manumission of all. It should be remembered, that sending the slave to Africa is in itself an act of emancipation; and, so far from being predicated on the idea that he never can be a self-sustained and energetic man, the whole theory of colonization is founded on the idea, that it is only his present condition which debases him, and if that can be changed, he will be intelligent, energetic, and happy as any of the sons of men. It really affords almost the only mode of immediate emancipation, recommending it as wisdom in the master and justice to the slave; and yet there are many, who, for no reason except that some one has told them so, will maintain to the death, that colonization and emancipation are inconsistent with and hostile to each other.

We are well aware, that the free people of color in this

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country have now a great prejudice against expatriation. This, they say, is their native land, and why should they leave it? Ay, why *should* they leave it, if they can find an inducement to stay? Egypt was the native land of Moses and the Israelites; but their native air was not particularly good for their constitutions, and though they sometimes sighed for it in their discontent, they would doubtless have been sorry enough to have been taken at their word, and sent back again to the flesh-pots, cucumbers, and melons, not to speak of the brick-yards. We cannot see the especial fascination in any part of this country, which should make a separation from it so heart-rending. We apprehend, that, if our portion in it was like theirs, we should sound a retreat at the first opportunity, and without incurring the penalty of Lot's wife by looking back on the forsaken home. It passes our comprehension to discover what they can find here, in the way either of enjoyment or hope, that should be so difficult to resign. It is true, that better days may come in process of time; but meanwhile, it would seem as well to go to better days wherever they can find them, even if beyond the sea. But this is matter of taste; and if the colored citizens of America prefer their present condition, such as it is, no one asks them to leave it; they are at perfect liberty to remain to the end of time, if such is their pleasure.

But there may be those who see better prospects opening before them in other regions, who, even if the chance of improving their condition were less than it is, would gladly embrace it, being strongly convinced that any change must be for the better. There is no more reason why they should be forced to stay than why others should be compelled to go; and yet this constraint is imposed upon them, if they are deprived of this place of refuge. Should the colony be put down, they would be obliged to content themselves with what they have in this country, where, so far as we can understand, their portion and hope are as small and uninviting as ever fell to the lot of man. Now, while we should abominate the compulsion that forced any one to go, we cannot see that there is any less hardship in being required to stay unwillingly, as they must, if the wishes and predictions of many with respect to the colonies were made good. It is as a kind of emancipation that we are most interested in it; it has the advantage of being consistent with the law, acceptable to the masters, and,

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as these considerations are not wholly disregarded by reasonable men, is more likely than any other form to be generally adopted.

There is a common impression, however, that these plans of colonization increase the prejudice against the colored race. Whether this impression is held by any in good faith, or simply given to others, it is not easy to say; for how any one in his senses can trace such an effect to such a cause is more than we can tell. Undoubtedly, the scheme of colonization admits that there is such a prejudice; none lament it or suffer from it more than the colored race themselves; but to say that colonization excuses, defends, or has any tendency to maintain it, is very much like the popular faith of childhood, which ascribes the origin of the wind to the agitation of the tree. It allows and deplores its existence, we mean so far as our observation and sympathy extend; there may be those who think the prejudice natural, and not to be overcome; but this view of the matter is not ours. We look on colonization as the only means at present existing to place the colored man where he shall not be crushed down with its weight, and it is chiefly for this very reason that we wish it success, and aid it with our best endeavours. If the inquiry be made, why we do not give battle to this prejudice, we answer, it is not because we do not condemn and deplore it, but because we have never seen prevailing ideas and feelings suddenly changed by direct assault; and we think it better in general to help out those who are struggling with the waters, than to dam the current, or wait for it to run by.

Besides these objections, which are made to any plan of colonization, and which one would think would have as much force in reference to the British provinces as in their African application, much has been said in opposition to the colonial settlements now existing. We are told that they are unhealthy, and that great sacrifice of life has attended the efforts to plant them. It is true, that, in former days, many have perished in consequence of being suddenly transferred to a climate the peculiarities and demands of which they did not know. But it would not be easy to find a region on this earth where people will not sometimes die; had there been such, it would by this time have been tolerably well peopled by emigration, as well as by its own supply. But while it is true, that the common doom of mortality extends

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to the African settlements, it is not easy to show that the waste of life is greater than, under similar circumstances, it would be in any other land. We find, when the facts are known with respect to the death of many enterprising travellers, that they became sick in consequence of thoughtless exposure to the nightly chill. So, in the colonies, while insufficient preparation was made to receive the emigrants, and physicians had not learned the proper treatment of local diseases, there was as much sickness and loss, perhaps, as at Plymouth in the earlier days. But as the settlements extend their accommodations, and medical men make themselves acquainted with the complaints which at first were new to them, the danger disappears, and the prudent are in as little danger as in their American home.

Another objection to Liberia is, that the inhabitants have not devoted themselves as much to the cultivation of the soil as might be desired. It is undoubtedly true, that this employment is more favorable to a healthy moral state than any other, though less attractive to indolence and ambition. As was intimated in the foundation of the Hebrew commonwealth, men engaged in agriculture are more likely to have that social equality, and that independence of feeling, which exert propitious influences to make and keep them free. But while any friend to a young republic would desire and recommend this employment for the great body of the people, it is obviously impossible to force it upon them ; they will, according to the common experience of human nature, turn their attention to the pursuit which promises immediate gain. If traffic and commercial advantages are within reach, these will at first prove most attractive ; they will bring with them tastes not the most favorable to content, industry, or moral improvement and elevation. It is not till the sorrowful experience of many shows that every one cannot succeed in these pursuits, and that many blanks will be drawn to a single prize, that the quiet culture of the soil will be estimated as it deserves. But there is a stage of social progress in which the common illusion on this subject passes away. We may now see in New England how many are withdrawing themselves from the dusty and crowded paths of common life, from unprofitable trade and thronged professions, where the chances are many to one against them, to seek a subsistence in those agricultural pursuits, which, if less gainful in

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respect to wealth, are more apt and sure to yield returns of the higher treasures of character, mind, and heart.

There are some, too, who have the impression, that the Liberian experiment has been a failure ; that the inhabitants are neither prosperous nor happy ; that the tone of morals is low among them ; and, although some of them have become wealthy, that the greater number are poor and degraded, having gained nothing, but rather lost, if that is possible, by their translation to Africa. If this were so, it would be conclusive evidence against their power of rising ; so far as it went, it would show that they are wholly unfit for freedom, and need to be under the authority of others ; it would confirm all that the despisers of the colored race have said of their natural inferiority and their necessary dependence ; for one cannot imagine how the experiment should be tried under more favorable circumstances, and if it has not succeeded, there is no hope that it would prosper if tried again, in this land or in any other. But so far from finding this depressing view of Liberia confirmed, on examination, the weight of testimony is entirely on the other side. Some disappointed persons, doubtless, there have been ; some white men who have left the colony in disgust, and published unfavorable representations of it. But on looking into the matter, it does not appear that they were so sick of Liberia, as the colony was of them. The colored persons who have abandoned the undertaking became disgusted at finding that they must exert themselves there as at home, and that, unless they labored for their subsistence, they must suffer even more than in this country, since there was no master on whom they could lean.

But by far the most fluent and sweeping testimony against the colonies has been given by those who never saw them, and who have no light whatever on the subject, except what a predetermined and deadly hatred gives. On the other hand, evidence is given in favor of Liberia by the officers of our navy, by masters of trading-ships, by residents who have returned, and by more colonists than one can number, — men who could have no motive to mislead the public, and whose characters forbid the suspicion of falsity. These all bear witness to the moral habits and social order of the people, their prevailing activity and intelligence, the abundance of talent and energy which they manifest, and their rapid ad-

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vance in all the improvements of civil and domestic life. The churches and schools are well attended, the Sabbath is observed more faithfully than in any city of our land, the courts of justice are in steady and successful operation, the interests of the mind are properly regarded, and religion holds a place as high in the general respect and affection as in any part of the world. Really, no one, who is not determined never to believe, can resist the conviction, that all the promises and predictions of the founders have been made good. Considering the materials of which the colonies necessarily consisted, it is wonderful that they have come forward in civil and moral strength so soon. Neglected by friends and resisted by angry opposers, they have laid the foundations of an enlightened and powerful state, and the walls are already rising. We cannot understand how it is, that any, who wish to prove that the colored race are capable of manly action and self-sustaining energy, should reject the evidence which this history affords them. They may look in vain in other directions to find any testimony so satisfactory and convincing; and if they say that they need no such testimony, they must remember that others do, and that their doubts and sneers can only be answered by showing what colored men have done. Where can such illustration be found in successful action, except in a field like this?

One of the greatest recommendations of the system of colonization is the effect it will have on the continent of Africa, not only by affording a starting-point and place of protection for missionaries, which otherwise they could not find, but still more by its tendency to suppress the slave-trade, that most accursed of all sins and evils, which nothing else hitherto has been able to reach. The British government has exerted itself, apparently in good faith and feeling, to put an end to these horrible adventures; but it is freely confessed, that their maritime power, great as it is, can hardly reach this traffic, and that it has continued to thrive and grow under all efforts to put it down. So long as the gain of such voyages is great, wretches will be found everywhere to fit out vessels for the trade and to man them, and if they are detected and pursued, their living cargoes, which might have testified against them, are drowned in the depths of the sea. But while the fleets of great nations are baffled in their endeavours, these small colonies, composed of colored men

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having sympathy for their brethren, are able to say and to maintain, that the slave-trade shall not pollute their ground; their influence with the natives goes far to prevent their engaging in it; and the avenues of fair and innocent commerce which they open withdraw the natives from violence and blood. It is made clear, by successful experiment, that where such colonies are established the slave-trade cannot come. Since every other attempt to suppress it is hopeless, and this is the only one which promises any success, every one who wishes to put an end to it must rejoice in the prosperity of these settlements, and give his willing aid to extend them. The only objection that can be made is, that they are not strong enough for the purpose, and this should be a reason for enlarging their means and numbers, and thus giving them more power for the work.

The history of this enterprise, as it is here recorded, is one of great interest even now, though the results of the movement are as yet but imperfectly developed. Before its consequences can open upon us, it must have reached its full stature. It has not yet passed through its childhood, or at most its forming state. But enough already appears to make it certain, that it will maintain its existence; that it will be a strong and flourishing republic, and, like other republics, with all its faults, it will be a refuge for the oppressed; that it will have power to drive the slave-trade from its borders, and to send the light of humanity into the darkness of the continent, where it stands, like sunlight on the edge of a black cloud, giving promise that the shadow shall pass away. They who are disposed to ascribe its origin to selfishness should remember that it was commenced by private liberality, not that of slaveholders, but principally of those who could derive no advantage from it beyond the gratification of their benevolent feeling. Some of the States, also, have taken measures to establish colonies for themselves, and it is to be hoped that others will follow their example. But the national government, somewhat embarrassed perhaps by the relations in which it stands, has done nothing for it which is entitled to the name of patronage; and pert and conceited officers of other nations have shown a disposition to tyrannize over it, by the exertion of brief authority in some unreasonable ways, which it is hoped that their superiors will disavow. The streams of private charity have been largely and liberally flowing, and

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efforts the most constant and unwearied have been made by its disinterested friends. No popular enthusiasm has lifted and borne it onward, but everywhere it has been sustained by the thoughtful convictions of the wise and good. More than once, it has encountered a tempest of resistance which would have destroyed it, had it been less firmly set in the conscience and affection of its supporters, — but which, as it is, has given it a deeper root, a mightier bough, and a richer depth of foliage, to shelter those who sit under its extending shade.

Any one who associates the idea of selfishness with colonization would do well to consider how many martyrs have laid down their lives for it, — martyrs not precisely of the kind so popular just now, who stand at a sufficient distance from all danger, and abuse the sinner, instead of endeavouring to influence him to give up the sin, — but of the more genuine sort, who hold comfort, safety, and life itself in light esteem, if, by surrendering them, they can be of service to the cause of man. Samuel J. Mills, before alluded to, was a man of this description ; he poured his full heart into every work of love. His most earnest desire was to preach the gospel to the Africans, and it was with a view to this work that he became an explorer in the service of the society, and contracted the disease of which he died. He found much to encourage him in the intelligent views which some of the natives suggested. One of them remarked, that it would be well to have the direction of the enterprise in the hands of colored men, since the neighbouring tribes would dread the encroaching spirit of the whites much more than that of their own kin. Another said, that, as soon as a colored man capable of the trust could be found for a chief of the colony, he ought by all means to be placed at its head ; — precisely the course which the directors have thought it wise to pursue.

The next of these devoted men was Samuel Bacon, an Episcopal clergyman, who interested himself in the subject, and was employed by the government as agent to take care of slaves delivered from the slave-ships. The emigrants who went with him were most of them taken sick with the acclimating fever ; his strength was exhausted by his unwearied attendance upon them ; his spirit was severely tried by their jealous and unreasonable upbraidings ; he found himself deceived by a native on whose faithfulness he thought he could

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rely. But while all things seemed to be against him, and the prospects of the enterprise were dark and low, he declared that his faith in colonization was strong as ever, for he had actually seen Africans landed in America suffering as much and in the same manner as the emigrants there; while the surprising fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the commercial advantages, the great abundance of fish and wild animals, seemed like an invitation to the scattered children of Africa to return to their home. As for himself, he had counted the cost of the service, and had made up his mind to die in it, if necessary. It was not long before he was weighed down with anxiety and labor. In the sickness which followed, he had neither medical attendance nor proper care; and it was not long before he died, with a resigned spirit, and with unbroken confidence in the cause for which he had left his native land.

Another of these martyrs was Dr. Randall, of Maryland, a physician of great promise, who had been elected to a professorship in Columbia college. After the death of Ashmun, he felt it to be his duty to devote himself to the object in which he had been interested before, and therefore, against the remonstrances of his friends, he resigned all prospects of success and honor at home for the sake of rendering service to his race. Unfortunately, his zeal outran his strength. He exposed himself to the sun by day and the damps by night in a fatiguing journey, and, thinking more of his duties than his dangers, he became a victim, not so much to the climate, as to his earnest desire of doing good. Mr. Erskine, also, a colored Presbyterian divine from Tennessee, went out with his family to preach the gospel to the Africans, but was soon taken from his field of labor, after having followed his wife and daughter to the grave. Dr. Anderson, of Maryland, was another who left bright prospects and warm friends at home to labor in the service of humanity abroad; but very soon after he landed in the colony, he was called from his difficult station to his eternal rest.

Many such examples there have been, to show how much generous self-devotion has been manifested in this cause. It may seem like a needless waste of life, but almost all these physicians bore witness, that the unrelenting fever was not more alarming in Liberia than in our Southern States. And as for the expenditure of life, it seems to be ordered by

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Providence that such shall be the history of every similar adventure. The loss of such friends becomes a gain to the enterprise, from the spirit which it awakens in others; and there can be no loss to those who, with true philanthropy, lay down their lives, a willing sacrifice, in the cause of humanity and of God.

But this interesting cause, besides affording examples of great self-sacrifice, has called into its service some men of extraordinary power as well as philanthropy, who, in a larger field, would have been admired for their talent and energy, and in their small circle manifested high gifts, and made efforts which will hereafter be remembered with honor and applause. The first of these was Mr. Ashmun, who went to Liberia in 1823. Educated for the ministry, he was wholly untrained for business and war, and was thrown at once into the midst of danger which threatened the existence of the colony. Its means and resources, inadequate at the best, were all in disorder, and he had no time to arrange them before the blow should fall. Much of the public property had been consumed by fire; the emigrants were not properly sheltered, though the rainy season had set in; defences there were none, and not three dozen persons were able to bear arms. He was worn down with sickness; after nights of delirium, he was compelled to spend the day in labor; and his wife, who had come to share his fortunes, was rapidly sinking by his side. Certainly such a state of things was enough to fill the strongest and most experienced with dismay. But instead of yielding to depression, he proceeded to arrange the public affairs, providing for responsibility and order in every department. He erected buildings for the emigrants and the public stores; he himself planned fortifications and superintended their erection, while he armed and disciplined the few soldiers that the small settlement was able to supply. So far from finding at home rest and relief from his multiplied labors, nothing can be more affecting than the account of the death-bed where his wife lay, in a miserable hut, which could not be ventilated, with the rain falling through the thatched roof upon her pillow and bed, and he, scarcely able to support his own weight, was leaning over her, while she expressed her perfect and contented resignation to a Heavenly Father's will. Surely the imagination cannot conceive a state of things which would make a heavier demand on the energies of the mind and heart.

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At length, the whole force of the neighbouring tribes was concentrated in a powerful assault upon the colony. This was bravely and successfully resisted. Again they came on with greater violence and numbers, while the ranks of the defenders were thinned and their strength exhausted with watching by night and labor by day. Again they were repulsed with fearful slaughter. But the ammunition of the colony was exhausted, the provisions nearly gone, the wounded suffering every thing for the want of surgical skill. Still, his confidence never failed, for it was reposed not in any human resources, but in the favor and blessing of the Most High. Neither was it disappointed; for the cannonade of the last engagement was heard at midnight by the crew of a British vessel, which *happened*, as men say, to be passing, though there is no such thing as chance. Major Laing, the traveller, who was on board, inquired into the cause of the firing, and when he found the little colony struggling for existence against all the tribes of the coast, generously supplied them with the means of future resistance, and, what was better, exerted a mediating influence with the assailants, which resulted in a friendly treaty and an honorable and lasting peace.

All this, one would think, was enough for one man; but after all he had done for the colony, Mr. Ashmun was suffering from the jealousy of the society at home; in some way or other, injurious reports had reached them and awakened suspicion. At the same time, the colonists were in a state of open mutiny, which it required all his energy to keep down. But he could not be driven from his post of duty by violent resistance or unmerited reproach. By inflexible faithfulness, he compelled the rebellious to submit to his authority, and his employers to do justice to his name; and it was not till his character stood not only clear but highly honored, and all acknowledged the cause to be more indebted to him than to any other man, that he returned to his home, not to enjoy his honors, but to die almost at the moment of reaching his native land.

Eleven years after the death of Ashmun, the colony was happy in securing the services of another remarkable man, Thomas Buchanan, who was appointed by the government as agent for taking charge of the recaptured Africans. The several colonies were now united into a sort of federal association, called the commonwealth of Liberia, of which he

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was the executive head. From a timid and despondent condition, it had grown into firmness and strength, and what it wanted was a clear mind to arrange all its elements and resources, and a powerful character to make its influence felt and understood. Buchanan's first act was to seize a vessel under American colors, which hovered on the coast in such a manner as to give the impression that it was a slaver. This was a bold step, and exposed him to serious consequences, if he should have mistaken her character; but when he considered the detestable effect of the trade upon the races near him, he did not shrink from the most determined acts of duty. He also directed a slaver, who had established himself at Little Bassa, to leave the place. The colony claimed jurisdiction there, though its right to the soil was questioned. An English trader, at the same time, established a factory there, and when he was ordered to leave it, insolently refused. Encouraged by this example, the slaver, who had promised to depart, determined to remain, and carried on his vile business more openly and largely than before. Mr. Buchanan took with him a military force to the spot, and after a sharp engagement destroyed the factories, seized the goods, and compelled the native chiefs to give up the slaves who had been carried into their countries to escape his reach. These vigorous proceedings against the slave-trade exasperated some of the native princes, and Gatoomba, one of the most powerful of their number, made an attack on some of the more exposed settlements, one of which was defended in a remarkable manner by three brave and resolute men. Finding that both colonists and natives were to suffer from this marauder, who was so savage and daring that two peaceful envoys who were sent to him were murdered in cold blood, the governor marched with a force against him, broke up the foundations of his power, and deprived him of the means of carrying on his work of cruelty and death again. A more perplexing difficulty arose within the colony, from the claim of the Methodist mission, which had been permitted to receive its supplies from home in goods that were admitted without paying duties. He was willing that all articles intended for the personal use of the missionaries should be imported thus, but would not consent that they should enjoy an unrestricted privilege, which might throw the whole trade of the colony into their hands. In all these cases, some of which were severely trying, he bore himself

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with a manly decision, which commanded universal respect and confidence. But just at the moment when the colony was receiving the greatest benefit from his services, he died. He had had time, however, to prepare the way for delivering over the chief authority into the hands of colored men, to whom, on all accounts, it is desirable that it should in future be confided.

It is still more interesting to contemplate the examples of colored men who have distinguished themselves in this history, because they prove the truth of the leading principle of the enterprise, which is, that color does not strike inward, — that, place the African in favorable circumstances for putting forth his energies, and he will not be found wanting in any respect, either in activity of mind, or in strength and determination of heart. The most distinguished illustration of this truth — we do not speak of the living — was Lott Carey, who had so strongly impressed Mr. Ashmun, no common observer, with a sense of his merits, that, when he returned to his own country, he left his office in Mr. Carey's hands, earnestly recommending him as his permanent successor. This person was originally a slave in Richmond, Virginia, rather corrupt and profane in his habits, till, at the age of twenty-six, he became a Christian believer. Feeling the disadvantages of his ignorance, he learned at that age to read and write, and, as he had much natural eloquence, he addressed his brethren with great force on the subject of their religious duties. Meantime, he became so trustworthy and efficient in the tobacco-warehouse where he was employed, that he was soon able to buy his own liberty and that of two children, and the salary paid him for his services was eight hundred dollars a year. But prosperous and respected as he was, he determined to go where, as he said, he should be "estimated according to his deserts and not his complexion." He felt bound, also, to use his advantages to do something for his suffering race.

After he had been ordained as a preacher according to the usage of the Baptists, he proceeded to Liberia, where, retiring as he was, he soon made his real character felt, and was treated with the respect which he deserved. At the time when most of the colonists were in favor of breaking up the settlement, and retreating to Sierra Leone, on account of the dangers which beset them, he declared his fixed

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purpose to remain, and thus encouraged them by his firm example. When they had no physician among them, he undertook to do his best, and, by means of his good sense and experience, he was able to inspire full confidence in his patients, and, in a very extensive practice which was thus forced upon him, he met with great success. The only exceptionable part of his history was his joining the seditious persons who set Mr. Ashmun's authority at defiance and seized the public stores. But when the governor publicly represented to them the true character and tendency of their proceedings, Mr. Carey came forward at once, openly confessed his error, and ever after was among the friends and supporters of law. All this while, he did not neglect his original mission, but gave his attention to the establishment of schools and churches, and particularly interested himself in teaching the recaptured slaves. He felt himself under obligation to Africa also, and went far into the interior, founding places of instruction, where the natives could be taught the language and religion of the colonists, which many of them were earnest to know. His death was occasioned by an explosion of gunpowder, while he was preparing to assert the rights of the colony, and drive off a slaver who had established himself within a few miles' distance; and even the loss of Ashmun was hardly more felt than his. During the six months of his administration, he had borne himself with great dignity, inspiring respect at home and abroad. He was perhaps more welcome to the settlers than any other person could have been, because he was a living example to show that the colored man was equal to every trust of duty or of honor. Happily the same confirmation is now afforded by Governor Roberts, whose able and satisfactory management of public affairs most of our readers know; and who we hope will long be spared to the community over which he so well presides.

If such examples can be found among those who were born in bondage, and therefore were most unfavorably situated for cultivating and bringing out the powers that were in them, who can doubt that the coming generation will afford innumerable more? The atmosphere one breathes is very important to the health and strength of the physical nature; it is a sort of miracle if the system reaches its full vigor and proportions in a corrupted air, and such cases

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prove much more than if found in a different condition. When we find men formerly slaves conducting the public affairs of the colony, filling the places of trust and honor, firmly maintaining its rights, bravely defending its borders, managing its correspondence with Europeans in such a manner as to inspire respect and confidence, and, what is more, showing that the intellectual and religious interests of the people are near their hearts, it seems to us to afford volumes of eloquent pleading in behalf of the slave, and to establish the fact, that such a field of action and improvement is one which the colored race are blind to their own interests not to prize. They may say that they know their own interests best; it may be so; but men, before now, have mistaken what was good for them, when they thought they saw it clearly. We do not perceive that their color gives them any better means of judgment than others possess; and to us it seems clear, that, in disowning Liberia, they indulge a suicidal prejudice, which their children, if not they, will remember with sorrow in future days. We do not say that other places may not be better, but we do say that this commonwealth fully answers the purpose for which it was founded, by showing that the colored race can be efficient, self-sustained, respected, and happy, without needing the aid or counsel of white men, and in a republic entirely their own.

How it is that the free colored race can look with complacency on their condition in any part of this country is more than we can understand. True, it may be better at some future day than it is now; we hope and trust that it will. But we speak of it as it is now, and surely there is no immediate prospect of a change for the better; and we cannot comprehend why they should wish to detain those who are desirous to make the experiment of other influences and a more favored land. No community, one would think, can afford a better home for the free colored man than Boston; and yet, in comparison with Liberia, what story has Boston to tell?

"By an authentic document in the nature of a report rendered this year [1837] to the 'Boston Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race,' we are enabled to run a statistical parallel between the people of the colony of Liberia, in Africa, and the free people of color in the city of Boston, in

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America. In Liberia, more than one in every four of the inhabitants are church-members; in Boston, less than one in every seven of the colored people are church-members. In Liberia, there are five hundred and eighty pledged members of temperance societies; in Boston, there is not one, as appears from the tabular view. In Liberia, every child of sufficient age, of the families of the colonists, was at regular school; in Boston, the proportion was so small and so uncertain as to be really not comparable. In Boston, a primary school for colored children had to be discontinued for want of scholars; in Liberia, fifteen schools could not satisfy the people, clamorous for the education of themselves and their offspring. In Liberia, the inhabitants support, both by their pecuniary and by their literary contributions, an ably conducted paper, — they can not only generally read, but can generally write and compose in a correct and manly style, as our quotations therefrom abundantly testify; in Boston, scarcely any of the adults were able to read, 'and of children so reported some discount must be made.' In Boston, 'a majority of all classes of them attend public worship very irregularly'; in Liberia, the people are a 'peculiarly church-going people, nor could love or money influence any of them to labor on the Sabbath.'" — p. 543.

Some may think that the colored persons would not be the better for connection with the churches; some of their friends have been exceedingly busy to bring the church into disesteem with them, and thus have done fatal injury to those whom they probably meant to serve. But to the eye of common sense, the fact just stated tells very much in favor of the home beyond the sea.

In Boston, the colored race are diminishing,* and the number of unmarried persons is great, a fact which bodes no good to the coming generations. In Liberia, the inhabitants are increasing, and the state of society is encouraging in every respect of prosperity and morals. Now, it seems to us, that, if we were of their number, and the lines had

* Mr. Lemuel Shattuck's able report on the census of Boston taken in 1845 contains a table, on page 43, from which we borrow the following facts. In 1742, of the whole population of the city, 8.39 *per cent.* were colored persons; in 1800, they were only 4.7; in 1825, 3.29; in 1835, 2.24; and in 1845, but 1.61 *per cent.* In 1840, the whole number of colored persons in Boston was 1,988; in 1845, the number was reduced to 1,842; yet, in these five years, the *total* population of the city had increased from about 85,000 to 114,366, or 34.54 *per cent.*

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fallen to us in our Northern capital, we should strike our tent with all possible expedition, and proceed to a more genial home. If we were reminded, that we were born in America, we should answer, that it was quite sufficient for us, and we should take care to die in some more friendly and favored land. This, however, is matter of taste and opinion, which each one must determine for himself; but we lament to say, that, as the prejudice against them grows out of the memory of their bondage, even if slavery should come to an end to-morrow, it must be a long time before the impression of their inferiority and all the associations connected with it would be done away.

We recommend this work to those who desire to know something of one of the most remarkable enterprises of the age. It is true, its history is young, and the events here recorded have been passing before us; but we think very little of such incidents as they are served to us piecemeal in the public prints; it is not till we see the whole movement at a single view, that we can understand its greatness, or form any conjecture as to its results in a future day. It has yet much to contend with; as our government cannot take it under its full protection, it must depend in a great measure upon the sense of honor and right which prevails among the nations of the earth. We wish it could place more ample confidence in this moral sense; but, if the conscience of nations is weak, there is nothing which any one of them could gain by injury to Liberia, and this is a guaranty on which it can more safely rely. Sometimes a small naval officer may glory over it, in the wantonness of power which has been committed to his unworthy hands; but it is hoped that such airs of importance will be prevented, if not censured; they cannot be permitted without reproach to the nation which allows them. Our own officers have done themselves great honor by the kind and manly interest which they have manifested in the colony, and the open testimony in its favor which they have been ready to give. We hope that it will be strong enough to work out its own results in peace. Prejudice itself cannot well point out any harm which it can do; while there is good reason to hope that it will afford a refuge for the oppressed, and be the means of making to injured Africa some late atonement for its numberless wrongs.

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We say again, then, that we support this enterprise as a measure of emancipation. We look upon it as allowing the claim of the slave to be free, urging on his master the duty of releasing him, and expressing full confidence that he can be enlightened, happy, and free, when removed from the operation of that prejudice which here weighs him down. So far from admitting that the prejudice in question has any foundation in truth and reason, we think it baseless and unjust; and we see no means so efficient to remove it, as to give the slave a chance to show the world what his energies, exerted for himself, can do. If we could see or imagine a way in which colonization would prolong the existence of slavery, it is the last thing in which we should be interested; but while we do not doubt the sincerity of those who ascribe this effect to it, we cannot trace the steps of their reasoning, nor understand the state of mind in which these impressions are welcomed as true. To our apprehension, it is clear, that whatever keeps this subject before the public mind, without exciting bad passions, is favorable to the progress of truth. It is well known that this form of emancipation is tolerated and practised where no other would be possible. If any one sends his slaves to Liberia, it is a declaration on his part either that it is his duty to surrender them, or that he thinks they can be better off elsewhere than in the house of bondage. In both cases, his testimony is favorable to the cause of freedom; others will be influenced by it; and thus a sense of the value of liberty, and the right and capacity of the slave to enjoy it, will gradually make its way from heart to heart. All may not travel up to this conviction in precisely the same way; but this is of little importance, if they only arrive at the truth, that every man should be his own master, and that all have a right to be free.

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ART. II. — *Sermons preached upon Several Occasions.* By ROBERT SOUTH, D. D., Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. A New Edition, including the Posthumous Discourses. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 4 vols. 8vo.

No explorer of the thorny tracts of theology can ever forget his exhilaration of spirit on first reading the sermons of Dr. South, the shrewdest, sharpest, bitterest, and wittiest of English divines. His character, formed by a curious interpenetration of strong prejudices and great powers, and colored by the circumstances of his age and position, is one of the most peculiar in English literature, and, as displayed in his works, repays the most assiduous study. In some points he reminds us of Sydney Smith, though distinguished from him by many striking individualities, and utterly opposed to him in political sentiment and principle. He is a grand specimen of the old Tory; and he enforced his Toryism with a courage, heartiness, and wealth of intellectual resources, to which the warmest radical could hardly refuse admiration and respect.

South was born in 1633. He was the son of an eminent London merchant. In 1647, he was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster, at the period when Dr. Busby was master of the school. On the day of the execution of King Charles the First, or, to use his own words, "on that black and eternally infamous day of the king's murder, an hour or two before his sacred head was cut off," the Doctor prayed for the king by name, while reading Latin prayers at the school. In 1651, he entered Oxford, at the same time that John Locke was admitted, — the future champion of the divine right of kings, in company with the future champion of freedom. In 1655, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and wrote a copy of Latin verses congratulating Cromwell on the peace made with the Dutch. Although this was a college exercise, and the theme probably selected for him and not by him, it must have been a most galling recollection in after years, when he was writing down the great Protector as an "execrable monster," and comparing him to Baal and Beelzebub. At college he seems to have been a severe student, both in the acquisition of knowledge

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and in the training of his faculties for the gladiatorial contests of professional life. He was ordained by one of the deprived bishops, in 1658; and soon won the good-will of the Presbyterians by a sermon directed against the Independents. In 1660, he was made University Orator, and in July of the same year he preached his celebrated discourse, The Scribe Instructed, before the king's commissioners, who met at Oxford soon after the restoration, for the visitation of the University. South at this time was twenty-seven years old; and the sermon, in respect to style, arrangement, and strength of intellect and character, is one of his greatest and most characteristic productions, and indicates both the bias and energy of his mind. It especially displays that masterly arrangement of his matter, that thorough comprehension of his subject, and that vitality and vividness of expression, which have given his sermons with some a place in literature even higher than in divinity.

The object of the discourse is to set forth the qualifications of the Christian preacher, and to show by ridicule and argument the absurdity and wickedness involved in assuming to be a minister of the word without competent ability, knowledge, and preparation. He especially insists on intellectual qualifications, and their improvement by habitual exercise. Defining divinity as "a doctrine treating of the nature, attributes, and works of the great God, as he stands related to rational creatures, and the way how rational creatures may serve, worship, and enjoy him," he asks if a doctrine of that "depth, that height, that vast compass, grasping within it all the perfections and dimensions of human science, does not worthily claim all the preparations whereby the wit and industry of man can fit him for it?" He opposes levity and stupidity as the two faults of most sermon-mongers, — those who put their prayers in such a dress as if they did not "supplicate, but compliment Almighty God," and those who lie "grovelling on the ground with a dead and contemptible flatness," passing off dulness as a mark of regeneration. The most splendid part of the sermon is the passage relating to the eloquence of the Bible, in which South enforces the duty of the minister to employ rich and significant expression in conveying the truths of the gospel. As he fears that this may bring down the opposition of such as call speaking "coherently upon any sacred

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subject an offering of strange fire, and account the being pertinent even the next door to the being profane," he adduces Scripture authority for magnificence of language, and boldly pronounces the Bible a system of the best rhetoric, as well as a body of religion.

"As the highest things require the highest expressions, so we shall find nothing in Scripture so high in itself, but it is reached and sometimes overtopped by the sublimity of the expression."

The passions he deems to have been more powerfully described by the Hebrew than the heathen poets.

"Where do we read," he asks, "such strange risings and fallings, now the faintings and languishings, now the terrors of astonishment, venting themselves in such high amazing strains, as in Psalm lxxvii.? Or where did we ever find sorrow flowing forth in such a natural prevailing pathos, as in the lamentations of Jeremy? One would think that every letter was written with a tear, every word was the noise of a breaking heart; that the author was a man compacted of sorrows, disciplined to grief from his infancy, one who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan."

He pounces upon Politian, for saying that he abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear they would spoil his style, and calls him a blockhead as well as an atheist, — one who had "as small a gust for the elegancies of expression as the sacredness of the matter." There are few clergymen who would not find the reading of this sermon profitable, and few parishioners who would not be grateful if its advice were more generally followed.

No one could have heard or read this discourse without perceiving that a powerful and daring character was rising in the church, — one who could enforce and defend his doctrines and discipline with all the energy of a fanatic and all the acuteness of a philosopher. South was soon after made domestic chaplain to Clarendon. In January, 1662–3, he preached before King Charles the Second, at Whitehall, on occasion of the anniversary of the "execrable murder of King Charles the First, of glorious memory," his celebrated sermon, Pretence of Conscience no Excuse for Rebellion. This is a perfect shriek of loyalty; and although South's discourses are all more or less sprinkled with bitter allusions to the political and religious conduct of the

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Parliamentarians, it is in this sermon that his zeal and rage rise to their most portentous excesses. He loses here that quiet command of his hatred, which makes the gibes and jests directed against the Puritans in The Scribe Instructed so galling and effective. He dedicates the sermon to the "never-dying memory" of Charles the First, and adds, as a precious piece of history, that he was "*causelessly* rebelled against, inhumanly imprisoned, and at length barbarously murdered before the gates of his own palace, by the worst of men and the most obliged of subjects."

The sermon itself is well worthy of the dedication. The fiery spirit of the preacher throws off at times splendid specimens of vehement rhetoric,

> "that bound and blaze along
> Their devious course, magnificently wrong";

but the whole sermon seems at this day rather a caricature than a panegyric of the monarch; — a man sedulous of propriety rather than virtue, whose misfortune it was to embody all the characteristics of political crime but its energies, and who, in his dealings with his adversaries, trusted to systematic falsehood as the means by which in the end he could "feed fat the hungry grudges of his smiling rancor and his cringing pride." Charles is often represented, or rather misrepresented, as the perfection of kings and men. But South tells us, that he was a David, a saint, a king. He had so many excellences, that he would have deserved a kingdom, had he not inherited one. His genius was so controlling, that in every science he attempted he did not so much study as reign. His writings have such a commanding and majestic pathos, that they seem to have been written with a sceptre instead of a pen. He was pious beyond expression; as eminent for frequenting the temple as Solomon was for building one; could defend his religion as a king, dispute for it as a divine, and die for it as a martyr. If ever the lion and the lamb dwelt together, it was in his royal breast. He was, indeed, a prince whose virtues were as prodigious as his sufferings, and "a father of his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son." It is but justice to say, that Charles the Second had not at this time fully developed his large capacities for knavery and licentiousness, nor attempted to barter away the rights

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and interests of his people to pay the expenses of his debaucheries.

The persons who arrayed themselves against Charles the First were the most unnatural and godless of traitors. In the first stage of their rebellion, they invented the "covenant," like those who are said to have made a "covenant with hell and an agreement with death." This was the most solemn piece of perjury, the most fatal engine against the church, the bane of monarchy, the greatest snare of souls, and mystery of iniquity, that ever was hammered out by the wit and wickedness of man. The king was murdered by the refuse of his people, the scum of the nation, — that is, by what at that time was the uppermost and basest part of it. Like Actæon, he was torn by a pack of bloodhounds. The difference between being conquered and slain by another king, and being killed by infamous rebels, was the difference between being torn by a lion and being eat up with vermin. His sufferings it is no blasphemy to compare with Christ's, though his murderers were worse than the Jews. With devilish ingenuity, they proposed various ways of putting him to death, all methods which either their malice could suggest, or their own guilt deserve. After his death, they tried to assassinate his fame and butcher his reputation, — to such a height of tyranny did the remorseless malice of these embittered rebels rise. They searched his dead body to see if it was not infected with some disgraceful disease. But such maladies were confined to his murderers, to such men as Clement and Peters. The body of Charles had none of the ruins and genteel rottenness of modern debauchery. It was firm and clear like his conscience ; he fell like the cedar, no less fragrant than tall and stately. All who opposed Charles are treated by South with remorseless severity. Sir Harry Vane is that worthy knight who was executed on Tower-hill ; Milton is "the Latin advocate, who, like a blind adder, has spit so much venom on the king's person and cause."

It is curious, in reading this sermon, and some of Milton's prose, to note the extraordinary virulence and remorselessness with which the paper wars of the time were conducted. Controversialists represented each other more as fiends than men ; and mutual denunciation foamed into madness. South writes with the rage and impatience of a man who would sweep, if

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he could, the enemies of church and king to perdition, with one wave of his pen. He says, "I do well to be angry." Milton's rage is deeper and more condensed, and prompts more awful denunciations. Thus, at the end of the sublime prose hymn which concludes his early work, Of Reformation in England, he prays that those "who, by impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, where, under the despiteful control, the trample and spurn of all the other damned, that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their slaves and negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot and downtrodden vassals of perdition." The whole royalist body, in the modest excesses of their rhetorical execrations, could not have gone beyond this determined and terrible invective. There is nothing in South's writings which approaches it in stern and superhuman, if not inhuman, severity.

In November, 1662, South preached at St. Paul's his sermon on Man created in the Image of God. This we deem, on the whole, his greatest production; it stands, with that of Chillingworth on the Form and Spirit of Godliness, in the very front rank of sermons. It is, perhaps, the best and fairest expression of South's mind, considered apart from his inveterate prejudices, and indicates the capacity of his intellect and imagination in the region of pure thought. In this discourse, he draws a portrait of the ideal man, as he supposes him to have existed in paradise, and states what constitutes perfection in the understanding, will, passions, and affections. The vigor and clearness of thought and expression in this noble treatise on human nature would alone be sufficient to place South high in the sliding scale of English prose-writers. There runs through the discourse an air of majestic pathos and regret, arising from the contrast between the real and the ideal man. Several sentences remind us of Pascal. South, too, exalts the dignity of human nature, while mourning over its fall. We may, he says, "collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the build-

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ing by the magnificence of its ruins." "And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise."

A man who had thus signalized himself both by his powers and his loyalty could not escape notice and preferment. In 1663, he was made prebendary of Westminster; in 1670, canon of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1677, he accompanied, as chaplain, Lawrence Hyde, the son of Clarendon, sent by Charles the Second as ambassador to Poland. On the 30th of April, 1668, we find him returned, and preaching at Oxford. In his sermon on Christ's Promise the Support of Ministers, he has some remarks which seem directed against Jeremy Taylor. He recommends plainness and simplicity of speech to the minister, and, alluding to St. Paul's mode of teaching, he says, — "Nothing here of the 'fringes of the North Star'; nothing of 'nature's becoming unnatural'; nothing of the 'down of angel's wings,' or the 'beautiful locks of cherubims'; no starched similitudes, introduced with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion,' and the like. No, these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the Apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, that he who believed should be saved, and that he who believed not should be damned." There is a good deal more about gaudery, frisking it in tropes, fine conceits and airy fancies, shooting over men's heads while professing to aim at their hearts, — all of which might seem to have been levelled at Taylor, by one whose energetic and fiery spirit could ill brook the "process of smoothness and delight" by which the sweet poet of theology would draw men into heaven. South, also, in this sermon, darts with his usual practical acuteness on the motives which animated many of the opponents of the church in their dolorous complaints. When they desire to get the clergy under their feet, then the clergy are too high and proud. "When avarice disposes men to be rapacious and sacrilegious, then forthwith the church is too rich." And when, by gaming and revelling, these same men have disabled themselves from paying their butchers, brewers, and vintners, "then immediately they are all thunder and lightning against the intemperance and luxury of

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the clergy, forsooth, and high time it is for a thorough reformation."

In 1681, South preached before the king, at Westminster, his sermon on All Contingencies directed by Providence. In this discourse, he referred to the impossibility of foreseeing the tremendous results of small things on the stability and happiness of states; and, after giving two instances drawn from history, he exclaimed, — "And who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House with a threadbare, torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected, that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" Charles laughed heartily at this, and said, turning to Hyde, — "Odsfish! your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death." It was the misfortune of South to preach his doctrines of passive obedience, and God's particular care of kings, in the reign of a good-natured rascal, who had not a single quality of majesty to sustain the theory of the divine by the example of the monarch. South seems to have been ambitious rather to be the champion of the church, than to enjoy its high and lucrative offices. He repeatedly declined preferment. In the reign of James the Second, though he disliked the measures of that monarch relating to Popery, he would not oppose him, and, when pressed to sign the invitation to the Prince of Orange, steadily refused. After the revolution, he rather submitted to the new government than acknowledged it. He might have had one of the vacant bishoprics, had he pleased; but he felt too strong a sympathy with the nonjurors to step into any of their late offices. The rest of his life was spent in the same unwavering devotion to the church which had characterized his youth and manhood. He opposed all measures to produce a union of dissenting Protestants, that involved the slightest sacrifice of the forms and ceremonies of the church. He died July 8, 1716, after a long life of intellectual labor. His biography is to be read in his sermons. In them are chronicled the results of his studies, the opinions he entertained of men and measures, the thoughts he grasped in contemplation, the passions he felt in actual life; and on them is impressed the undeniable marks of the daring, straightforward character of the man.

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In both his life and writings, South presents himself as a man of more than ordinary dimensions. His understanding was large, strong, and acute, grappling every subject he essayed to treat with a stern grasp, and tearing and ripping up, with a peculiar intellectual fierceness, systems and principles which contradicted his own. He possessed a constant sense of inward strength, and whatever province of thought he willed to make his own always yielded to his unceasing and unwearied effort. Difficulties and obstacles, in conception or expression, instead of daunting him, only seemed to rouse new energies of passion, and set his mind on fire. Many sentences in his works seem torn from his brain by main strength, expressing not only the thought he intended to convey, but a kind of impatient rage that it did not come with less labor. He wrote probably from his own consciousness, when he represented study as racking the inward and destroying the outward man, as clothing the soul with the spoils of the body; "and like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but consumes the scabbard." And again, in another connection, he calls truth a great stronghold barred and fortified by God and nature, and diligence, the understanding's laying siege to it. "Sometimes it thinks it gains a point; and presently again it finds itself baffled and beaten off; yet still it renews the onset; attacks the difficulty afresh; plants this reasoning and that argument, this consequence and that distinction, like so many intellectual batteries, till at length it forces a way and passage into the obstinate inclosed truth that so long withstood and defied all its assaults." To great sharpness and penetration of intellect, which pierced and probed whatever it attacked, he joined a peculiar vividness of perception, to which we can give no more appropriate name than imagination. In almost every subject which he treats, he not merely reasons powerfully, but he sees clearly; and it is this bright inward vision of his theme that he most warmly desires to convey to the reader. Like every truly great thinker, he thinks close to things, without the intervention of words, and masters the objects of his contemplation before he seeks to give them expression. His style, therefore, has singular intensity, vitality, and richness. It expresses not only the thought, but the thought as modified by the character of the thinker. In this respect, he is among the most original of writers.

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His commonplaces never appear echoes of other minds, but truths which he has himself seen and proved. The strange and strained conceits, the harsh metaphors, which, when tried by general principles of taste, must be conceded to disfigure many of his sermons, are still legitimate offsprings of a mind passionately in earnest to fix and express some "slippery uncertainties," some fugitive and elusive thoughts, whose bright faces shone on his mind but a moment, and then flitted away into darkness. The coarse expressions and comparisons in his writings are also indicative of his impatience at all coquetry with language, and his disposition to give things their appropriate garniture of words. If the expression disgusts, the object of the preacher is attained, for disgust at the expression is naturally transferred to the thing which he desires to make disgusting. Thus, when he wishes to indicate the disproportion between the pleasures of the thinking and the eating man, he represents them to be as different "as the silence of Archimedes in the study of a problem, and the stillness of a sow at her wash." Again, when he desires to make graphically evident that pleasure is merely a relative term, and consists in the suitableness of objects to varying conditions of character, — that what is pleasure to one man is pain to another, — he declares that "the pleasures of an angel can never be the pleasures of a hog." His works would furnish numberless instances of the same felicity of vulgar allusion. Indeed, he lived among a generation of sinners, whose consciences were not assailable by smooth circumlocutions, and whose vices required the scourge and the hot iron. South vividly perceived the baseness and contemptible nature of sin, through all the gilded shows in which it was incased, and could draw from natural objects no images which he thought too foul and hateful to picture it to the imagination.

The intensity of feeling and thinking which burns throughout South's writings has no parallel in English theology. It resembles the unwearied fire of the epic poet. If it had been allied to a shaping and fusing imagination, like that of Milton, the Puritans would not perhaps have produced the only great poet of that age. As it is, we doubt if, in the single quality of freshness and force of expression, of rapid and rushing life, any writer of English prose, from Milton to Burke, equalled South. In him, this animation is not confined to particular

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passages or sermons, but glows and leaps through the whole body of his writings. His vast command of language, and his power of infusing the energy of his nature into almost every phrase and image, would make his sermons worthy the attention of all students of expression, even if they were not fascinating for their brilliant good sense in questions of social morals, and the vigor of intellect brought to the discussion of controverted points in theology and government.

The wit of South is bountifully sprinkled over his sermons, and it is by this quality that he is most commonly known. He uses it often as a gleaming weapon of attack and defence. It is, however, no light and airy plaything with him, but generally a severe and masculine power. It gleams brightest and cuts sharpest, when its possessor is most enraged and indignant. Though sometimes exhibited in sly thrusts, shrewd innuendoes, insinuating mockeries, and a kind of raillery, half playful and half malicious, it is more commonly exercised to hold up adversaries to contempt and scorn, to pierce iniquity and falsehood with shafts that wound as well as glisten, or to evade logical dilemmas by lightning-like transference of an analogy of fancy for one of the reason. In many cases, it makes his understanding play the part of a partisan, on subjects where it is abundantly able to act the judge. So fertile was South's mind in ingenious turns, quirks, and analogies, that an epigram often misled him from his logic ; and to fix an unanswerable jest upon an opponent was as pleasing as to gravel him with an unanswerable argument. Thus, the Puritanic party were continually putting forward the phrase *liberty of conscience* as the object of their struggles. A mind like South's would evade the justice of such a plea somewhat in this wise. Conscience would suggest piety and honesty. Now among the Puritans were many notorious hypocrites and sharpers. The cry of conscience, of course, would be with them a mere disguise for selfish objects. Consequently, what the Puritans wanted was not liberty *of* conscience, but liberty *from* conscience. The inward delight following such a dexterous turn of words, embodying a principle but partially true, would prevent South from pursuing the subject farther, or rescuing his argument from the fallacy into which it had been seduced by epigram. Most of his sermons bearing upon dissenters and republicans swarm with sophisms of a similar character, in which there is just enough truth to give

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a practical application to the shining edge of the wit. A party, however, which had all its badges and watchwords so caricatured or distorted, would find it more difficult to gain proselytes, than if the falsehood of its principles had been demonstrated by unimpeachable arguments.

Yet, with all his understanding, learning, and wit, South was a fanatic and a bigot in every thing which concerned church and state. To the dominion of a few contemptible maxims, which we can hardly conceive the feeble intellects and abject spirits of Charles's courtiers to have honestly admitted, did this independent, dogmatic, fierce, and defying controversialist surrender his splendid talents and accomplishments. It is difficult to believe that his mind voluntarily submitted to this slavery, though there is no evidence that it was not self-imposed. The only explanation we can give is, that his nature early received a strong bias, by the pressure of external circumstances, towards the royal cause. He was naturally exceedingly sensitive to the ridiculous side of things, and naturally impatient and choleric. To a man thus constituted, a prejudice imbibed against the persons connected with a cause is equivalent to a hatred of the cause itself; and when this prejudice deepens into a principle, large powers of intellect more readily subserve than oppose it. Now, South saw the ridiculous and selfish side of Puritanism and its affiliated political doctrines, with the keenest glance. He had frequented the conventicles in his youth. All that was grotesque, presumptuous, ignorant, cruel, senseless, and hypocritical, in the different sects of the time, he had seen embodied in appropriate persons. The "blessed breathings," the "heavenly hummings and hawings," the various transparent veils through which hypocrisy is visible to the eye of wit, were familiar to his mind. He must gradually have formed the opinion, that the whole movement with which these were accidentally connected was one of mingled knavery and folly, and could end only in the destruction of social and religious order. If, instead of imbibing his first impressions of civil and religious liberty at the time of Cromwell, he had lived in an earlier day, and been one of those who met at Lord Falkland's house, with Selden, and Chillingworth, to discuss the constitutionality of the latest act of the king, or the sanity of the latest foolery of Laud, his mind would never have been forced into the vassalage of such degrading errors as it

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ultimately defended. As it was, however, the man of intelligence scoffed at the narrowness, the man of learning at the ignorant fanaticism, and the man of wit at the costume and affectations, of the enthusiasts whom he daily met, without considering that their cause was the cause of English liberty, and their madness the result of ecclesiastical tyranny. With these impressions of the Puritans, it was natural that he should be shocked at "such a pack of incendiaries" assuming to be ministers of the gospel, and, as it appeared to him, preaching schism, lecturing men into sacrilege, praying them into rebellion, beheading princes, and overthrowing a church and monarchy which seemed strong with the strength of a divine right. At the restoration of Charles the Second, it was natural, too, that he should be drunk with loyalty, in common with other men of a less fiery temper and less determined prejudices. That he was honest in his bigotry, there can be little doubt. His sermons are the heartiest compositions of the time. He continually gives evidence of a spirit which would not hesitate to fight or die for the wretched principles he esteemed. In some way or other, he had connected the office and person of king with the most awful objects of his reverence, and, as a reasoner, became utterly insane when their sacredness was brought in question. Dogmatic and authoritative by nature and education, he hardly comprehended the meaning of toleration in matters of religion. Against every thing which militated with the doctrines or ceremonies of his church, he hurled his anathemas, or shot his sarcasms. Socinians and atheists he considered identical, and he wonders, in one of his discourses, that the diabolical impiety of the former, in their notions about the future state of the wicked, had not been visited with condign punishment at the hands of civil justice. Popery and puritanism were also identical. "They were as truly brothers as Romulus and Remus. They sucked their principles from the same wolf." The courage with which he uttered his extreme opinions was of that kind which would have sustained him at the stake. "Were it put to my choice," he says, "I think I should choose rather, with spitting and scorn, to be tumbled into the dust in blood, bearing witness to any known truth of our dear Lord now opposed by the enthusiasts of the present age, than, by a denial of those truths, through blood and perjury wade to a sceptre, and lord it on a throne." He speaks of

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bad men as those who blaspheme God, revile their prince, *and the like*, — placing these sins on a level. In almost every case in which he refers to Charles the First and the Parliamentary party, he utters hardly a word of history. He can see nothing but perfection in the king, nothing but villany in those who opposed his treachery and tyranny. Faction and rebellion, by which he means opposition to the monarch, he denounces as the worst of sins in his own age, — an age which he confesses to be supernaturally expert in all sin's excesses and inventions. In his sermon on Education, a sermon which contains many admirable and comprehensive ideas, he makes undeviating loyalty to the king one of the chief doctrines to be woven into the minds of youth. Still, on all subjects where his political and religious bigotries do not warp his judgment and blind his perceptions, the capacity of his mind for the investigation of truth is splendidly shown. It would be easy to condemn his fanaticism by principles gathered from his own writings, when his mind had free scope, and was not haunted by the ghostly names of church and king. The wonder of the reader is, as he peruses South's clear exposure and energetic denunciation of the various forms of sin and error, that a man so skilled in detecting the slightest departure from virtue should have been so incapable of applying his principles to the acts of his bosom's idols.

The depravity of morals and manners during the reign of Charles the Second has never been depicted with more force of coloring than by South. Here none of his hatreds interfered to bias his mind, except his laudable hatred of sin and wickedness. Never were debauchees and criminals exposed to a more merciless storm of ridicule and execration, than when he poured on them the flood of his mingled contempt and wrath. His invective lights on every rank and degree beneath royalty, and there are sentences in his sermons, which, if not aimed at the king, seem to strike him none the less. Thus, he says, "A corrupt governor is nothing else than a reigning sin; and a sin in office may command any thing but respect." Again, he declares it a "strange and shameful thing to have vice installed, debauchery enthroned"; and it is this very strange and shameful thing which shocks every student of the reign of Charles. It is, however, upon the dissolute nobility, statesmen, and men of wit and pleasure about town, that our stern

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divine expends most of his sarcasm and denunciation. His sermons swarm with severe and pointed rebukes of these. The scandalous and enormous impiety, the unparalleled wickedness, of his age are constant subjects of his virtuous honor and his epigrammatic rage. If we take his description of the time as accurate, we should adopt an opinion regarding the "blessed restoration" of Charles the Second by no means flattering to monarchy. We will give, mostly in his own sharp words, gathered from different portions of his writings, what South himself taught as the character of his age.

Blasphemy, irreligion, and debauchery were the prime characteristics of all men of wit and fashion. Their ambition was to reach daring heights in sin. They were such as broke the mounds of all law, such as laughed at the sword of vengeance which divine justice brandished in their faces; and laid their hearts open, like broad and high roads, for all the sin and villany in the world freely to pass through. Vice walked about with bare face and brazen forehead, looking down with scorn upon virtue as mean and contemptible. Practised sinners threw off the restraints of religion as pedantry, narrowness, and the infusions of education, affecting a superiority in villany to the fops, their ancestors, and, not content with distinguishing themselves as laborious drunkards, dexterous cheats, or sly adulterers, were earnest to set off all other sins with the crowning perfection of complete atheism. So confident were men in sin, that it was as if they had come to dare and defy the justice of Heaven, to laugh at right-aiming thunderbolts, to puff at damnation, and, in a word, to bid Omnipotence do its worst. The age groaned under a company of lewd, shallow-brained puffs, wretches who seemed to have sinned themselves into another kind of species, and who made contempt of religion the badge of wit, gallantry, and true discretion. These fellows bore a peculiar stamp of impiety, and appear to have formed a kind of diabolical society for finding out new experiments in vice. They laughed at the dull, inexperienced, obsolete sinners of former times, and scorning to keep within the common, beaten road to hell, by being vicious only at the low rate of example and invitation, they aimed to search out other ways and latitudes, to oblige posterity with unheard-of inventions and discoveries in sin. Some persons were so unspeakably bad, that the Devil him-

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self could neither make nor wish them worse. Parents set the worst example to their children; and many children of high families were not so much born, as damned, into the world. Sin, by being impudently defended, and confidently practised and countenanced by the noble, fairly got the victory over virtue. It rode on successfully and gloriously, lived magnificently, and fared deliciously every day. Nay, so far were men from sneaking under their guilt, that they scorned to hide or hold down their heads for less crimes than many others have lost theirs for. The example of the great takes away the shame of any thing they are observed to practise, though never so foul and shameful. No man blushes at the imitation of a scarlet or purple sinner, though the sin be of the same color. A vice *à la mode* will look virtue itself out of countenance, and out of heart too. Men love not to be found singular, especially where the singularity lies in the rugged and severe paths of virtue. So, in this age of grown and improved debauchery, the countenance given to vice by the nobles corrupted all classes. Places of honor were allotted to the base and wicked; one to a murderer, a second to an atheist, a third to a parasite. The great objects of the politician were plunder and official station. His maxim was, that, however fond priests may talk, there is no devil like an enemy in power, no damnation like being poor, no hell like an empty purse. All sacrifice for general objects he considered a piece of romantic melancholy unworthy a shrewd man, who was to look upon himself as his prince, his country, his church, nay, as his God. If he were called a traitor and a villain, he looked upon such terms as the mere declaimings of novices and men of heat, whose whole portion and inheritance is a freedom to speak. Women, in their shamelessness, at last became ashamed of nothing but to be virtuous or to be thought old. If they were asked the reason of their assuming such reckless liberty, they would reply, it was the mode; "the genteel freedom of the present age, which has redeemed itself from the pitiful pedantry and absurd scrupulosity of former times, in which those bugbears of credit and conscience spoiled all the pleasure, the air, and the fineness of conversation." The king's mistresses were openly visited by the great and the honorable. All possible courtship and attendance was thought too little to be used towards these infamous and odious women, who were fit to be

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visited by none but God himself, who visits after a different manner from the courtiers of the world.

Literature, also, was deeply tainted by the corruption of the times. Bad authors abounded, the Devil's amanuenses, and secretaries to the Prince of Darkness, who provided monstrosities of impiety and wickedness, which the people devoured, with the fire and brimstone flaming round them, and thus as it were digested death itself, and made a meal upon perdition. The sins of these infamous authors outlived themselves ; for a bad writer sins in his grave, corrupts others while he is rotting himself, and has a growing account in the other world, after he has paid nature's last debt in this ; and, in a word, quits this life like a man carried off by the plague, who, though he dies himself, yet does execution upon others by a surviving infection. In such traders for hell as these the nation abounded ; wretches who lived upon other men's sins, the common poisoners of youth, equally desperate in their fortunes and manners, and getting their very bread by the damnation of souls.

This is the representation South gives of his age, mostly in his own nervous language. He compares the monstrous increase of vice to the breaking of a sea upon the land, and affirms it too powerful to be within the reach of human remedies ; to be entirely remediless, " unless the great Governor of the world, who quells the rage and swelling of the sea, and sets bars and doors to it, beyond which the proudest of its waves cannot pass, shall, in his infinite compassion to us, do the same to that ocean of vice which now swells and roars, and lifts up itself above all banks and bounds of human laws ; and so, by his omnipotent word, reducing its power, and abasing its pride, shall at length say to it, ' Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.' "

In all his sermons relating to life and practical duty, in exposing the delusions of the passions, in ripping up the " concealing continents " of vice and error, in lashing sin and assisting struggling virtue, in the sharp analysis of all those thoughts and feelings which tend to deaden the conscience, South is eminently powerful, brilliant, and excellent. He is never misled by any sentiment or sentimentality from the direct path of virtue and truth. He calls every thing by its right name, and uses as little toleration to sin as to dissenters. His sermons on Covetousness, Education, Shamelessness in

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Sin, Envy, the Misapplication of Names, Hypocrisy, Resignation, Prayer, Fasting, and many others, are full of admirable thoughts, expressed with a never-flagging life, directness, and splendor of language. His writings teem with important truths, sharpened into epigrams or maxims. Thus, speaking of the heart, he says, — "None knows how much villany lodges in this little retired room." In exposing the sin of intemperance, he quaintly remarks, — "The conscience cannot stand up, when the understanding is drunk down. He who makes his belly his business will quickly come to have a conscience of as large a swallow as his throat." In another connection he remarks, — "It was the sop that slid the Devil into Judas, and the glutton that ushered in the traitor." Pride he defines to have been the "Devil's sin and the Devil's ruin, and has been ever since the Devil's stratagem; who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw." He is full of sly allusions to his time. Grub Street, with its squalor and bailiffs, was probably in his mind, when, in speaking of extemporary prayers, he remarked, God does not require us "to beg our daily bread in blank verse, or show any thing of the poet in our devotions, but indigence and want." At times his comparisons are arguments. Thus, he says finely of innocence, that "it is like polished armor; it both adorns and defends." In referring to dunces occupying prominent situations, he tells them, — "If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs." Again, he states the emptiness of fame, in a fine allusion: — "Those that are so fond of applause while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it! Like lightning, it only flashes upon the face, and is gone; and it is well if it does not hurt the man." It is rare that we see a great truth more pertinently expressed than this: — "Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk, and behave itself poorly." Joy, when perfect, he remarks, does not break out in violent eruptions, but "fills the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise." In his sermon on Resignation, he anticipates Byron's line on man, —

"Degraded mass of animated dust," —

calling the human being, as opposed to the divine, an "aspir-

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ing lump of dirt"; and again, "a pitiful piece of animated dirt." To be angry under the dispensations of Providence he declares the height of folly as well as wickedness. "A man so behaving himself is nothing else but weakness and nakedness setting itself in battle-array against omnipotence; a handful of dust and ashes sending a challenge to all the host of heaven. For what else are words and talk against thunderbolts; and the weak, empty noise of a querulous rage *against Him who can speak worlds, who could word heaven and earth out of nothing, and can when he pleases word them into nothing again?*" In a sermon on Education he speaks of some schoolmasters as executioners rather than instructers of youth, and remarks that "stripes and blows are fit to be used only on those who carry their brains in their backs." He calls the hypocrite a "masquerader in religion, as ever still dodging and doubling with God and man, and never speaking his mind, nor so much as opening his mouth in earnest, but when he eats or breathes." Of the old, impotent, silver-haired sinner, "the broken and decrepit sensualist, creeping, as it were, to the Devil on all four," he says that he is "a wretch so scorned, so despised, and so abandoned by all, that his very vices forsake him." The covetous man he probes in this wise: — "The cries of the poor never enter into his ears; if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in. He is a pest and monster, greedier than the sea, barrener than the shore." And further on he says, — "God may smite thee with some lingering, dispiriting disease, which shall crack the strength of thy sinews, and suck the marrow out of thy bones; and then what pleasure can it be to wrap thy living skeleton in purple, and rot alive in cloth of gold, when thy clothes shall serve only to upbraid the uselessness of thy limbs, and thy rich fare stand before thee only to reproach and tantalize the weakness of thy stomach, while thy consumption is every day dressing thee up for the worms?"

Several of South's sermons are devoted to peace. In these he gives a masterly reply to all the arguments urged in favor of duels and revenge. Of the successful duellist he says, — "How fares it with him in the court of conscience? Is he able to keep off the grim arrests of that? Can he drown the cry of blood, and bribe his own thoughts to let him alone? Can he fray off the vulture from his breast,

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that night and day is gnawing his heart, and wounding it with ghastly and amazing reflections?" One of his most magnificent images, conveyed with a rolling grandeur of expression, is devoted to the illustration of the seeming strength a revengeful spirit acquires from resistance. "As a storm could not be so hurtful, were it not for the opposition of trees and houses; it ruins nowhere, but where it is withstood and repelled. It has, indeed, the same force, when it passes over the rush, or the yielding osier; but it does not roar nor become dreadful, till it grapples with the oak, and rattles upon the tops of the cedars." Every one will confess that these extracts are in a higher strain of rhetoric than is commonly heard from the pulpit. They are not, however, isolated beauties, culled from a wide waste of verbiage and triteness, but characteristics of South's general style of thought and expression. His sermons are full of them; every page sparkles with wit, or glows with eloquence.

In reading the writings of a man evincing so much reach of thought and strength of nature as South, we cannot but be impressed with the injustice done to his talents, and to those of many other English divines, in the scale of precedence established among English authors. Thus, almost every commentator on English literature refers to Dryden's prose works, as evincing the relative perfection to which style had arrived in the age of Charles the Second. Men like Fox and Canning have expressed a fanatical admiration of his choice of terms and his powers of composition. Fox would not admit a word into his history of James the Second which had not been sanctioned by the use of Dryden. Yet, if any essay of Dryden be compared with a sermon by South or Barrow, both his contemporaries, no practised eye could fail to discern its inferiority in force, clearness, compactness, and richness of diction, as well as in depth and fertility of thought. We can account for this superior reputation enjoyed by a really inferior prose-writer, only by supposing that mere men of letters are indifferent to theological literature, and imbued with a prejudice that sermons afford little scope for originality, eloquence, wit, and the exhibition of striking traits of individual character; and this prejudice we conceive to have arisen, in no slight degree, from the pious dilutions and debilities served weekly in this age from so many pulpits, by persons styled ministers of the gospel.

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It receives no support from Taylor, Chillingworth, Hall, South, Barrow, Butler, Newman, and Channing, — men separated from each other by as marked peculiarities as distinguish any celebrated poets and essayists, and from whose sermons alone an argument might be drawn for the vigor and versatility of the human intellect, and the exhaustless wealth of expression contained in the English language. Their purely literary merit places them far above many popular writers, who have had the luck to obtain a full recognition of their talents, by studiously disconnecting them from virtue and religion.

This indifference to the treasures of thought and expression which lie unworked in the mines of old English divinity we deem an evil of some magnitude, as it indicates a decline in the standard by which theological literature is now tried. It is very easy to say, that this indifference is to be attributed to sin and worldliness in men; but those most likely to urge this explanation had better decide first how much of it is due to mediocrity and dulness in preachers. It seems to us that theology is fast falling behind the other professions, in regard to the character and intelligence demanded in its professors. Depth, comprehension, a large knowledge of life, skill in dissecting evidence and motives, a general force of being which never yields to moral or intellectual timidity, are not now insisted upon as necessary to the clergyman. The toleration awarded to feeble sermons is the sharpest of all silent satires on the decline of divinity. Forcible men, men possessing sufficient vigor and vitality to "get along in the world," rush almost universally into the other professions. Law and politics, in this country, draw into their vortex hundreds of scholars who ought to be preachers of God's word both to law and politics. If a youth of education does not evince enough understanding to sift evidence or tear away the defences of a sophism, — if he lacks sufficient nerve to badger a witness or amputate a leg, his parents think him eminently calculated for that other profession, whose members are to scatter the reasonings of Hume and Diderot, to smite wickedness in high places, to lay bare the baseness of accredited sins, to brave with an unflinching front the opposition of the selfish and the strong, and to dare, if need be, all the powers of earth and hell in the cause of justice and truth. This, we need not say, is

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all wrong. If the powers of darkness and delusion are strong in all the strength of bad passions and sophistical vices, let them be opposed by men whose spirits are of the "greatest size and divinest mettle"; by men who have the arm to smite and the brain to know; by men whose souls can thrid all those mazes of deceit through which sin eludes the chase of the weak in heart and the small in mind. Without force of character, there can be no force of impression. Words never gush out with persuasive or awful power from a feeble heart. Timidity, learned ease, a command of certain forms of expression, faith in terms, are characteristics of too many men, whose mission is to save souls by courage, activity, and power of conceiving and expressing truth. Since the clergy have lost the hold upon the mind given by superstition, have they sustained their legitimate influence by mental and moral power? Dry and dead matter of fact, or thin dilutions of transcendental sentiment, are the last things to effect this object, and yet they seem the first things which our modern soldiers of the cross grasp with their trembling fingers. The object, indeed, requires, that a good portion of the mind and genius of the land should be enlisted in the ranks of theology. We want neither ignorant fanaticism nor intelligent *nonchalance*.

This tameness of spirit is fast extending to doctrine and practice. A spurious toleration and liberality have supplanted the old earnest zeal. We live in an era of good feeling. The word unmentionable to ears polite burns the fingers of those who should launch it at sin. The meaning attached to the phrases of God's wrath and justice shocks our modern sensibilities. Sorrow and love are the two aspects under which the Deity is now contemplated. The terrors and threatenings of the law are hidden in a rose-colored mist of rhetoric. The great object of the age is to remove every thing from the surface of society which offends the eye of refined taste. Spiritual sins have been withdrawn from the front rank of transgressions, and sins of the senses promoted to their place. Every person of stern force of character rides over the clergy. A man who gets inflamed with any earnest thought speeds from his denomination, to rave men into some new heresy. As it would be intolerant to say that he was presumptuous or infidel, he is to be treated with the utmost politeness, or with a mild and whining

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opposition; and even this inoffensive ineffectiveness of admonition, this chiding in the nerveless terms of a canting toleration, does not prevent its object from setting up as a martyr, and expending his inward agonies constantly in the public ear. The difference between the ancient and modern martyr is the difference between being raked and scathed by "balls of consuming wildfire," and being gently peppered by popguns. To escape the imputation of bigotry, preachers slide softly into the opposite stupidity of indifference. The effect which inward sin has in shaping opinions few hardly dare to analyze. A strong, hardy, wholesome zeal, intimating a living belief in the importance of any particular set of doctrines, and a thorough-going force of soul in their promulgation, careless of the melodious whine of the mild, and the more dissonant yell of the bad, — this is becoming disgracefully rare.

It is easy to calculate the effect of such timidity and weakness on the literature of theology. The mediocrity of sermons cannot be laid to their subjects. Nothing can be clearer than that divinity affords the widest scope for the most various powers and accomplishments, and presents the strongest motives to their development and cultivation. In the literature of every age, theology should assert its grandeur and power, in masterpieces of thought and composition, which men of letters would be compelled to read, in order to deserve the name. Eloquence on almost every other subject is but a species of splendid fanaticism. It exists by detaching from the whole of nature and life some special thing, and exaggerating it out of its natural size and relations to produce a transient effect. But to the preacher, philosophy and eloquence are identical. His task is to restore the most awful of all realities to its rightful supremacy, — the dominion it enjoys according to the Heaven-ordained laws by which the world was made. The written and spoken literature, which is the record of this eloquent wisdom, should be characterized by the first and greatest merit of composition, vitality. It is this vitality, this living energy, this beating of the brave heart beneath the burning words, which gives immortality to every thing in literature that survives its generation. Strange that it should be most wanting in those compositions where it would be most naturally sought! There is more of it in many a speech by

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some political enthusiast, thrown off to save a party measure, than in many a sermon by some clerical icicle, intended to save a human soul. Sydney Smith, at the commencement of the present century, described the current sermons of his own church as being chiefly distinguished by decent debility; and we have repeatedly waded through sermons, on the most kindling and soul-animating themes, without being able to realize that the writer had any soul. Heaven and hell, righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come seemed to excite in him no more inspiring emotions than might have been raised from meditating on the mutations of trade. As it is unfortunately impossible for dulness at this day to shield itself from criticism, by tossing the names of scoffer and atheist at the critic, we humbly suggest that it would be wiser to elude the charge by infusing more energy and unction into the thing criticised. And we know of nothing more calculated to produce this desirable effect, than the study of a few sermonizers like South, and a hearty emulation of their learning and power; and in all discourses, on all subjects, to recollect that "no man's dulness can be his duty, much less his perfection."

ART. III. — *Carolina Sports, by Land and Water; including Incidents of Devil-Fishing, &c.* By the HON. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, of Beaufort, S. C. Charleston: Burges & James. 1846. 12mo. pp. 172.

IN returning through South Carolina, a few years since, from a long journey in the Southern States, after some adventures by flood and field that might make a book, if we were disposed to write travels, our early associations and happy recollections of college life were suddenly roused by the appearance of the author of the book before us on the opposite side of the dinner-table at a hotel. Although five-and-twenty years had passed away, since we looked up to him as one of an advanced class at Cambridge, distinguished by his rank as a scholar, and equally so by his readiness at all manly exercises, his fresh and vigorous appearance brought to memory the remark of John Randolph of Roa-

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noke, when, late in life, he revisited the scenes of his collegiate course. He said that every thing appeared to him much as it used to do, except that two elm-trees on the college green seemed not quite so large as he remembered them to have been when he was a boy. We are not sure that Mr. Elliott looked quite as old as he appeared formerly to us, when at Cambridge. He was too far our senior for personal acquaintance in those days. But that was not necessary to fix a lasting impression of him. A very learned person lately remarked, that the wisdom of man had never appeared so imposing to him as it did in the class that was senior when he entered college; and many people, like ourselves, could probably, from their own experience, apply a similar remark to all human greatness and glory. Reminiscences of this nature, to be sure, are by no means reciprocal in character. When looking back on those who have followed in our rear, the exclamation most natural is that of wonder that the unformed freshman should ever have grown up to wear the grizzled head and furrows of advancing years.

However, be all that as it may, we were highly pleased at the incident; and knowing that we must be mutually acquainted with many estimable and accomplished people, we resolved not to part without claiming recognition. The advance was cordially met; and among a deal of agreeable talk that followed, Mr. Elliott gave an interesting account of an adventure in which he had shortly before been engaged, having taken the lead in an encounter with a sea-monster that had been supposed to be almost fabulous, and one quite as deserving of wonder as a sea-serpent would be, if we were sure that there were more like him in the ocean. We opened this book with eagerness, in hopes of finding the same story in it. It is related at length; and the reader shall have it in the author's own words, though we may be obliged to curtail the language a little to leave room for some other extracts. It seems that Mr. Elliott has amused himself by furnishing from his experience as a sportsman descriptions of this sort for newspapers and magazines, and the articles from his pen have been brought together for publication in the present form. A part of the first one will serve as an introduction. He writes under the name of Piscator.

"I am an hereditary sportsman, and inherit the tastes of my grandfather, as well as his lands. Whoever has seen the beauti-

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ful bay on which they are seated (known on the map as Port Royal Sound) with its transparent waters stocked with a variety of sea-fish, while the islands that gird it in abound in deer and other game, will confess that it is a position well calculated to draw out sporting propensities.

"There is a fish, which annually visits this bay from May till August, — described by Linnæus as of the genus Ray, species Diodon. It is called by Dr. Mitchell (not without reason, from the bat-like structure of its flaps or wings) 'the Vampire of the Ocean.' It is known with us as the 'Devil-fish.' Its structure indicates great muscular power. It has long, angular wings and a capacious mouth; but the greatest singularity of its formation consists in its arms (or horns, as they are called), which extend on each side of the mouth, and serve as feeders. Its size, with us, is from fourteen to twenty-five feet, measured across the back transversely. Its longitudinal measurement is less. Valliant describes this fish as reaching the size of fifty feet on the coast of Africa; but Valliant was a *traveller!* I am a sportsman merely, and claim no charter to exceed the truth. I must own, then, that the largest I have seen and measured was but eighteen feet across the back, from three to four feet thick as it lay on the ground, had horns, or feeders, three feet in length, curiously articulated at the ends so as to resemble the fingers of the human hand when clenched, and enjoyed an amplitude of mouth sufficient to admit of its receiving two aldermen abreast, had it relished such a quintessence of turtle.

"It is the habit of this fish to ply these arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once inclosed. In this way, the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and overset, by the Devil-fish having laid hold of the grapnel. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uptear, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his landmarks my grandfather determined to resent." — pp. 7 – 9.

How he had his revenge we shall not stop to tell, because that, it seems, is matter only of tradition; and we pass to the account of what the author did himself. Modern sportsmen, far from attacking, had been, it seems, "content to be let alone by the Devil-fish."

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"It was during the month of August, 1837, that, attended by my children, and by several friends, whose inducements were change of air and the benefit of sea-bathing, I made an excursion to Bay Point, a small summer settlement, situated at the north-eastern outlet of Port Royal Sound. There, for the first time, I witnessed the sporting of these sea-monsters on the surface, and conceived the idea of taking them with the harpoon.

"In crossing from Bay Point to Hilton Head, on a visit, I saw eight Devil-fish, one directly in the track of my boat as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings a foot above the surface and kept them steadily erect, as if to act for sails. I liked not the *cradle* thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand.

"The Devil-fish (in numbers thus unusual) had doubtless run into the inlet to escape the gales; for, from repeated observations, I am persuaded that fish are provided with an instinct, by which they are forewarned of convulsions in their proper element.

"The sight of these fish disturbed my rest, and I felt uncomfortable, until I found myself planning an attack, and providing myself with the needful apparatus. A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular *whaler*), was turned out from the work-shop. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the forecastle. An eight-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted and new thole-pinned; and a clete nailed firmly on the forecastle to support the right foot of the harpooner. A day was fixed, and friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action; but the weather was unpropitious, and but two boats appeared.

"At six o'clock, on the 16th of August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for Devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C., Esqrs., with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves (the line for a second harpoon having been swept away by the tide). We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action.

"We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the Devil-fish on their

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return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high-water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat and two hands on the look-out. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, 'There!' cried our look-out man. I followed the direction of his hand, — it pointed to Skull Creek channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it, — it was a Devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts, — the oarsmen spring to their oars, — the red flag is raised to signal our consort, — and we went roaring on in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

"The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the clete, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarce breathed while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and brief. 'There he is behind us!' Our oarsmen backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking around us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow, — his wing only is visible, — on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. The staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, belly up. We dashed at him wherever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. 'Forward!' the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist, — I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second, before it disappeared beneath the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when, ho! the line stopped short!

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'Is it possible? I have him, — the Devil-fish is struck!' Out flies the line from the bow, — a joyful shout bursts from our crew, — our consort is lashed to our stern, — E. and C. spring aboard, — and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

"Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank, — the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like, — reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. We drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him. I found *that* was no fun. Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness as we moved along under this novel, and *yet unpatented*, impelling power!"

A lance is plunged into him, but "it is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron is found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff broken in the socket.

"He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; a bayonet is plunged into his body; another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye, — the blade remaining buried in his body. A second is driven in, and that is snapped off in the blade. At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. The tide was now flood, — the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. 'Row him ashore, boys.' The Devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. 'Force him, then, to the surface.' He popt up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and, bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform, — quite *hors de combat.* Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope, — he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches; but it is the *eastern face*

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of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and *this* is done against wind, tide, and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds, and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bowse on him once more, and endeavour to despatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and, after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion, — and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out from the *belly* of the fish; the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings, — nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause, to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass.

"The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn round the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea, — and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out! An instant before, I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish; the next, it was held up in air, in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only, a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body, — it might hold him! 'Clear my line, boys!' Alas! the weight of the fish is too much for my tackle, — the line flies through my hand, — is checked, — the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered, — *and the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails, and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea, yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

"Yet, keenly as we felt our disappointment, there is not one of us who would willingly have been *elsewhere*, — and the pleasurable excitement of our three hours' run will be remembered to the end of our lives." — pp. 13 – 20.

The account is closed with a threat of another attempt, which was soon carried into execution. On the day appointed, "three boats appeared at the rendezvous at Bay

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Point, fully equipped for the sport, and commenced a cruise full of exciting incident and eminently successful." The whole was planned and conducted under the auspices of Mr. Elliott; but the description of the sport, in which he is spoken of as Piscator, was written by another of the party.

"We were now moving leisurely along the Hilton Head shore, looking out for our foe in one of his old haunts, about a large trunk, which rose, black with age and barnacles, some ten or fifteen feet above water. Not a sign of him was discovered. We looked in the direction of Skull Creek, but he was obviously not there, for the surface was as quiet as if he had never ruffled it. A glance towards the sea at our backs gave us as little satisfaction. In the mean time, it was evident, from the water-marks on our left, that the flood was far advanced, and that the bank would soon be too deep to reach him, if he came fishing upon it. Impatience was visible in every countenance.

"'The day is fine enough,' said P.; 'they ought to be hereabouts, for the boys saw them only yesterday.'

"'I have my doubts,' said another, 'as to every thing the rogues tell us, especially if a Devil-fish is in the matter. You know their superstition.'

"'Ah! gentlemen,' exclaimed a third, rising from his seat, and gaping with ennui, 'this comes of taking things too late; you should have followed my advice, and have come out earlier. As it is, I see we shall have no sport.'

"'Look on your right!' shouted a voice from the other boat.

"The whole party were, in an instant, on their feet. There they were, to be sure. One, two, three; only a few hundred yards from us, rioting and tumbling fantastically over each other's wakes.

"'Where is the harpoon?'—'the rifle!'—'the rifle!' exclaimed several voices at once.

"'Gentlemen, do be quiet,' said P., as he leaped on the forecastle, catching up, at the same time, the harpoon, which lay on a coil of rope ready for use. 'I have seen some of this service before; pray go aft, and let me have a clear swing.'

"A few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the playground of the Devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. No part of their bodies was, however, to be seen; nothing but their broad, dingy flaps, their coppered edges glancing to the sun, as they rose and sunk in graceful parabolas through the turbid brine. All besides was dark: it was not possible to know where to strike. Their motions, too, were so rapid and disorderly, and withal transiently perceptible, that it required our utmost efforts to

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shift our boat into available positions. But our *facile princeps* — the master-spirit of fishermen — was at the bow. An opportunity at last offered, and away went the harpoon, and, in a twinkling, the smallest fish disappeared: he had felt the touch of its keen edge, and instantly took fright. Another followed his example, leaving the bank in possession of one, who now seemed concerned only to show how swiftly and nimbly he could acquit himself. Instead of emerging, as before, at intervals of a few yards, he took reaches of twenty or thirty at a time, — not one of them on the same line with another, — gyrating, as he went, into the most fantastic attitudes. At last, the surface was all quiet: every one held his breath. A heavy whirl appeared at the head of the boat, — what did it mean? But Piscator knew, and the harpoon once more took flight, and, descending five or six feet into the water, stood quivering there for a moment, and then vanished, with the velocity of light.

"'*Habet!*' shouted a sort of linguist (who was always boring us with his scrap Latin, to make amends, it was supposed, for his bad English), as he grasped the line, and huzzaed, until the shore resounded with the music of his lungs. And it was but too true. The Devil-fish, after his other frolics, had vaulted entirely on his back, and came floating on the tide stomach upwards; his white form reflected along the surface for several yards. A mark so palpable could hardly escape the stroke of our weapon: it entered his abdomen about the middle, and cut its way right down nearly three feet into his vitals. The line was clear for him to the extent of thirty fathoms; but, after running fifteen or twenty, he went plumb to the bottom, defying every effort at removal. At length he gave way, and, after much tugging, rose loggishly to the top, — but daylight inspired him with new strength, and he bounded off again at the height of his speed. Our man of particles was now in a sore dilemma. This 'learned Theban' had been rude enough to throw the line so carelessly about his feet, that there was every prospect of his being speedily caught in its flying tangles, and ducked soundly for his pains. What was he to do? A leap or two heavenward showed that would not answer; so, clearing the forecastle at a bound, he lit in the body of the boat, with no other harm done than some commotion among the rigging, a cry of wonderment from the oarsmen, and sundry ejaculations of thanksgiving to Providence from himself. The line now slacked, and the Devil-fish was obviously giving out. He yielded freely to the hand, and, as the last scene in the drama approached, the boats gathered around to witness his expiring struggles. The line swayed, and up he rose, his huge goggles peering out upon us, while his antennæ dangled heavily about, in

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token of the extremest exhaustion. One more effort at escape followed: but it was too late, — the lances were ready, and soon consummated the work of death; after which, we all joined in merry procession towards the shore. We drew the Devil-fish on the sands, and found him, on measurement, to be fifteen feet in width." — pp. 24–27.

This was a memorable day in the history of the Devil-fish. After striking another, which finally escaped, Piscator with his party went at a late hour to the assistance of their consort, then made fast by the harpoon to a third of great power, which had defeated all attempts at capture.

"We threw ourselves on the course of the other boat, some forty or fifty yards ahead.

"'Where is the Devil-fish?' shouted P.

"A sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the Devil-fish, shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him; but, with all his skill, P. could not reach his body. Stroke after stroke failed. The rocking of the boat, and the exhaustion of the oarsmen, under their constant exertions to keep up with him, made things still worse. Was he to escape from us, after all? 'Strike, Sir, for the black side of his wing'; but the advice was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. As before, the Devil-fish now went directly for the bottom; but we were in the channel, and that resource could not avail him. He played about for some time, but we finally succeeded in bringing him up within six feet of us, where we pierced him with our lances until life was gone. But no force could lift him higher. By this time another boat had come from the Point to our aid, which, with the two we had already, it was thought, would be quite sufficient to take our fish ashore. The sails were set, and the oars put out to the number of eighteen; — the wind, too, was as fair as could be wished, — still there was no headway. The Devil-fish was, indeed, unmanageable; and but for the force of the wind counteracting the outward tendencies of the tide, we must have been inevitably swept to sea, or have cut him loose to save ourselves. Darkness, in the mean time, had set in. The night was advancing, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore, alarmed at our situation, set up lights for us, which, owing to their dispersion, did more to confound than guide us. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the Devil-fish, as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface. At nine o'clock, we ran aground upon a

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shoal, which proved to be Egg Bank. We were now at a stand, and a council was called. It was impossible to get the Devil-fish over the bank, for the tide was not high enough; and the roar of the breakers behind us, added to the rising of the wind, informed us too plainly that we could not safely remain where we were. Perhaps the Devil-fish might be anchored: but no anchor was to be had; no buoy, — not even a barrel, by which he might be designated the next morning. The resource left us was a hard one; but there was no choice, — we must abandon him, — we could do no more. Before taking leave of him, however, we drew him up into three feet water.

'Jacet ingens littore truncus,
——— et *sine nomine* corpus.'

There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water. We cut out our harpoons, pushed our boats through a neighbouring swash, and, in a few moments, found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty.

"It is not to be inferred, from the concluding passage of the narrative just quoted, that the fish was eight feet in depth, — but merely that, grounding in three feet water, such was his depth that a portion of his back, equal to eight feet in diameter, was still left above water. I know not that I ever witnessed any thing more strikingly picturesque than the appearance of the Devil-fish just before he stranded. The night was dark, — the sea brilliantly luminous, — the breakers were roaring a short distance from us, and the ground-swell, that at intervals lifted us up, admonished us that we were in shoal water. Looking behind us, we beheld the Devil-fish, which we had in tow, mounted up on the crest of an advancing wave. His wings outspread, — his dark outline distinctly marked, and separated from the surrounding waters by a 'starry belt' of phosphoric fire, — he seemed to our excited imaginations like some monster Vampire, hovering above our heads, and threatening to crush us beneath his wings! There was scarcely time for apprehension before he grounded, and that in water sufficiently deep to keep our boats afloat.

"To leap into the sea, — to mount his back in triumph, and shout a wild huzza! were impulses that we all felt and obeyed. Our next thought was to secure our retreat to the shore. We were embayed among the flats: the wind was rising, — the tide falling. If we grounded, and were caught in that situation by the next flood, our boats would be beaten to pieces, and we should have but small chance for our lives! The manner of our extrication has been already told." — pp. 32 – 34.

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Dr. De Kay says :—

"The Sea Devil, or Oceanic Vampire, as it has been not inaptly named, is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me, by a credible eyewitness, as having occurred in the harbour of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbour with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbour with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbour were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and suddenly ceased." — p. 57.

Mr. Elliott adds : —

"The same thing happened about fifteen years ago, in one of the inlets on the coast of Georgia. A trading-vessel lay at anchor, and, while her crew were on shore, one of these fish seized the cable and dragged her off, anchor and all, to the consternation of the sailors, who pursued their retreating bark for some miles in their boat, and regained her, when the Devil-fish had contrived, or seen fit, to disengage himself from his prize." — p. 58.

These animated descriptions are followed by one of "Drum-fishing." These fish derive their name "from the noise they make, resembling the tap of a drum, which is so loud, that, in calm weather, and in the afternoon, which is their favorite time for *drumming*, it may be heard at the distance of several hundred yards from the river."

"It is the largest *scale* fish in America. It measures ordinarily three feet in length, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. It is beautifully marked on the sides, by broad, dark, transverse stripes, alternating with silver, — or else exhibits an uniform bright gold color, which fades, soon after it is taken, into the hues already described. I give you the *medium* weight and size of the fish, not the extreme. I have taken one which measured four feet six inches in length, and weighed eighty-five pounds. Out of twenty taken by me on a particular day, during the present season (April), there were three weighing from sixty-five to seventy pounds each. The smaller-sized fish are excellent for table use, — their roes, especially, are a great delicacy; the larger are only valuable when salted and cured like codfish, from

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which when dressed they are scarcely distinguishable in flavor. The planters of this vicinity are skilful fishermen and much devoted to the sport. They succeeded in taking, during the last season, at least twelve thousand of these fish: and when I add, that, except the small number consumed in their families, the remainder were salted and distributed among their slaves, not in lieu of, but in addition to, their ordinary subsistence, you will perceive that this is a case wherein the love of sport and the practice of charity are singularly coincident."— p. 62.

"The unpractised sportsman, who supposes that their bite will be in proportion to their size and strength, will draw up many a naked hook, before he draws a fish. They approach cautiously, and almost as if they expected a snare. As soon as you feel him certainly at your hook, jerk with your utmost strength, and draw quickly upon him, until you have fixed the hook in his jaws. The instant he feels the smart, he dashes off with all his force: and this is the critical moment, — for if you resist him too forcibly, he breaks your tackle, or tears out your hook; and if you give him slack line, he darts towards you, and shakes the hook out of his mouth. 'A just medium (as Sterne says) prevents all conclusions.' *In medio tutissimus ibis.* You must give him play, keeping your line tight, yet not overstrained, preserving an equable pressure, — managing your line with one hand, and keeping the other in reserve, either to draw in rapidly when the run is towards you, or to regulate the velocity when the run is against you and severe. By degrees, the efforts of the fish relax, and he is drawn to the surface. At sight of the sun, he makes a final effort to escape, and plunges till he has reached the bottom. The fatal hook still adheres to his jaws, and when he reappears exhausted, on the surface of the water, it is only to turn on his back, and resign himself to his fate. A barbed iron, fastened to a wooden staff, is then struck into him, and you lift your prize into the boat. Generally speaking, you are occupied five minutes in taking a fish: but if the tide be strong, and the fish large, your sport may last fifteen.

"There is great uncertainty attending this sport; the patience of the fisherman may be severely tested: sometimes you have the mortification to hear them drumming beneath your boat, while they stubbornly refuse to be taken, — rejecting untasted the most tempting baits you can offer: at other times they are in better humor. As a general rule, with five lines in your boat, you may count on fifteen or twenty fish as the result of a day's sport. Occasionally, you have memorable luck; — sixty-three were taken during the present season by a boat with seven lines, and I once knew a boat with ten lines to take as many as ninety-six; the

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best success I have met with, personally, was to take forty, to three lines; — eighteen fish fell to my share of the sport; my two oarsmen took the remainder. *Thirty* fish were all that the boat could conveniently contain; — her gunwale was but a few inches above the water, and we slung the *ten* (which were *de trop*) along-side, by a rope. In this situation we were attacked by sharks. These 'grim companions' would range up along-side, and make a rush at them to cut them off: and we were compelled to beat them off with boat-hooks. A little more boldness in their attack, and we must have fallen victims; for a single blow from their tails would have filled our overloaded boat, — as it happened we were unattended by any other boat which could have rendered assistance, and were full three miles from shore. In the sport of this day, my gloves were torn into shreds by the friction of the line, and my fingers so blistered by the severity of the play, that I was incapable of renewing my sport for several days." — pp. 62 – 65.

The account of Bass-fishing is particularly agreeable for the graceful touches, which disclose a nice perception of the dispositions both of fish and men, and indicate the kindness of good-fellowship in sport. It is important, it seems, for the fisherman to "take his drop" with great accuracy, where the action of the water has left irregular masses on the rocky bed, "amidst whose crags and crannies the sea-weeds grow and shell-fish congregate," and where "the larger fish repair for subsistence." Mr. Elliott gives his instructions with a precision worthy of the chief topographical engineer among fishermen.

"Let him row over from Bay Point towards the Hilton Head shore, — putting the last hammock (an umbrella-shaped cedar now marks the spot), on the south-western end of Edings' island, in line with the most northwardly point of the same island; and extend the chord of this arc, until he opens the first woods of Chaplin's island, beyond the Bay Point beach. Dropping his anchor at the precise intersection of these two lines, he has the best ground, probably, in the whole Southern country; where he may, in their proper season, take black-fish, sheepshead, bass, and drum in abundance, and, occasionally, *all of them on the same day.*" — p. 67.

Here follows a graphic sketch of the residence of a distinguished statesman and gentleman of the old school.

"A third line was formerly drawn in confirmation of the above: it was by placing the last pines on Hilton Head beach in

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range with the mansion-house of Gen. C. C. Pinckney, on Pinckney island. But this mansion no longer exists: it was swept away in one of the fearful hurricanes that vex our coast! To this spot that sterling patriot and lion-hearted soldier retired from the arena of political life, to spend the evening of his days in social enjoyment and literary relaxation. On a small island, attached to the larger one, which bears his name, and which, jutting out into the bay, afforded a delightful view of the ocean, he fixed his residence. There, in the midst of forests of oak, laurel, and palmetto, the growth of centuries, his mansion-house was erected. There stood the laboratory, with its apparatus for chemical experiments, — the library, stored with works of science in various tongues; there bloomed the nursery for exotics; and there was found each other appliance with which taste and intelligence surround the abodes of wealth. It is melancholy to reflect on the utter destruction that followed, even before the venerable proprietor had been gathered to his fathers! The ocean swallowed up every thing: and it is literally true, that the sea-monster now flaps his wings over the very spot where his hearthstone was placed, where the rites of an elegant hospitality were so unstintedly dispensed, and where the delighted guest listened to many an instructive anecdote and unrecorded yet significant incident of the revolutionary period, as they flowed from the cheerful lips of the patriot." — pp. 67 – 68.

While the ocean has swallowed up that beautiful abode, and the head of that magnificent old man who adorned its hall has been laid low, the advance of time, with the irresistible changes it has brought, has swept away the old school to which he belonged. The memory of that order of men who were reared in it still rises in the thought of the South Carolinian, and he occasionally drops an expression of regret, that the colony, to which he owes his birth as an American, should ever have taken part in that contest (for the rights of others, as he thinks, rather than her own) which made her one of these States. As he believes, she had no grievances that called very urgently for redress. It was from friendly regard, he thinks, and sympathy for her sister colonies, that she took part in the dispute. And what, he asks, has she gained by it?

We do not know or suppose that Mr. Elliott entertains any such views; but that they have found favor in South Carolina during the excitements of the last twenty years, we have good reason to believe. The change, by the way, is

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not altogether peculiar to any part of this country; for we hear regrets from the other side of the water for departed stateliness in the modes of life. But it is worth a moment's reflection to imagine what would probably have been the result, — especially in reference to one subject, to which allusion is so directly made in this book that we ought to take some notice of it, — if South Carolina had decided on a different course, and had kept clear of the struggle for independence.

Let us suppose her leading men to have foreseen something of what has followed: that her aristocracy of gentlemen was to disappear with the laws of primogeniture; that the favored colony of England, after the contest should be over, was to become one of a cluster of States who would, in her view, get the advantage of her, and that her graceful performance of the duties of loyalty was to be exchanged for what they would then have considered as vulgar squabbles about the nullification of laws that she deemed to be unjust; that, concluding it likely to be a bad bargain for them, even in case of success, they had addressed the English ministry in language something like this: — "We cannot take arms against our neighbours and friends, but *we* make no complaints. Suffer us to be passive spectators only of the approaching contest, and we are content to remain as we are. Deal with the other colonies as you please; but do not require us to fight them." We may easily believe that the ministry would have agreed to this, and have answered, — "Be it so. Remain quiet and obedient, and we will manage the fight without your aid."

The revolutionary war would have proceeded. The result would probably have been the same as it proved to be, without the aid of South Carolina, efficient as that was; and she would have remained in the enjoyment of all her privileges as a loyal colony, under the direction and care of a governor by royal appointment; while the States that were formed about her would have managed their own concerns. Affairs would have gone on accordingly, to the entire satisfaction, for aught we know, of the liege subjects of the crown throughout this province of South Carolina, until that period, some fifteen years since, when the government "at home" must have spoken very nearly as it did to the colonies of the West Indies: — "You have among you a certain 'in-

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stitution' which is offensive to the age. It is imputed as a disgrace to the British name, and we so regard it. We must rid ourselves of the stigma that is attached to it. If you require laborers of African blood for the cultivation of any part of your grounds, hire them and pay them. But that peculiar institution must be abolished. Here are twenty millions of pounds sterling, which we appropriate to compensate for its abolition. Your share of it is ready. You may take it or leave it. But complaints are idle, and we will have no words. Whatever may be said of the wise and patriarchal use of slavery, its abuses are intolerable to humanity. This must be the end of it among you."

As the permanence of slavery is supposed at the South to be important to the prosperity of that region, for reasons that are hinted at by the author, an imperial edict of this character would probably have been thought to place the colony on a footing of great disadvantage in comparison with the States in that neighbourhood. Without favoring in any way the supposed designs of abolitionists, we think differently as to the comparative advantage that would ensue in any community from the extinction or continuance of the system of slave labor. But, however that may be, abolition, come how it might, would appear to the present leaders of South Carolina as an event earnestly to be deprecated. And while they are disposed somewhat to disparage the value of the Union, it is as well to present for consideration the inevitable consequences of the only alternative that would have remained to her, if she had not become one of us. In the case supposed, she would probably have stood, in the end, an humble applicant for "annexation" to this Union on which she now is thought to look so coldly.

But let us turn from these surmises of difference on grave matters to more attractive subjects. The book contains spirited sketches of the wild-cat hunt, the deer hunt, and other sports of the woods, from which we should be glad to make extracts; but we have hardly room to do more than to thank Mr. Elliott for the interesting account which he has given of Southern sports in the forest. Veteran as he is becoming now, may he still live to share in the excitement of his favorite recreations as long as he desires; and when Hilton Head and the waters of Port Royal sound shall cease to know him, may some descendant, worthy of

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such parentage, survive to recount his exploits, and especially that which follows here. We commend it to the cautious consideration of all those who are inclined to wade into an investigation of the habits of sharks.

"I used to push over from Bay Point at early flood, — land on the inner side of the bank, — and, leaving a few oarsmen to take charge of the boat, walk over to the sea-side of the bank, with a servant or two to carry bait and lines, — and, wading out into the surf waist-deep, toss my line into the breakers in quest of bass. I was usually armed with a light spear; for as the clear, transparent wave came rolling in from the deep, — and as the pearly fragments of sea-shell passed glittering by you with the flux and reflux of the tide, — objects were occasionally encountered, as brilliant, perhaps, but by no means as pleasant to look upon: the eyes and jagged spines of immense sting-rays, buried in the sand, and lying in wait for their prey! One incautious step, and your leg may be transfixed by the venomed weapon! Sometimes, indeed, the bass would approach close to your feet, in couples, and gaze upon you, seemingly, with curiosity and alarm! You might perceive their pectoral fins in rapid play, as if they panted; while, at the lightest movement of your arm to hurl your spear, they vanished in an instant, and left your weapon buried innocently in the sand. On one delightful day, I was tempted to wade deeper than usual into the sea, which was beautifully clear. I passed along the narrow ridge of a reef, which extended eastwardly to a considerable distance from the main bank, while a swash of some depth lay close within. I had unconsciously remained, until the advancing tide had covered the highest parts of the ridge full waist-deep. Behind me stood my servant 'Cain,' with my spear and a wicker-basket of bait. An exclamation of terror from him made me turn, — when I beheld, but a few yards distant, between us and the shore, and intercepting our retreat, a large shark, close on the side of the ridge, head on for us, and waving his tail backwards and forward, with a deliberate sculling motion! 'My spear,' said I, — 'keep close to me, and shout when I do.' 'Great God,' said Cain, (his eyes almost starting from their sockets,) 'another one!' I looked, and saw, *not one*, *but two other sharks*, lying behind the first, all in line, and in the same attitude! Doubtless the bait in the wicker-basket had attracted them, — the advancing tide had carried them the scent, and these grim pointers had paused to reconnoitre, before they rushed on their prey! If they attacked *us*, we were gone! Not a moment was to be lost! It was one of those frequent cases in which we find

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safety in audacity. Repeating my order to Cain, and grasping my spear in both hands, I rushed upon the leading shark, and struck it down violently across his nose, — shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, — while Cain, in a perfect agony of fear, gave a loud yell and fell at full length in the water! The manœuvre succeeded; the sharks ran off for deep water; and we took the crown of the ridge, nor looked back, until we had accomplished the one hundred and fifty yards over which we had to wade before we regained the bank!

"To be devoured by sharks is one of the last deaths that I should choose. At this distance of time, I do not think of the adventure without a shudder. The sea is still as transparent as on that day, — the sea-shells still as bright, — the graceful bass still pants, as he glides doubtingly by, — but these things tempt me not to renew my sport. My mind reverts to other objects: the jagged barb of the stingray, lying in wait for his prey, — and the outstretched jaws of the all-devouring shark, in which I had so narrowly escaped being engulfed! Who can endure the thought of being sepulchred in the 'maw and gulf of the ravening salt-sea shark'? Not I! — I speak it in all sincerity. This was *my* last essay, — and I henceforth leave to younger and more adventurous sportsmen the pleasures and perils of *bass-fishing in the surf!*" — pp. 73, 74.

ART. IV. — *Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, MDCCCXLII., with the Inaugural Lecture, delivered in December, MDCCCXLI.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. Edited, from the second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes, by HENRY REED, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 428.

THE readers of Stanley's Memoir of Dr. Arnold will remember the intense interest which the delivery of these Lectures is said to have excited, the unprecedented fulness of the audiences which they drew, and the bright expectations entertained with reference to succeeding courses on

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single departments of modern history. For all this we can account only on one of two grounds: either Oxford lectures had become unspeakably dull and stale, so that a living man in a professor's gown was the greatest of novelties; or else Dr. Arnold's person and elocution must have added vastly to the impressiveness of his written discourses. In speaking thus, we would by no means disparage these lectures in the esteem of those who have not read them. Our own expectations may have been raised too high. We yield to none in admiration of Dr. Arnold's life and spirit. We deem him even a *great* man, in the best sense of the word; that is, a man of singularly extensive and well-earned influence, and of very large powers of usefulness. His letters show a mind at once comprehensive and versatile, profound practical wisdom, and, above all, the most prompt and loving sympathy with every mode of human experience and with every phasis of society. But his great strength lay in his sympathy. It was this that gave nerve to his style and vigor to his thoughts. A case in hand, a social emergency, a critical posture of circumstances, uniformly called out and concentrated all his resources of genius and learning. Subjects, however remote or ancient, which could be brought to bear on existing questions, grew beneath his pen, and, though jejune at first sight, were made profitable for reproof and instruction. It was manifestly with this utilitarian aim, that he gladly accepted the professorship of Modern History, hoping to hold the torch of earlier experience to all the great political and social problems of his own day and country. This practical purpose made him weary of more general views, and would have fitted him to treat particular historical epochs with peculiar interest and power. But he was not ready to do this; and besides, he thought it necessary in his introductory course to lay out the whole ground, its dimensions and divisions, and the means and modes of exploring it. We therefore trace in these lectures a perpetual passage from general and abstract views to applications of the lessons of history to his own country, and *vice versâ*, according as his official consciousness and his utilitarian instincts by turns preponderated. Then, too, he wrote this course in an exceedingly short space of time, and in the midst of thronging and engrossing avocations. And he never wrote even with a legitimate degree of regard for his own reputation, and was therefore liable to discharge care-

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lessly and perfunctorily such portions of his literary labor as had not immediate practical results in view.

The Inaugural Lecture defines history and modern history, and displays to great advantage the author's powers of accurate conception and minute discrimination. The remaining lectures in the volume point out with great clearness and copiousness of illustration the leading points of inquiry, and the great moral ends to be held in view in the study of modern history, and exhibit the range of materials for this pursuit, the order in which they should be employed, and the kind of instruction to be derived from them respectively. The edition before us is enriched by illustrative extracts, principally from Dr. Arnold's other writings, and is one of the too few instances in which an American reprint can proffer substantial grounds of preference over its English prototype.

As we have in former numbers devoted a large space to Dr. Arnold's life and writings, and as we may yet see fit to call the attention of our readers to his edition of Thucydides, the crowning literary labor of his life, we shall offer no further comment on the work before us; but will beg leave to quote from the Inaugural Lecture a couple of sentences, which may serve as a text for the residue of this article.

"Modern history appears to be not only a step in advance of ancient history, but the last step; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of time, as if there would be no future history beyond it. For the last eighteen hundred years, Greece has fed the human intellect; Rome, taught by Greece and improving upon her teacher, has been the source of law and government and social civilization; and what neither Greece nor Rome could furnish, the perfection of moral and spiritual truth, has been given by Christianity." — p. 46.

This statement has in it a germ of truth; but it is vague, superficial, and inadequate; and so, to our eye, are most of the multiplied attempts to expound the theory and to trace the steps of man's intellectual, social, and moral advancement. The tendency of humanity towards perfection is an idea so universal among all nations and individuals sufficiently enlightened to speculate on the future, that we might almost believe it innate, and implanted by the Author of our being to aid its own realization. Yet, when we essay to verify this idea by history, we find ourselves perplexed and

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bewildered. At first sight, civilization, art, and science seem rather to have *transferred* their seats, than to have enlarged or enriched them, in successive ages. The early arts and greatness of Egypt have been disinterred from her sepulchres. The monuments of Etruscan taste and skill exhibit marks of high culture and refinement on Italian soil, long before the foundations of Rome were laid. Renowned names and deeds come up from the remotest depths of antiquity to rival more recent fame; and long-buried cities and empires contest the palm of magnificence, splendor, and prowess with those that now make the glory of Christendom. The migration, on the path of the ages, of all that constitutes national greatness is a salient historical fact, which renders the proof of progress exceedingly difficult. But a small portion of the human race at a time has ever pretended to civilization and refinement; and new spots of earth have been lighted by the torch handed over or snatched from countries left in darkness. Who now will place before us Thebes and Memphis, Athens, Corinth, and Rome, vast and beautiful as they are after the spoliations of lengthened centuries, that we may compare them with the capitals that now give law to art, science, and poetry? Who will bring back for us in their full strength and richness those great minds whose isolated remains still enter into all liberal culture and are reproduced in all generous literature, that we may measure them side by side with the picked men of our own day, the finished circle of whose intellectual activities and achievements lies before us? How many Homers, Platos, Horaces, have the last ten centuries produced? Where are the forms of art to vie with the Parthenon? Where is the eloquence that can sway at will the waves of a fickle populace, like that of the great Athenian? Manifestations of art, forms of greatness, have indeed changed. The spirit of our own age, the genius of modern civilization, has few features in common with that of earlier times. And who is to settle for us the doctrine of equivalents? Who can pronounce with authority, that the elements, which now constitute the cultivation, refinement, and grandeur of Europe and America, surpass in intrinsic worth the very different, but no less numerous and imposing, elements that were to be traced in Egyptian, Persian, or Athenian civilization? We must beg the question at the outset, if the comparison of these elements respectively be our only means of answering it.

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There is, however, a line of investigation which we may follow more successfully. There is always some single principle that underlies every state of society and form of culture. There is always one ruling idea which gives its tone, and form, and impress to an age; and our present attempt will be to trace the succession of these ruling ideas, and the growth of our race in that succession.

In the infancy of society, mere *physical strength*, mere bone and muscle, was deemed the most noble and precious endowment of humanity. This estimate grew from the first recognized exigencies of man's condition. He found himself in a world which was to be subdued, before it could be used. Giant forests blocked up his path, — a stubborn soil resisted his first rude husbandry, — intractable beasts disputed inch by inch his lordship over nature. Ages elapsed before the invention of such tools and weapons as made the weak man equal to the strong. Under such circumstances, no wonder, that, in the words of Scripture, "a man was famous, according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." The stalwart frame and sinewy arm were the first patent of nobility. He, before whom the forest fell the fastest, — he, who could pluck the lamb from the wolf's teeth, — he, on whose cabin-rafters the last won bear-skin was never dry, — easily gained the first place in men's hearts, and left an imperishable name. Of this state of things the Hebrew scriptures, the earliest authentic records of the race, afford us abundant testimony. The names and exploits of men of remarkable bodily size and strength are written out with scrupulous fidelity. For several generations of Noah's posterity, we have a mere catalogue of names, with Nimrod, *the mighty hunter*, alone made the subject of special notice. The only element of Samson's greatness was his enormous power of limb. Lame in counsel, fickle in purpose, at once puerile and dissolute, with no title to pre-eminence beyond the brute force that he could wield, he yet "judged [or ruled] Israel forty years." Saul's athletic proportions are named as his sole qualifications for the throne: "There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward, he was higher than any of the people." David commended himself, first to the confidence of Saul by killing the beasts that preyed upon his father's flock, and then to that of his countrymen collectively by the keen aim and Herculean mus-

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cular power that sank the pebbles from the mountain-brook in the Philistine's forehead. We have, in the second book of Samuel, a list of the grandees of David's court, arranged according to the magnitude and daring of their single-handed feats of strength. We might select from the list, as illustrating what in those early ages constituted greatness, the description of Benaiah, who under Solomon united the congenial offices, which the needless fastidiousness of later ages has disjoined, of commander-in-chief and executioner in detail. "He slew," we are told, "two lion-like men of Moab; he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow; and he slew an Egyptian, a goodly man; and the Egyptian had a spear in his hand; but he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear. These things did Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, and had the name among three mighty men."

Authentic profane history reaches not back so far as the age of David; but the same features of the early ages, which the sacred record preserves in distinct outline, are portrayed in exaggerated forms in classic fable. The earliest sons of earth were the Titans, who in war with Jupiter piled Ossa upon Pelion, and leafy Olympus upon Ossa. With them we have also the vast Cyclopean monsters, and Briareus with his hundred-armed brethren. From the same mythological antiquity comes down to us the story of Hercules, — the ideal of isolated man in his fullest physical development, but destitute of self-control, of practical wisdom, of the power of combining his energies with those of other men, and of all lofty mental and moral attributes. Though Homer belongs in part to a higher stage of progress, we yet find in the Iliad very numerous traces of this merely physical standard of merit. His Achilles, with now and then a softening touch of magnanimity and tenderness, generally appears an invincible, invulnerable, bloodthirsty man-butcher; and many of the characteristic epithets attached to the names of his heroes denote only different modifications of brute force. Many of his battle scenes in the Trojan war are mere conflicts between man and man, the interest being of the same kind with that which attaches itself to a modern wrestling match between two nearly equal champions.

The pyramids and other massive monuments of Egypt tell a like story as to her early standard of greatness. Unsightly,

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misshapen structures, as many of them are, they could not have been piled up with any architectural design, but must have been intended simply to astonish and confound posterity by the inconceivable amount of labor expended in their construction.

The earliest employments, for which physical strength was coveted and prized, were probably aggressive only on inanimate nature and savage beasts. But, with the pastoral habits and the roving husbandry of those rude ages, there must soon have sprung up collisions between different families and tribes, at first about the use of pastures and of wells, and then from the habit of quarrelling and the transmission of enmities from generation to generation. But in those primitive times, the rights of soil and of water were contested on the spot by the weapons which nature gave, reinforced by the knotted club alone. Those wars, unlike the modern, were decisive; the victorious party remained in possession, while the vanquished were not left in a position to negotiate. As the tribes, at first composed of collateral branches of the same family, grew into nations, wars were conducted by greater numbers, but still for many centuries in essentially the same mode. Tactics, stratagem, and military discipline were unknown. When large bodies of men fought with each other, it was by a promiscuous rush and mutual onslaught. But often the armies were only the lookers on, while the fighting was reserved for mere handfuls of men, or for single champions on either side. This last was the case between the Philistines and the Israelites, when the two hosts faced each other day after day on opposite mountains, while Goliath daily challenged the Israelites to produce a man who should decide the conflict with him alone. Many such duels are on record in the earliest periods of profane history.

But war gradually grew into an art, then into a science. In the process of time, there were invented weapons which demanded more skill than strength for their successful use, — weapons, too, which depended for their efficiency on the artificial arrangements and concerted movements of those who wielded them. Fortifications also began to be constructed, to defend the weak against the strong and the few against the many; and hence the siege, with its complicated tactics, its heavy machinery, its alternate feints, assaults, circumvallations, mining and scaling, often took the place of tumultuous warfare on the open field. Success in war then demanded a higher

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order of talent than before. A strong man was no longer of necessity a great one. Hercules would probably have never left the ranks. To plan campaigns, to arrange supplies, to ascertain the capacity of places and positions, to inspire confidence and courage, to furnish in one's own character rallying-points for the enthusiasm of thousands, to be at once careful and long-sighted for the future and prompt and keen for the present emergency, to be no less sagacious than brave, no less prudent than resolute, — these were the functions demanded of the general, as the art of war developed itself. And in the supreme homage which now began to be paid to *military talent* we trace the first marked stage in the progress of society. And a very important stage this was; for military talent, though employed for an end on which humanity frowns and to which true religion lends no sanction, was still talent, and not mere muscle; it was mind and soul, and was connected with many commanding virtues and lofty manifestations of character. The supremacy of military genius lasted from the early days of Greece down to the Middle Ages. For that whole period, the great commander was the great man, and victory the surest avenue to fame.

The Grecian states were military aristocracies; and deeds of arms, conquests and defeats, constitute almost the only epochs in their history. No man, who had not served in the armies, was deemed worthy a place among men; and of those who distinguished themselves in other departments, most, like Socrates, had received an honorable discharge from the toils of war. Only in Athens did literature, philosophy, and pure art win largely on the popular esteem; and even there they occupied the second rank and discharged a servile office. The great Attic historians were chiefly chroniclers of the wars of Greece. Poetry was most prized as embalming the fame of heroes, and keeping the laurels of victory green. Art transmitted in enduring marble the exploits of Marathon and of Salamis, or expended her highest efforts in honor of the tutelar Minerva, — the goddess much more of war than of wisdom. The state of the Grecian mind as to letters may be judged from the relative estimation in which Homer's two great epics were held. Immemorial tradition makes the Iliad his masterpiece; and modern scholars therefore deem themselves bound to regard it with unlimited admiration, and to trace marks of servility in the very features of

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the Odyssey that give it its greatest naturalness and beauty. But the youth who brings to both a mind untrammelled by the prescriptive authority of great names reads the Iliad, while he revels in the Odyssey ; and if, instead of having been always known and commented upon, they had both been just now disinterred from age-long oblivion, and placed side by side for the unbiased verdict of modern Christendom, we doubt not that the Odyssey would bear the palm. It is evidently the fruit of riper genius, — it is richer than the Iliad both in incident and in character, — it is full of those portraitures of common life, of those touches of unsophisticated nature, that never grow old, — it unfolds the varied workings of passion, love, hatred, curiosity, fidelity, devotion, in an endless diversity of scene and circumstance, — it domesticates us with its heroes, and, from the swineherd to the king, gives us a series of speaking likenesses, which, once beheld, hang forever in the picture-gallery of the imagination. But the Odyssey was undervalued, almost despised, in the land of its birth, while the Iliad was the great national epic ; and for this reason chiefly, that the latter was the story of arms and battles, — the former, of inglorious disappointments, wanderings, and shipwrecks.

Conquered Greece was still the home of art and science, *provincial* Athens was still the literary capital of the world ; but, when conquered and provincial, no longer honored. The Romans, who borrowed thence all their art and learning, and much of whose choicest literature is only free translation from the Greek, despised the Greeks as a mere nation of scholars, and hardly deigned to speak of them except as *Græculi*. Rome, indeed, was the most purely and entirely military state of which we have any record. Its brief intervals of peace were but armed truces. It staked its very existence on conquest. Vanquished cities and provinces raised its corn, paid its revenue, fed its populace, clothed its armies. Its most honored men were skilful and successful military leaders ; and their civic virtues, when enumerated by Roman historians, are simply sketched as a background for the warrior's portrait. The kings, and afterwards the consuls, were supreme commanders in war, and, with rare exceptions, were elevated to office for their high military endowments ; and when the republic fell, the title attached to the purple and the throne was not that of simple royalty, but, what was

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deemed an infinitely higher object of ambition, *Imperator*, — the degree which, in the days of the republic, had been conferred on eminent generals after distinguished victories. The magnificent historians, the renowned poets of Rome, were mere hangers-on in the train of honored military leaders or sovereigns, and sought not the world-embracing glory that they have found, but merely tolerance as eulogists and flatterers of a prowess which they could only praise without emulating. Cicero (who perhaps was deficient in that personal courage which with the Romans was the soul of virtue, and whose military career, though reputable, failed of the honors of a triumph, and won him no durable fame), unaware that his philosophy and eloquence would do more for his name with posterity than a thousand conquered cities, labored on no point so perseveringly and strenuously as in the endeavour to convince his fellow-citizens that his unarmed defeat of Catiline's conspiracy was virtually a high military achievement, entitling him to a place among the laurelled commanders of the republic. His dragging in of this topic on occasions the most irrelevant, his reiteration of it with the most indelicate egotism, show conclusively that he regarded military fame as alone worthy and immortal.

The northern nations that overran the Roman empire had the same standard of glory. Nay, among some of them, it was deemed infamous to die a natural death by the act of God ; so that the surviving leader of a hundred battles, when he found himself sinking by nature's kind decay, carved the characters of his rude war-song with his own sword in his own veins, and shed in suicide the blood which his enemies had spared.

These nations transmitted their spirit to the new European states that sprang from the dissolution of the western empire, in none of which could a pacific monarch keep his throne, or an unwarlike subject win an honored place. From the nations thus formed came the institutions of chivalry, designed and adapted solely to cherish and reward military skill and prowess, which gave their type to the whole of the Middle Ages. There was no title or office to which the knight might not aspire, by virtue of his science or success in arms. Monarchs were not complete in dignity, till the honors of knighthood had decked the sceptre. In every European kingdom, the noble once knighted was his monarch's peer ;

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and the instances were by no means few, in which insurgent nobles were, not fought against as rebels involved in the atrocity of civil war, but contended with and treated with on terms of equality, by their nominal sovereigns. Literature now awoke from her age-long slumber in the songs of the Troubadours, whose lays were of deeds of valor, and of love and beauty as the prize of the brave alone. The crusades, seconded, indeed, by religious fanaticism and by national antipathies, are to be regarded chiefly as a fierce and desperate outbreak of the military spirit. They could not have been conducted as they were for two centuries, with immense apparatus and at the most appalling sacrifice, for the mere purpose of defending pilgrims and rescuing the holy sepulchre. But Europe and its broils presented too narrow a theatre for all the restless and ambitious spirits that sought glory in what was then the only avenue to glory; and the vast field of Oriental warfare was therefore laid open and kept open by multitudes who were determined not to die without the insignia of command and of victory. The armies of Christendom then bristled with innumerable heroes, each aspiring to deathless renown. But the very weight of their names broke down the car of fame. They trod one another into oblivion. They gorged, far beyond repletion, the universal appetite for heroism, and thus prepared the way for a new standard of greatness and a new stage in the progress of humanity.

The habits of command on the one hand, and of submission on the other, generated by centuries of war, extended themselves into the ensuing period of repose. Those who had been leaders in the field retained the allegiance and homage of their followers. War, essentially aristocratic, had introduced broad marks of distinction between those in command and those under command; and these marks had been in numerous instances transmitted for more than one generation, the knight or captain training his son for honorable posts in the profession of arms, while the common soldier bequeathed to his son the undistinguished toils and burdens of the field. The termination of the crusades left the military commanders all over Christendom possessed of controlling authority and influence, and the objects of universal veneration; and, in the general weariness and exhaustion after long strife, and willingness to court repose at all hazards, they were enabled to secure in perpetuity for their families such titles, immunities,

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and privileges, as constituted them a distinct order from their fellow-citizens. At this era, noble birth presents itself as the prime object of general esteem and deference. *Hereditary rank* was revered and worshipped, as physical strength and military prowess had successively been before. This was a step in advance of preceding times ; for in families surrounded by the advantages of fortune, in men born to fill a large and honored place, there were likely to be combined many of the traits and acquirements most deserving of esteem. In point of fact, though in the light of our own day the feudal barons present many repulsive points of character, we yet can trace in them the outlines of many great and beneficent virtues, — of magnanimity, hospitality, truthfulness, and sincere though blind religious reverence. The halls and castles of the hereditary aristocracy became also the nurseries of all the arts and refinements of modern social life, and radiating points for forms of civilization that were to extend through whole communities.

We shall not, of course, be understood as intimating that the idea of hereditary rank had its origin in the Middle Ages. Did we say this, all history would bely us. From the earliest times, the reigning monarch always transmitted his sceptre to his son, *if he could ;* but he generally left him in a condition to enforce his claim, and hereditary succession seems to have been tolerated rather than revered, except in Judea, where the expectation of the Messiah in the royal line of David kept his race sacred even in dethronement and exile. In all other kingdoms there was a frequent change of dynasty, and a long reigning family always became unpopular. We find, also, the germs of an hereditary aristocracy in the patrician families in Rome ; but one could always cut his way into the patrician ranks by the sword ; in the best days of the republic, a man of ignoble birth might, by preëminent merit, enrol himself among the oldest names in the senate ; and under the emperors, there was no patrician privilege, immunity, or office, which was not open even to the emancipated slave. Hereditary rank, as an indelible characteristic of persons and families, had its origin in the northern nations, and seems not to have been invested with its full sacredness and power till the feudal ages, when persons of royal and noble descent seem to have been regarded as formed of a

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purer clay and endowed with a more celestial spirit than the mass of serfs and subjects.

But this state of things lasted only till it had served its purpose. It kept society in quietness, till new, more powerful, more beneficent elements were brought into action. Hereditary rank, indeed, is still recognized in every kingdom in Europe, but the glory has departed from it. It is no longer revered as of divine appointment, or of intrinsic worth; but for the most part suffered for the security of ancient institutions, or to feed harmless vanity. Royal families are kept on the throne, not now as God's chosen and anointed, but to prevent the commotions that might attend the election of monarchs, and to preserve from the rush of greedy aspirants an office which may long retain its pomp and glitter, but which, because hereditary, has in many monarchies been constrained to yield increasing portions of its power to ministries, that do the people's bidding, or resign. In France, the landmarks of hereditary nobility were swept away by the revolution, and the few surviving representatives of ancient families share the doubtful honor with multitudes that care not to name their grandfathers. In Germany, Italy, and Spain, the titles and the pride of the nobility remain, but often, under circumstances of outward depression, distinguished from plebeian penury only by laziness and ill-temper. In England, the oldest nobles now part their once serried ranks to admit on equal footing the aristocracy of wealth and talent, raised from the most obscure parentage and the humblest walks in life.

But we must return to trace the next stage of social progress. In the age immediately following the last crusade, the cities of Europe were small, poor, of almost no political significance, their population little advanced in the arts of life, their strong men and available resources exhausted by incessant drafts for the support of war. The baronial castles were centres of far more influence than the most populous cities, and the name of a citizen had only plebeian and servile associations connected with it. But with peace industry awoke. The useful arts were stimulated into rapid growth. Manufacturing skill and enterprise increased with amazing rapidity, especially in Flanders, Germany, and France. The mariner's compass, too, in the fifteenth century, converted commerce from a paltry and precarious coasting-trade

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into an annual circulation of the wealth of empires. Sails whitened every sea and girdled every zone. The stormy Cape of Good Hope was doubled; the New World rose to view from the vast waste of waters; and the treasures of both Indies were poured into the lap of Europe. The useful and lucrative pursuits of manufactures and commerce were of course despised by the titled aristocracy, and thus fell into the hands of private citizens, chiefly in what are now the great cities of Europe; and by the wealth and power which flowed in upon them through these channels, the commons, from mere retainers upon titled greatness and loiterers for the crumbs of royal or aristocratic favor disdainfully bestowed, became at once a separate estate, prepared in substantial influence to vie with the nobility. As they grew rich, the cities were enabled to secure for themselves, by purchase or negotiation, important immunities and privileges, — corporate rights and powers, that defended them from the encroachments of the nobles and the oppression of the crown, — corporate rights also for separate guilds and crafts, adapted to the protection and advancement of every form of industry.

From that era, almost to the present time, wealth has manifestly been the chief object of pursuit and desire throughout the civilized world. And this must be regarded as an onward step in the progress of the race. Not that wealth is in itself any more venerable than strength, or prowess, or noble birth. But, so far as its acquisition is left free, it is the representative of many civic virtues, and of many reasonable and worthy objects of desire. It cannot be obtained without intelligence, enterprise, industry, and thrift. It can hardly be enjoyed, without encouraging art, skill, and science, and diffusing substantial good at every stage of its circulation.

The era of Mammon-worship has been an era of unprecedented improvement in all that contributes to the outward comfort and beauty of life. It has stimulated inventive genius, completed the division of labor, brought machinery to a point of perfection which cannot easily be surpassed, levelled mountains, filled up valleys, founded vast empires in the wilderness, united continents, and woven, with its steam-driven shuttles, bonds of common interest, neighbourhood, and fraternity between the most distant nations. It is manifest, that, in the generations next preceding our own, wealth has been the chief medium of extended civilization, the mainspring

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of enterprise and effort, the arbiter of the destiny of Christendom. The merchant princes of Europe have held the balance of the nations. The great commercial cities have given law to the world. The Rothschilds would have lost power, had they emptied their coffers, and taken their choice of thrones.

Nowhere has wealth wrought such miracles as in Great Britain. The Reform Bill, in itself a revolution hardly less important than that which exiled the last of the Stuarts, was merely a victory of pounds sterling over ancestral titles and entailed honors. The vast Eastern possessions of England have been won and kept far less by British arms and diplomacy than by British gold. The old nobility has sustained its magnificence only by frequent alliances with plebeian wealth, and by engrafted scions from the counting-room and the banking-house.

In this country, unless the pursuit has been of late relaxed, the universal scramble has been for wealth. This passion glowed even in the bosoms of the stern, iron-hearted Puritans, and the more fiercely, because it was the only earthly fire left burning. Their ascetic morality frowned on all amusement and relaxation, — on all the appliances of taste and elegance. They suppressed the forthputtings of fancy, and clipped all beautiful plumage from the wings of genius. They cast out every other idol from the temple, but left the colossal image of Mammon, "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." It would seem as if the whole force of desire, enthusiasm, and ambition, ready to leap out in a thousand directions, had been pent up at all except this single vent, and here poured forth with overwhelming speed and power. British enterprise early saw, in the cupidity of the colonists, a rivalry to be suppressed by no gentle means; and it was to this one point, the binding down in poverty of provinces that would be rich, that the whole machinery of British usurpation and oppression was directed. Emigration from New England has diffused throughout the country this indomitable spirit of gain, insomuch that foreigners, however discourteous, have hardly been chargeable with injustice in styling our republic a *plutocracy*. This state of things has left in our language one singular vestige of itself, which will no doubt long survive it, in that heathenish phrase (we are glad to find that it is not wholly an Ameri-

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canism), by which we call a man *worth* as much money as he owns, — by which Fulton is said to have been worth nothing, and that comical old fool, Timothy Dexter, to have been worth half a million.

Meanwhile, a new principle of greatness has been cherished in the bosom of wealth, and has now, we trust, superseded it, so as to characterize the present age. We refer to *intellectual greatness.* This, indeed, has been wanting in no age, and in none unhonored; but it has not, until our own day, been generally regarded as the supreme good. In former times, the most liberal culture of mind and the loftiest genius were neglected and despised, when not allied to rank or wealth. Milton selling the first edition of Paradise Lost for *five pounds*; Otway choked by the godsend of a penny roll, after protracted fasting; Goldsmith mining, with unsurpassed felicity, every vein of intellectual wealth, and yet dying of desertion and want, are but too faithful memorials of what literary destiny has been. Parasitic plants used to be the only ones from the garden of the Muses, that would flourish under a European sky. Mere literature or science would not keep a man's soul and body together, much less raise him to honor in his lifetime, though it might build him a splendid sepulchre. In order to live, he had to be a laureat, a sycophant, a caterer for aristocratic fancies, a pensioned flatterer of royalty, or, if none of these, his publisher's submissive drudge and man-of-all-work; and even at his best estate, he had to be looked down upon with lordly patronage by men unutterably his inferiors.

The modern revival of industry found the civilized nations of Europe barren of domestic elegance and comfort; and many generations of growing wealth were occupied in perfecting the physical enjoyment of the prosperous classes of society. How great a work this was, and how essential in many of its departments, our readers may judge, by remembering, that, within the period referred to, it has been deemed gross prodigality for one of the peers of the British realm to have his dining-room strewed with fresh straw and litter every morning, as is the practice now in good stables. But since the wants of the body had been thoroughly cared for, and the last refinement of luxury reached, men, rich men all the world over, have bethought themselves that they had minds also, higher tastes that craved gratification, powers that de-

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manded culture, susceptibilities which a whole universe of beauty and grandeur could only stimulate, not fill. Knowledge, art, literature, science, have now become universal, absorbing, paramount needs of civilized man; and those who supply the most urgent needs of an age are always its great men. The homes, the burial-places of artists, poets, scholars, are now everywhere shrines for pilgrimage. When asked for the list of great men in any country, we hardly let our minds rest on the commanders, the titled heads, or the *millionaires*, but fill the catalogue with those who, by pencil or chisel, pen or tongue, have given new impulses to the minds of their race, and left memorials of themselves, that can perish only when taste dies out, and sensibility expires, and mind sheds its powers as the autumnal forests their leaves. The aristocracy of the world is now an aristocracy of intellect. The gifts of mind are deemed the best gifts. Every one, possessed of any ambition, wishes to be known as a person of large, or sound, or well-furnished intellect; and the reproach of ignorance, weakness, or folly, is dreaded as the deepest possible stigma.

But these strong intellectual tendencies, while they are to be rejoiced in so far as they go, still leave us much to desire. It is to be feared, that, in the general reverence now paid to intellect, the affections are undervalued, the moral life held in low esteem, the greatness of a pure, true, loving heart depressed far beneath its true place in the regard of society at large. We may trace alarming moral deficiencies in the spirit of our times. Ours is not an age of reverence. Its great men, its strong men, are too often mere Titans, children of the earth, who renew their vigor from their parent soil, and not by converse with a higher sphere of being. There is too much of self-reliance, too little of faith and trust. Even philanthropy, instead of laying one hand on the eternal throne, and with the other scattering gifts for men, with suicidal madness divorces herself from the altar, and welcomes to her service those that blaspheme as cordially as those that pray. This is an age of skepticism, — not, indeed, of avowed and scoffing infidelity, but of feeble faith in whatever transcends the scope of the individual's own senses and intuitions. Men are too prone, in the pride of intellect, to imagine that they have in their own minds the metes and bounds of eternal truth, and need no teaching

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from without. There is a prevalent reluctance to receive truth on authority, no matter how venerable, or how distinctly marked by the attestation of Heaven.

But there is a higher life in reserve for our race. There is a higher style of greatness, which men will soon learn to recognize and revere. It is *moral greatness*, — the life of the affections, — the life of reverence, faith, and love, — the life of God in the soul of man. This alone can finally satisfy human desire; for man's aim has always been after the absolute and the perfect, and in the life of the affections only is this to be reached. How wide a contrast, as to man's power of attainment, is there between mental and moral greatness! Our growth in knowledge is growth in conscious ignorance. The dimensions of truth enlarge before us faster than our conceptions of it. Perfect knowledge, perfect wisdom, are unknown terms this side of heaven. But in moral goodness we are bidden and encouraged to be perfect, — to be the followers of God, — to leave no possible virtue or grace of character out of the scope of our effort or our hope. How strikingly is the contrast between the absolute and permanent worth of mental and moral greatness respectively brought out by the history of those periods when both of them have been undervalued! The wisest men have always been outgrown in a few generations, and the ignorance of men who filled the world with their renown becomes the laughing-stock of school-boys. We look down upon ancient wisdom as men used to look up to it, and future children will learn in their infant schools what is known only to the greatest minds of the present day. But a good man the world never outgrows, never looks down upon. Socrates and Antoninus Pius, Elijah and Daniel, St. Stephen and St. Paul, fill as large and high a place in the world's eye as if they had just died. Fénelon, Howard, Oberlin, will seem to the end of time to have reached as lofty a moral elevation as that on which they stand to our view. The stars in the galaxy of moral excellence never grow dim, nor can they be outshone.

This last stage of progress, this final era of humanity, yet remains, — the era when there shall be recognized no form of greatness apart from moral goodness, — when art, science, genius, poetry, shall draw their inspiration from heaven, and shall be but ministering spirits to faith, hope, and

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love. And though we discern only the faint dawn of this era, we are not without its authentic record. Far back in the world's rude infancy, when strength of limb was enough to make a man great, there were written predictions of a golden age to come, when the love of God should be the all-pervading principle, when men should learn war no more, when the waste places of humanity should rejoice, and the wilderness blossom. It is for these days, foreshown in visions from heaven to those ancient seers, that our earnest expectation now waits. It is to roll them on that every true man should gird himself with inward strength, that he may do his part in writing out in the annals of soon coming generations the brightest pages of prophecy.

We have, as we proposed, enumerated several forms of greatness, as having successively occupied the brightest place in the general esteem. We do not, of course, mean to intimate that these forms of greatness have not all existed in every age. Of both mental and moral greatness we find in the remotest antiquity specimens on which we look with the most profound reverence. The true question, however, is not how *we* look upon those great men, but how they were regarded by their contemporaries. The present age has, perhaps, no greater minds than those of Socrates and Seneca; but would Socrates, in our day, in the intellectual capital of the world, be made to drink the hemlock, or Seneca be left the choice of dying by another's steel or his own, simply because they made a free and noble use of the powers that God had given them? The moral stature of the prophets and the apostles may never be surpassed; but has not the day for ever gone by, when, for their very goodness, in civilized communities, men can be sawn asunder, beheaded, and crucified? The progress which we have sought to trace consists, not in individual instances of character, but in the general sentiment of civilized man; and we have endeavoured to take each successive age, and not our own, for our point of view.

The view now presented suggests an answer to the question, whether civilization will be permanent in its present seats. In the ages that have gone, it has often changed its seats, — indeed, from the earliest times, has moved perpetually in a westward path. What assurance can Europe have that the same mysterious law may not transfer her glory to

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the New World? What assurance have we, that, if we reach the summit of civilization and refinement, we may not afterwards sink as low as Egypt, Persia, and Greece have fallen, while new empires on our Pacific shores kindle their altars from our waning fires? We reply, that, with every stage of progress, civilization embraces more and more individuals, extends to a larger and larger portion of the community, and of course is less and less liable to be exterminated or transferred. When strength of limb was the standard of greatness, there were few great men, and no civilization. Military eminence was within the reach of many more, yet of but a limited number; for the common soldiers must always bear an overwhelmingly large proportion to the leaders. But military talent depends on successful exercise both for its culture and its glory. Conquest annihilates it, and with it the forms of civilization for which it serves as a nucleus. Now this simple statement tells the story of all ancient and buried civilization. It was military in its source, its style, its nutriment, and its aims. It clustered around the place of arms. It shed its fullest light on laurelled heads; and when they were laid low in hopeless defeat, the civilization, of which they had been the centre, perished with them. In the history of the earlier nations, we find that in every instance the conquest of the nation preceded its marked decline in civilization, and preceded it by so brief a space of time, as to establish an undoubted relation of cause and effect. Hereditary rank, the next order of greatness, admits a still larger number within its pale; yet family distinction has necessary and rather narrow limits, beyond which it would be too cheap to be either prized or honored. When wealth comes in as the ruling object of desire, there is room for more numerous and more miscellaneous competitors, though the harvest is small compared with the multitude of the reapers, and the poor will probably always outnumber the rich. The aristocracy of mind admits a still broader and more generous competition. And in the substitution of these two open and easily attainable forms of aristocracy for the more exclusive standards of greatness that preceded them, we see the reason, why, since the Middle Ages, civilization has remained and grown in the same seats, though its seats have often been swept by conquering armies, ground by oppression, harassed by chronic misrule. Ger-

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many and the Netherlands have passed through political fortunes that would in ancient times have crushed out all traces of civilization; yet there has been in those countries a constant growth in all the elements of individual and social well-being, because no change of master or form of tyranny has been able to subdue the wealth-creating spirit of industry and enterprise, or to suppress the birth of genius and the onward march of intellect.

But hitherto the world has seen only aristocracies; and that of mind, though more free and noble than any other, is still to a certain degree exclusive. Its prizes are not for all sincere and meritorious aspirants. Of the honors that many seek many must fail, whether for lack of native power or of adequate opportunity. But when moral greatness is the object of universal admiration and desire, then, and not till then, shall we witness a truly republican condition of society; for of moral excellence, of eminent goodness, no seeker can fail. A more than human teacher declared, "In my Father's house are many mansions,"—yea, an open and honored place for all that enter in. It is a civilization founded on moral culture, on the life of the affections, that must yet be the great levelling principle in human society, equalizing all conditions of life, ennobling all lawful avocations, encircling with its zone of the kindest sympathies the loftiest and the lowliest dwellings.

There is hope for the speedy advent of this millenial condition of society in the fact, that the several principles of greatness that have been revered in successive ages have supplanted one another, each with more and more rapid footsteps than the preceding. For the first half of the world's history we trace no higher principle than brute force. The ascendency of the military spirit marks the next two thousand years. But the reverence of birth, of wealth, of intellect, have succeeded each other by much shorter intervals; and moral greatness is even now, we trust, fast winning the ascendency. In abounding irreverence and skepticism we may yet discern the dayspring of a brighter era. With the accumulated power and awakened energy of Christendom, concentrated, as it is beginning to be, on moral objects and for philanthropic ends, years may do the work which centuries have done. Christian benevolence already belts the globe. Art lends its fire-wings; science its eagle vision; wisdom its age-gathered

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treasury. We will hope, then, that an early posterity may witness the entire supremacy of faith, truth, and love.

One topic more, and we have done. In the attempt to trace the uninterrupted progress of mankind, the Dark Ages, unfortunately so called, are always a stumblingblock; and our work would be incomplete, did we not offer a few hints towards the interpretation of their phenomena. We regard these ages as the most progressive period of the world's history. To make this clear, we will ask our readers to look with us for a moment at the vaunted civilization of the Augustan era, which was rotten to the very core, — its literature grossly licentious, — its domestic forms and manners vile, — its whole basis and framework utterly vicious and depraved. Forms of impurity, that have no longer a name, were practised without disguise, sanctioned by the most venerable examples, surrounded with all the fascinations which art, taste, and song could bestow. Virtue was a mere forensic word, — goodness a forensic idea, connected with a man's allegiance to the state, his courage in war, or fidelity in public trusts. There were no words to describe, no standards to measure, what we call personal worth, private character, home virtue. Causeless divorce and foul lusts deformed the households of those deemed Rome's best men. Justice, too, had left the Roman courts, once inflexible in their integrity; and the forensic monuments of the age under review only indicate an overwhelming mass of private fraud and wrong, sustained by the forms of law and endorsed by its mercenary ministers. Nor ought we, in the moral portraiture of this era, to omit its favorite amusements, — the mortal conflicts of gladiators and doomed men with savage beasts, which were frequented, not by the populace alone, but by the rank, wealth, beauty, fashion, refinement of the Imperial City; were given as public entertainments by the most illustrious and the best men, in seeking or acknowledging the favor of the people; had grouped around themselves associations of the highest dignity and glory; and were deemed essential portions of the public administration.

Christendom sank into the Dark Ages (so called) with these corruptions still clinging to its skirts. It emerged from them with the germ of almost every social idea and institution that now blesses the world. The providence of God, in the destruction of the western empire, annihilated this festering

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mass of sin, with which Christianity could not have contracted alliance without stain, and left Europe for a season without literature or art, without established manners or customs, to recommence under higher and Christian auspices the organization of domestic and social life. And these ages have seemed dark, because during their lapse the foundations of almost every department of human society had to be laid anew, and were laid so deep as to elude the eye of the superficial observer. But during these ages, so often vilified, the homes of Europe grew into being, with the fair sisterhood of virtues which alone can make them blessed; and the arts, supposed by many to have been slumbering, because they were no longer busy about the shrines of vile divinities, were employed in carrying domestic architecture rapidly forward towards its present standard of refinement, comfort, and beauty. The marriage contract, with the numberless rights and interests dependent upon it, was placed upon its present firm tenure. At the same time, the barbarous code of ancient warfare was greatly modified by the infusion of sentiments of justice and humanity, unknown to any earlier age. The rights of enemies were defined and held sacred. The foe that surrendered was spared; and the lives, and often the effects, of the unarmed and helpless were held sacred. The mock fight of the tournament, rude indeed, but seldom fatal, took the place of the bloody sports of the old world. The institutions of chivalry, which bear date in these ages, embody many of the highest and most worthy principles, such as delicate respect for female character and virtue, kindness to the sick and helpless, hospitality to the stranger, courtesy to the brave, forbearance to the fallen. Hospitals, too, were everywhere established, and many munificent public charities, still existing, were founded. Of many of the monasteries of those times the Good Samaritan might have been prior, without losing character. Vast contributions, too, were going forth from Christendom for the redemption from the piratical states of Barbary of poor and unknown captives, whose only claim was, that they were brother-men and fellow-Christians.

We have said these things, only to indicate, not to complete, a course of argument by which our theory of the unintermitted progress of humanity may be relieved of the chief historical difficulty that seems to lie in its way. It is a theory which we embrace with the whole heart, and earnestly com-

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mend to our readers. And if mankind be thus passing ever onward to a nobler state and a higher destiny, let the race have our favoring efforts, our sincere godspeed, — our voice and arm ever on the side of justice, freedom, progress, and humanity.

ART. V. — *Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books.* Nos. IV., IX., and XII.

1. *The Wigwam and the Cabin.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS, Author of The Yemassee, Guy Rivers, &c. First and Second Series. New York. 1845 – 6. 12mo.
2. *Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS. First Series. New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

THE author of The Yemassee, Guy Rivers, Life of Marion, and a good many other things of that sort, is a writer of great pretensions and some local reputation. We remember to have read, in some one of the numerous journals which have been illustrated by his genius, an amusing explanation from his pen, addressed to persons who had applied to him for information, of the difference between author and publisher, — the object of it being evidently to tell the public that he was often written to by persons who, being anxious to get his works, very naturally fancied that he was the proper person to obtain them from, and to let the applicants know that the trade part of the book business was in quite different hands. We were struck by the ingenuity of the announcement, and grateful for the information thus condescendingly imparted. We availed ourselves of it to procure some of the volumes, which we proceeded forthwith to read and inwardly digest. Both of these processes were attended with no ordinary difficulties; but we believe we were uncommonly successful at last.

The author of these novels means to be understood as setting up for an original, patriotic, native American writer; but we are convinced that every judicious reader will set him down as uncommonly deficient in the first elements of orig-

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inality. He has put on the cast-off garments of the British novelists, merely endeavouring to give them an American fit; and, like those fine gentlemen who make up their wardrobes from the second-hand clothing shops, or from the "unparalleled" establishment of Oak Hall, there is in his literary outfits a decided touch of the shabby genteel. The outward form of his novels is that of their English models; the current phrases of sentiment and description, worn threadbare in the circulating libraries, and out at the elbows, are the robes wherewith he covers imperfectly the nakedness of his invention. The *obligato* tone of sentimentality wearisomely drones through the soft passages of the thousand times repeated plot of love. To borrow a metaphor from one of the unhappy experiences of domestic life, the *tender lines* are so old that they are spoiled; they have been kept too long, and the hungriest guest at the "intellectual banquet" finds it nauseating to swallow them.

The style of Mr. Simms — we mean (for, like other great writers, he designates himself by the titles of his chief productions, rarely condescending to the comparative vulgarity of using a proper name), we mean the style of the author of The Yemassee and Guy Rivers — is deficient in grace, picturesqueness, and point. It shows a mind seldom able to seize the characteristic features of the object he undertakes to describe, and of course his descriptions generally fail of arresting the reader's attention by any beauty or felicity of touch. His characters are vaguely conceived, and either faintly or coarsely drawn. The dramatic parts are but bungling imitations of nature, with little sprightliness or wit, and laboring under a heavy load of words.

This author, as if to carry out more completely the contradiction between his statements of principle and his practice in the matter of originality, published a poem, a few years ago, in palpable imitation of Don Juan, — a dull travesty of a most reprehensible model. To read canto after canto of Byron's original, in which vulgar sarcasm and licentiousness were redeemed only here and there by a passage of poetic beauty, was a depressing task in the days of its novelty and freshness; but a pointless revival of its forced wit, its painful grimaces, its affected versification, its stingless satire, without one touch of its poetic beauty or one drop of its poignant wickedness in the stale mixture, — the *heolocrasia* of

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yesterday's debauch, — was an experiment upon the patience of the much reading and long enduring public which could not possibly be successful. The author of The Yemassee has, however, written some well versified short pieces, though we cannot recall a single poem which is likely long to survive the occasion which brought it forth.

From these remarks upon the author's more ambitious efforts, we turn with pleasure to the collection of stories and sketches entitled The Wigwam and the Cabin. It forms part of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books; a series, by the by, which, with the exception of a few of the volumes, is not likely to do much honor to American literature. It is difficult to imagine what can have seduced those respectable publishers into printing, as one of the series, that indescribably stupid imitation of Dickens, entitled and called Big Abel and Little Manhattan, — a contribution to the patriotic native American literature, a good deal worse than the very worst things of The Yemassee and Guy Rivers. Surely, surely, this dismal trash cannot have been seriously chosen as a fit representative of American originality, in a "Library of American Books"; though it does very well to follow the silly and affected motto which some evil-disposed person has persuaded them to adopt from the Address of the American Copy-right Club. The Tales by Edgar A. Poe, and the lucubrations of Mr. J. T. Headly, — the former belonging to the forcible-feeble and the shallow-profound school, the latter rising into the region of the intensely fine and ambitiously picturesque, — are poor enough materials for an American Library.

Compared with either of these selected representatives of native American literature, The Wigwam and the Cabin is a collection of masterly efforts; and judged by themselves, and without the magnifying effect of comparison with the infinitesimal smallness of the works in their neighbourhood, there is a degree of talent shown in these tales and sketches, which entitles them to a place in the not very high department of literature to which they belong. There is much in them that is characteristic, much that fixes attention and remains in the memory; and something that gives us a real insight into the forms of life and the relations of society, which are the central point around which they turn. But for the heavy dissertations which preface some of the stories, as if they were set up at the

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opening pages for the sake of warning off the trespassing reader, they would be interesting and attractive ; and he who has once fairly got over these stumblingblocks at the threshold will go on with pleased attention to the end. These introductions betray the intense self-consciousness with which the writer worked out his plans ; and so far they interfere with the natural effect which such stories ought to produce, and would produce, were they simply and unaffectedly laid before the reader. In the first volume there are seven stories, all of which have merit. They are not gracefully written ; but being in a less ambitious style than the author's larger works, the literary faults and deficiencies are less observable, and tempered down to a less prominent and offensive point. Either from a lack of original power to sustain with equable wing a long flight in the region of romance, or from a lack of sufficient culture to train his native energies up to such high-reaching aims, Guy Rivers seems equal only to the short and easy career of the magazine tale or story. And even in these stories we sometimes find a coarse passage which shows that he had not always the discernment to discriminate, amidst the materials that lay before him, between what should have been cast aside as refuse and what was fit to be used for the purposes of art. In the details of daily life, especially in the ruder forms under which it appears in the wilderness and on the frontiers of civilization, there is much which no skill can make poetical, much which no light of imagination can clothe with the radiance of artistic beauty, much which cannot, by any possible magic of literary genius, be raised out of the region of squalid, grovelling, repulsive vice and barbarism. This sadly unpoetic side of American life should not, indeed, be kept wholly out of sight in fictitious delineation ; but it cannot be brought prominently forward without violating the laws of ideal beauty, under which all the works of imagination must necessarily arrange themselves. In this respect, some of the pieces in The Wigwam and the Cabin are offences against good taste.

The first story in the collection is entitled Grayling, or Murder will out. The incidents are well selected and neatly arranged ; and the superstitions and circumstances of fact, which blend curiously together to bring about the conviction of the murderer, are ingeniously managed. The piece called The Two Camps contains vivid descriptions of border life

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and Indian warfare. The character of the young chief, Lenatewa, is happily drawn ; and the incipient love between him and Lucy, the settler's fair daughter, which was arrested by the tragedy of the gallant Indian's death at the hands of the revengeful savage, Oloschottee, is well and truly told. The Last Wager is a story in which a more soaring manner is attempted, and therefore the attempt is followed by less success ; but there are some vigorously wrought passages, as, for example, the game at cards on the dead body of the poisoned horse. The plot itself is in the highest degree improbable and absurd ; and we read a large part of it with an incredulous shrug, while we seem to see the spasms of an invention vainly racked to bring out some startling effect. On the other hand, The Arm-Chair of Tustenuggee is a well constructed and amusing story, founded on a not unpoetical legend of Indian superstition. The hen-pecked Indian, Conattee, is almost, if not quite, a novelty in literature. We never heard of or knew a copper-colored gentleman who was a victim to a matrimonial bane, which has usually been supposed to be one of the peculiarities of civilized domestic life, as the gallows is said to be an unfailing token of the presence or proximity of civilized institutions. But we know nothing in the psychological idiosyncrasy (we beg pardon of the philosophers for borrowing a couple of their polysyllabic technicalities for this once only), we know of nothing, we say, which can infallibly exempt the savage from this sort of training up in the paths of conjugal obedience. We must copy the description of this original and aboriginal scold.

"One of the warriors was named Conattee, and a braver man and more fortunate hunter never lived. But he had a wife who was a greater scold than Xantippe. She was the wonder and the terror of the tribe, and quite as ugly as the one-eyed squaw of Tustenuggee, the gray demon of Enoree. Her tongue was the signal for 'slinking,' among the bold hunters of Turkey-town ; and when they heard it, 'now,' said the young women, who sympathized, as all proper young women will do, with the handsome husband of an ugly wife, 'now,' said they, 'we know that poor Conattee has come home.' The return of the husband, particularly if he brought no game, was sure to be followed by a storm of that 'dry thunder,' so well known, which never failed to be heard at the farthest end of the village." — 1st Ser., p. 121.

And now, for a warning, let her fate be told in the author's

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own words. We must introduce the catastrophe of the unfortunate Macourah, for so was the Xantippe of the forests called, by some account of the adventure which befell her liege husband, Conattee. It happened, once upon a time, that he went on a hunting excursion with his handsome friend Selonee, on whom Macourah had sometimes cast an eye of favor. They had been separated, and Conattee having mysteriously disappeared, Selonee was compelled to return without him to the lodges. Suspicion fell upon the unlucky friend, and the copper-colored sages of the tribe shook their wise heads in grave debate, and finally condemned him to death. He was rescued from the already opened grave by Macourah's claiming him as a substitute for her lost Conattee. This seemed worse to the unhappy victim than the violent death which he was on the instant to suffer; but the inexorable customs of his tribe forced him to choose the greater of two evils. This preliminary statement is necessary to explain the following adventure.

"It is now time to return to Conattee, and trace his progress from the moment when, plunging into the waters, he left the side of Selonee in pursuit of the wolf, whose dying struggles in the stream he had beheld. We are already acquainted with his success in extricating the animal from the water, and possessing himself of its hide. He had not well done this, when he heard a rushing noise in the woods above him, and fancying that there was a prospect of other game at hand, and inflated with the hope of adding to his trophies, though without any weapon but his knife, Conattee hastened to the spot. When he reached it, however, he beheld nothing. A gigantic and singularly deformed pine-tree, crooked and most irregular in shape, lay prostrate along the ground, and formed such an intricate covering above it that Conattee deemed it possible that some beast of prey might have made its den among the recesses of its roots. With this thought, he crawled under the spreading limbs, and searched all their intricacies. Emerging from the search, which had been fruitless, he took a seat upon the trunk of the tree, and spreading out the wolf's hide before him, proceeded to pare away the particles of flesh which, in the haste with which he had performed the task of flaying him, had been suffered to adhere to the skin. But he had scarcely commenced the operation, when two gigantic limbs of the fallen tree upon which he sat curled over his thighs and bound him to the spot. Other limbs, to his great horror, while he strove to move, clasped his arms and covered his shoulders. He

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strove to cry aloud, but his jaws were grasped, before he could well open them, by other branches; and, with his eyes, which were suffered to peer through little openings in the bark, he could see his legs incrusted by like coverings with his other members. Still seeing, his own person yet escaped his sight. Not a part of it now remained visible to himself. A bed of green velvet-like moss rested on his lap. His knees shot out a thorny excrescence; and his hands, flattened to his thighs, were enveloped in as complete a casing of bark as covered the remainder of the tree around him. Even his knife and wolf skin, to his great surprise, suffered in like manner, — the bark having contracted them into one of those huge bulging knobs that so numerously deformed the tree. With all his thoughts and consciousness remaining, Conattee had yet lost every faculty of action. When he tried to scream aloud, his jaws felt the contraction of a pressure upon them which resisted all their efforts, while an oppressive thorn growing upon a wild vine that hung before his face was brought by every movement of himself or of the tree into his very mouth. The poor hunter immediately conceived his situation, — he was in the power of Tustenuggee, the Gray Demon of Enoree. The tree upon which he sat was one of those magic trees which the tradition of his people entitled the 'Arm-chair of Tustenuggee.' In these traps for the unwary the wicked demon caught his victim, and exulted in his miseries. Here he sometimes remained until death released him; for it was not often that the power into whose clutches he had fallen suffered his prey to escape, through a sudden feeling of lenity and good-humor. The only hope of Conattee was that Selonee might suspect his condition; in which event, his rescue was simple and easy enough. It was only to hew off the limbs, or pare away the bark, and the victim was uncovered in his primitive integrity. But how improbable that this discovery should be made! He had no voice to declare his bondage. He had no capacity for movement by which he might reveal the truth to his comrade's eyes; and unless some divine instinct should counsel his friend to an experiment which he would scarcely think upon, of himself, the poor prisoner felt that he must die in the miserable bondage into which he had fallen. While these painful convictions were passing through his mind, he heard the distant shoutings of Selonee. In a little while he beheld the youth anxiously seeking him in every quarter, following his trail at length to the very tree in which he was bound, crawling like himself beneath its branches, but not sitting like himself to be caught upon its trunk. Vainly did the poor fellow strive to utter but a few words, however faintly, apprising the youth of his condition. The effort died away in the most imperfect breathing,

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sounding in his own ears like the faint sigh of some budding flower. With equal ill success did he aim to struggle with his limbs. He was too tightly grasped, in every part, to stir in the slightest degree a single member. He saw the fond search, meanwhile, which his comrade maintained, and his heart yearned the more in fondness for the youth. But it was with consummate horror that he saw him depart as night came on. Miserable, indeed, were his feelings that night. The voice of the Gray Demon alone kept him company, and he and his one-eyed wife made merry with his condition, goading him the livelong night with speeches of cruel gibe and mischievous reflection, such as the following:

"'There is no hope for you, Conattee, till some one takes your place. Some one must sit in your lap, whom you are willing to leave behind you, before you can get out of mine,' was the speech of the Gray Demon, who, perched upon Conattee's shoulders, bent his huge knotty head over him, while his red eyes looked into the half-hidden ones of the environed hunter, and glared upon him with the exultation of the tyrant at last secure of his prey. Night passed away at length, and, with the dawn, how was the hopeless heart of Conattee refreshed as he again saw Selonee appear! He then remembered the words of Tustenuggee, which told him that he could not escape until some one sat in his lap whom he was willing to leave behind him. The fancy rose in his mind that Selonee would do this; but could it be that he would consent to leave his friend behind him? Life was sweet, and great was the temptation. At one moment he almost wished that Selonee would draw nigh and seat himself after his fatigue. As if the young hunter knew his wish, he drew nigh at that instant; but the better feelings in Conattee's heart grew strong as he approached, and, striving to twist and writhe in his bondage, and laboring at the same time to call out in warning to his friend, he manifested the noble resolution not to avail himself of his friend's position to relieve his own; and, as if the warning of Conattee had really reached the understanding of Selonee, the youth retraced his steps, and once more hurried away from the place of danger. With his final departure the fond hopes of the prisoner sunk within him; and when hour after hour had gone by without the appearance of any of his people, and without any sort of change in his condition, he gave himself up utterly for lost. The mocks and jeers of the Gray Demon and his one-eyed squaw filled his ears all night, and the morning brought him nothing but flat despair. He resigned himself to his fate with the resolution of one who, however unwilling he might be to perish in such a manner, had yet faced death too frequently not to yield him a ready defiance now." — 1st Ser., pp. 137 – 140.

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Selonee made many wry faces at his destiny. He resolved to try one desperate effort to find and restore his friend. How he fared, and what the upshot of the whole adventure was, are seen in the conclusion of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth chapter.

"She was too well satisfied with the exchange with which fortune had provided her, to suffer its gift to be lost so easily; and when Selonee darted from the cabin in such fearful haste, she readily conjectured his determination. She hurried after him with all possible speed, little doubting that those thunders — could she overtake him — with which she had so frequently overawed the pliant Conattee would possess an effect not less influential upon his more youthful successor. Macourah was gaunt as a greyhound, and scarcely less fleet of foot. Besides, she was as tough as a gray-squirrel in his thirteenth year. She did not despair of overtaking Selonee, provided she suffered him not to know that she was upon his trail. Her first movements, therefore, were marked with caution. Having watched his first direction, she divined his aim to return to the hunting-grounds where he had lost or slain his companion; and these hunting-grounds were almost as well known to herself as to him. With a rapidity of movement, and tenacity of purpose, which could only be accounted for by a reference to that wild passion which Selonee had unconsciouly inspired in her bosom for himself, she followed his departing footsteps; and when, the next day, he heard her shouts behind him, he was absolutely confounded. But it was with a feeling of surprise and not of dissatisfaction that he heard her voice. He — good youth — regarding Conattee as one of the very worthiest of the Catawba warriors, seemed to have been impressed with an idea that such also was the opinion of his wife. He little dreamed that she had any real design upon himself; and believed that to show her the evidences which were to be seen, which led to the fate of her husband, might serve to convince her that not only he was not the murderer, but that Conattee might not, indeed, be murdered at all. He coolly waited her approach, therefore, and proceeded to renew his statements, accompanying his narrative with the expression of the hope which he entertained of again restoring her husband to herself and the nation. But she answered his speech only with upbraidings and entreaties; and when she failed, she proceeded to thump him lustily with the wand by which she had compelled him to follow her to the lodge the day before. But Selonee was in no humor to obey the laws of the nation now. The feeling of degradation which had followed in his mind, from the moment

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when he left the spot where he had stood up for death, having neither fear nor shame, was too fresh in his consciousness to suffer him to yield a like acknowledgment to it now; and, though sorely tempted to pummel the Jezebel, in return for the lusty thwacks which she had already inflicted upon his shoulders, he forbore, in consideration of his friend, and contented himself with simply setting forward on his progress, determined to elude her pursuit by an exercise of all his vigor and elasticity. Selonee was *hardy as the grisly bear, and fleeter than the wild turkey*; and Macourah, virago as she was, soon discovered the difference in the chase when Selonee put forth his strength and spirit. She followed with all her pertinacity, quickened as it was by an increase of fury at that presumption which had ventured to disobey her commands; but Selonee fled faster than she pursued, and every additional moment served to increase the space between them. The hunter lost her from his heels at length, and deemed himself fortunate that she was no longer in sight and hearing, when he again approached the spot where his friend had so mysteriously disappeared. Here he renewed his search with a painful care and minuteness, which the imprisoned Conattee all the while beheld. Once more Selonee crawled beneath those sprawling limbs and spreading arms that wrapped up in their solid and coarse rinds the person of the warrior. Once more he emerged from the spot disappointed and hopeless. This he had hardly done, when, to the great horror of the captive, and the annoyance of Selonee, the shrill shrieks and screams of the too well known voice of Macourah rang through the forests. Selonee dashed forward as he heard the sounds, and when Macourah reached the spot, which she did unerringly in following his trail, the youth was already out of sight.

"'I can go no further,' cried the woman; — 'a curse on him and a curse on Conattee, since in losing one I have lost both. I am too faint to follow. As for Selonee, may the one-eyed witch of Tustenuggee take him for her dog.'

"With this delicate imprecation, the virago seated herself in a state of exhaustion upon the inviting bed of moss which formed the lap of Conattee. This she had no sooner done, than the branches relaxed their hold upon the limbs of her husband. The moment was too precious for delay, and sliding from under her with an adroitness and strength which were beyond her powers of prevention, and, indeed, quite too sudden for any effort at resistance, she had the consternation to behold her husband starting up in full life before her, and, with the instinct of his former condition, preparing to take to flight. She cried to him, but he fled the faster, — she strove to follow him, but the branches which had

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relaxed their hold upon her husband had resumed their contracted grasp upon her limbs. The brown bark was already forming above her on every hand, and her tongue, allotted a brief term of liberty, was alone free to assail him. She had spoken but few words when the bark encased her jaws, and the ugly thorn of the vine which had so distressed Conattee had taken its place at their portals.

"The husband looked back but once, when the voice ceased; — then, with a shivering sort of joy that his own doom had undergone a termination, which he now felt to be doubly fortunate, he made a wide circuit, that he might avoid the fatal neighbourhood, and pushed on in pursuit of his friend, whom his eyes, even when he was surrounded in the tree, had followed in his flight. It was no easy task, however, to overtake Selonee, flying, as he did, from the supposed pursuit of the termagant. Great, however, was the joy of the young warriors when they did encounter, and long and fervent was their mutual embrace. Conattee described his misfortunes, and related the manner in which he was taken; showed how the bark had encased his limbs, and how the intricate magic had even engrossed his knife, and the wolf-skin which had been the trophy of his victory. But Conattee said not a word of his wife and her entrapment, and Selonee was left in the conviction that his companion owed his escape from the toils to some hidden change in the tyrannical mood of Tustenuggee, or the one-eyed woman, his wife.

"'But the skin and the knife, Conattee, let us not leave them,' said Selonee, 'let us go back and extricate them from the tree.'

"Conattee showed some reluctance. He soon said, in the words of Macbeth, which he did not use, however, as a quotation, 'I'll go no more.' But Selonee, who ascribed this reluctance to very natural apprehensions of the demon from whose clutches he had just made his escape, declared his readiness to undertake the adventure, if Conattee would only point out to his eyes the particular excrescence in which the articles were inclosed. When the husband perceived that his friend was resolute, he made a merit of necessity.

"'If the thing is to be done,' said he, 'why should you have the risk? I myself will do it. It would be a woman-fear, were I to shrink from the danger. Let us go.'

"The process of reasoning by which Conattee came to this determination was a very sudden one, and one, too, that will not be hard to comprehend by every husband in his situation. It was his fear, that, if Selonee undertook the business, an unlucky or misdirected stroke of his knife might sever a limb, or remove some portions of the bark which did not merit or need removal.

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Conattee trembled at the very idea of the revelations which might follow such an unhappy result. Strengthening himself, therefore, with all his energies, he went forward with Selonee to the spot, and while the latter looked on and witnessed the operation, he proceeded, with a nicety and care which amused and surprised Selonee, to the excision of the swollen scab upon the tree in which he had seen his wolf-skin encompassed. While he performed the operation, which he did as cautiously as if it had been the extraction of a mote from the eye of a virgin, the beldam in the tree, conscious of all his movements, and at first flattered with the hope that he was working for her extrication, maintained the most ceaseless efforts of her tongue and limbs, but without avail. Her slight breathing, which Conattee knew where to look for, more like the sighs of an infant zephyr than the efforts of a human bosom, denoted to his ears an overpowering but fortunately suppressed volcano within; and his heart leaped with a new joy, which had been unknown to it for many years before, when he thought that he was now safe, and, he trusted, for ever, from any of the tortures which he had been fain to endure patiently so long. When he had finished the operation by which he had reobtained his treasures, he ventured upon an impertinence which spoke surprisingly for his sudden acquisition of confidence; and looking up through the little aperture in the bark, from whence he had seen every thing while in the same situation, and from whence he concluded she was also suffered to see, he took a peep, a quick, quizzical, and taunting peep, at those eyes which he had not so dared to offend before. He drew back suddenly from the contact, — so suddenly, indeed, that Selonee, who saw the proceeding, but had no idea of the truth, thought he had been stung by some insect, and questioned him accordingly.

"'Let us be off, Selonee,' was the hurried answer, 'we have nothing to wait for now.'

"'Yes,' replied Selonee, 'and I had forgotten to say to you that your wife, Macourah, is on her way in search of you. I left her but a little ways behind, and thought to find her here. I suppose she is tired, however, and is resting by the way.'

"'Let her rest,' said Conattee, 'which is an indulgence much greater than any she ever accorded me. She will find me out soon enough, without making it needful that I should go in search of her. Come.'"— 1st Ser., pp. 141–147.

The Snake of the Cabin is a tale of vulgar villany, well told, but not superior in material to criminal reports which may be read daily in the newspapers. One of the best pieces in the collection is the story of Oakatibbé, or the

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Choctaw Samson. Besides its merits as a specimen of narrative fiction, it deserves the attention of the philosopher for the weighty observations it contains on the general subject of civilizing and reclaiming the savage tribes. The following striking passage describes an interesting trait of the Indian character. It must be premised, that Oakatibbé, having killed another Indian in a drunken fray, was held to the penalty of death, by the unalterable unwritten law of savage jurisprudence. But he had been persuaded by some of his white friends to make his escape, and a horse had been lent him for that purpose. The mighty influence of early habit and customary implicit obedience to the laws of his tribe overcame his love of life and the persuasions of his civilized neighbours, and he returned to submit to the death-doom which had been pronounced upon him. The rest is related as follows: —

"While the turmoil was at the highest, and we had despaired of doing any thing to prevent bloodshed, the tramp of a fast galloping horse was heard in the woods, and the next moment the steed of Col. H. made his appearance, covered with foam, Slim Sampson on his back, and still driven by the lash of his rider at the top of his speed. He leaped the inclosure, and was drawn up, still quivering in every limb, in the area between the opposing Indians. The countenance of the noble fellow told his story. His heart had smitten him by continual reproaches, at the adoption of a conduct unknown in his nation, and which all its hereditary opinions had made cowardly and infamous. Besides, he remembered the penalties which, in consequence of his flight, must fall heavily upon his people. Life was sweet to him, — very sweet! He had the promise of many bright years before him. His mind was full of honorable and — speaking in comparative phrase — lofty purposes for the improvement of himself and nation. We have already sought to show, that, by his conduct, he had taken one large step in resistance to the tyrannous usages of custom, in order to introduce the elements of civilization among his people. But he could not withstand the reproaches of a conscience formed upon principles which his own genius was not equal to overthrow. His thoughts, during his flight, must have been of a very humbling character; but his features now denoted only pride, exultation, and a spirit strengthened by resignation against the worst. By his flight and subsequent return, he had, in fact, exhibited a more lively spectacle of moral firmness than would have been displayed by his simple

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submission in remaining. He seemed to feel this. It looked out from his soul in every movement of his body. He leaped from his horse, while he slapped his breast with his own palm:

"'Oakatibbé heard the voice of a chief, that said he must die. Let the chief look here, — Oakatibbé is come!'

"A shout went up from both parties. The signs of strife disappeared. The language of the crowd was no longer that of threatening and violence. It was understood that there would be no resistance in behalf of the condemned. Col. H. and myself were both mortified and disappointed. Though the return of Slim Sampson had obviously prevented a combat *à outrance*, in which a dozen or more might have been slain, still we could not but regret the event. The life of such a fellow seemed to both of us to be worth the lives of any hundred of his people.

"Never did man carry with himself more simple nobleness. He was at once surrounded by his friends and relatives. The hostile party, from whom the executioners were to be drawn, stood looking on at some little distance, the very pictures of patience. There was no sort of disposition manifested among them to hurry the proceedings. Though exulting in the prospect of soon shedding the blood of one whom they esteemed an enemy, yet all was dignified composure and forbearance. The signs of exultation were nowhere to be seen. Meanwhile, a conversation was carried on in low, soft accents, unmarked by physical action of any kind, between the condemned and two other Indians. One of these was the unhappy mother of the criminal, — the other was his uncle. They rather listened to his remarks, than made any of their own. The dialogue was conducted in their own language. After a while this ceased, and he made a signal which seemed to be felt, rather than understood, by all the Indians, friends and enemies. All of them started into instant intelligence. It was a sign that he was ready for the final proceedings. He rose to his feet and they surrounded him. The groans of the old woman, his mother, were now distinctly audible, and she was led away by the uncle, who, placing her among the other women, returned to the condemned, beside whom he now took his place. Col. H. and myself also drew nigh. Seeing us, Oakatibbé simply said, with a smile:

"'Ah, kurnel, you see, Injun man ain't strong like white man!'

"Col. H. answered with emotion:

"'I would have saved you, Sampson.'

"'Oakatibbé hab for dead!' said the worthy fellow, with another, but a very wretched smile.

"His firmness was unabated. A procession was formed, which was headed by three sturdy fellows, carrying their rifles

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conspicuously upon their shoulders. These were the appointed executioners, and were all near relatives of the man who had been slain. There was no mercy in their looks. Oakatibbé followed immediately after these. He seemed pleased that we should accompany him to the place of execution. Our way lay through a long avenue of stunted pines, which conducted us to a spot where an elevated ridge on either hand produced a broad and very prettily defined valley. My eyes, in all this progress, were scarcely ever drawn off from the person of him who was to be the principal actor in the approaching scene. Never, on any occasion, did I behold a man with a step more firm, — a head so unbent, — a countenance so sweetly calm, though grave, — and of such quiet unconcern, at the obvious fate in view. Yet there was nothing in his deportment of that effort which would be the case with most white men on a similar occasion, who seek to wear the aspect of heroism. He walked as to a victory, but he walked with a staid, even dignity, calmly, and without the flush of any excitement on his cheek. In his eye there was none of that feverish curiosity, which seeks for the presence of his executioner, and cannot be averted from the contemplation of the mournful paraphernalia of death. His look was like that of the strong man, conscious of his inevitable doom, and prepared, as it is inevitable, to meet it with corresponding indifference.

"The grave was now before us. It must have been prepared at the first dawn of the morning. The executioners paused, when they had reached a spot within thirty steps of it. But the condemned passed on, and stopped only on the edge of its open jaws. The last trial was at hand with all its terrors. The curtain was about to drop, and the scene of life, with all its hopes and promises and golden joys, — even to an Indian golden, — was to be shut for ever. I felt a painful and numbing chill pass through my frame, but I could behold no sign of change in him. He now beckoned his friends around him. His enemies drew nigh also, but in a remoter circle. He was about to commence his song of death, — the narrative of his performances, his purposes, all his living experience. He began a low chant, slow, measured, and composed, the words seeming to consist of monosyllables only. As he proceeded, his eyes kindled, and his arms were extended. His action became impassioned, his utterance more rapid, and the tones were distinguished by increasing warmth. I could not understand a single word which he uttered, but the cadences were true and full of significance. The rise and fall of his voice, truly proportioned to the links of sound by which they were connected, would have yielded a fine lesson to

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the European teacher of school eloquence. His action was as graceful as that of a mighty tree yielding to and gradually rising from the pressure of a sudden gust. I felt the eloquence which I could not understand. I fancied, from his tones and gestures, the play of the muscles of his mouth, and the dilation of his eyes, that I could detect the instances of daring valor, or good conduct, which his narrative comprised. One portion of it, as he approached the close, I certainly could not fail to comprehend. He evidently spoke of his last unhappy affray with the man whom he had slain. His head was bowed, the light passed from his eyes, his hands were folded upon his heart, and his voice grew thick and husky. Then came the narrative of his flight. His glance was turned upon Col. H. and myself, and, at the close, he extended his hand to us both. We grasped it earnestly, and with a degree of emotion which I would not now seek to describe. He paused. The catastrophe was at hand. I saw him step back, so as to place himself at the very verge of the grave, — he then threw open his breast, — a broad, manly, muscular bosom, that would have sufficed for a Hercules; — one hand he struck upon the spot above the heart, where it remained, — the other was raised above his head. This was the signal. I turned away with a strange sickness. I could look no longer. In the next instant I heard the simultaneous report, as one, of the three rifles; and when I again looked, they were shovelling in the fresh mould upon the noble form of one who, under other more favoring circumstances, might have been a father to his nation." — 1st Ser., pp. 204 – 208.

The second series of The Wigwam and the Cabin contains six stories. In general merits and particular defects they stand nearly on a level with those which we have already spoken of. The Giant's Coffin is a striking but disagreeable tale, which might have been wrought into a greatly superior delineation of fierce passion, had the author possessed a more delicate artistic sense. Sergeant Barnacle is extravagant; but that, too, embodies the materials of a fine piece of narrative and character-drawing. The Old Lunes is an amusing, but rather commonplace story. The Lazy Crow is a capital picture of negro superstition. In conception and execution it is able, vigorous, and highly interesting.

Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver, is in a more pretending vein. For the coarseness which deforms this story the writer attempts an apology in the preface. Many things

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in this piece deserve much praise; the old Indian is vigorously drawn, and his young wife is a character skilfully and delicately touched. But the plot is feeble and foolish, and the negro driver is simply disgusting. The author has not "succeeded in showing how happily virtue can be seen to triumph even in the worst estates, and with what loveliness of aspect purity can make her progress, like the Lady in Milton's Comus, even through the foul rabble of lewd spirits that hang about her path." Can any thing be more absurd than to call the resistance offered by Caloya, the Indian wife, to the sickening advances of the greasy, woolly-headed, blubber-lipped negro driver, a triumph of virtue? No doubt, an Indian woman, like Caloya, *would* triumph over the profligate wiles of the libertine who should essay her destruction; but surely the amorous unctuosity of Mingo could not, by any imaginable freak of nature, seduce a Catawba squaw from her duty to her copper-colored lord, old and ugly as he might be. Her refusal to yield to his blandishments would be not so much the triumph of virtue as the triumph of nausea.

Lucas de Ayllon is a story founded on the adventures of one of these early kidnapping expeditions by which so many of the aborigines of North America were in early times carried off by Spanish pirates, and sold into West Indian slavery. The incidents are well told, and the final catastrophe of De Ayllon, which we believe is the invention of the writer, shows his powers of description in a very favorable light. The character of Combahee, the Indian princess, though highly wrought, is impressively drawn and consistently maintained. The pertinacious resolve to avenge the perfidy by which her husband had been entrapped by the man-stealer, and the terrible manner in which she executed it, when a righteous retribution, acting through the agencies of storms and the wind-lashed ocean, placed him in her power, are managed with a strong and bold hand. We are tempted to extract this passage.

"The historian remarks (see History of South Carolina, p. 11),—'As if the retributive Providence had been watchful of the place no less than of the hour of justice, it so happened, that, at the mouth of the very river where his crime had been committed, he was destined to meet his doom.' The Indian traditions go farther. They say, that the form of Chiquola was

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beheld by Combahee, standing upon the prow of the vessel, guiding it to the place set apart by the fates for the final consummation of that destiny which they had allotted to the perfidious Spaniards. We will not contend for the tradition; but the coincidence between the place of crime and that of retribution was surely singular enough to impress, not merely upon the savage, but also upon the civilized mind, the idea of an overruling and watchful justice. The breakers seized upon the doomed ship, as the bloodhounds seize upon and rend the expiring carcass of the stricken deer. The voice of Combahee was heard above the cries of the drowning men. She bade her people hasten with their arrows, their clubs, their weapons of whatever kind, and follow her to the beach. She herself bore a bow in her hand, with a well filled quiver at her back; and as the vessel stranded, as the winds and waves rent its planks and timbers asunder, and billows bore the struggling and drowning wretches to the shore, the arrows of Combahee were despatched in rapid execution. Victim after victim sunk, stricken, among the waters, with a death of which he had had no fear. The warriors strode, waist-deep, into the sea, and dealt with their stone hatchets upon the victims. These, when despatched, were drawn ashore, and the less daring were employed to heap them up, in a vast and bloody mound, for the sacrifice of fire.

"The keen eyes of Combahee distinguished the face of the perfidious De Ayllon among the struggling Spaniards. His richer dress had already drawn upon him the eyes of an hundred warriors, who only waited with their arrows until the inevitable billows should bear him within their reach.

"'Spare *him!*' cried the widow of Chiquola. They understood her meaning at a glance, and a simultaneous shout attested their approbation of her resolve.

"'The arrows of fire!' was the cry. The arrows of reed and flint were expended upon the humble wretches from the wreck. The miserable De Ayllon little fancied the secret of this forbearance. He grasped a spar which assisted his progress, and encouraged in the hope of life, as he found himself spared by the shafts which were slaying all around him, he was whirled onward by the breakers to the shore. The knife touched *him* not, the arrow forbore *his* bosom,—but all beside perished. Two hundred spirits were dismissed to eternal judgment, in that bloody hour of storm and retribution, by the hand of violence. Senseless amidst the dash of the breakers,—unconscious of present or future danger, Lucas de Ayllon came within the grasp of the fierce warriors, who rushed impatient for their prisoner neck-deep into the sea. They bore him to the land. They

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used all the most obvious means for his restoration, and had the satisfaction to perceive that he at length opened his eyes. When sufficiently recovered to become aware of what had been done for him, and rushing to the natural conclusion that it had all been done in kindness, he smiled upon his captors, and addressing them in his own language, endeavoured still further, by signs and sounds, to conciliate their favor.

"'Enough!' said the inflexible Combahee, turning away from the criminal with an expression of strong disgust: —

"'Enough! wherefore should we linger? Are not the limbs of Chiquola still cold and wet? The bones of his enemies are here, — let the young men build the sacrifice. The hand of Combahee will light the fire arrow!'

"A dozen warriors now seized upon the form of De Ayllon. Even had he not been enfeebled by exhaustion, his struggles would have been unavailing. Equally unavailing were his prayers and promises. The Indians turned with loathing from his base supplications, and requited his entreaties and tears with taunts, and buffetings, and scorn! They bore him, under the instructions of Combahee, to that palmetto, looking out upon the sea, beneath which, for so many weary months, she had maintained her lonely watch. The storm had torn her lodge to atoms, but the tree was unhurt. They bound him to the shaft with withes of grapevines, of which the neighbouring woods had their abundance. Parcels of light-wood were heaped about him, while, interspersed with other bundles of the resinous pine, were piled the bodies of his slain companions. The only living man, he was the centre of a pile composed of two hundred, whose fate he was now prepared to envy. A dreadful mound, it rose conspicuous, like a beacon, upon the head-land of St. Helena; he, the centre, with his head alone free, and his eyes compelled to survey all the terrible preparations which were making for his doom. Layers of human carcasses, followed by layers of the most inflammable wood and brush, environed him with a wall, from which, even had he not been bound to the tree, he could never have effected his own extrication. He saw them pile the successive layers, sparing the while no moment which he could give to expostulation, entreaty, tears, prayers, and promises. But the workmen with steady industry pursued their task. The pile rose, — the human pyramid was at last complete!

"Combahee drew nigh with a blazing torch in her hand. She looked the image of some avenging angel. She gave but a single glance upon the face of the criminal. That face was one of an agony which no art could hope to picture. Hers was inflex-

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ible as stone, though it bore the aspect of hate, and loathing, and revenge! She applied the torch amid the increased cries of the victim, and as the flame shot up with a dense black smoke to heaven, she turned away to the sea, and prostrated herself beside its billows. The shouts of the warriors who surrounded the blazing pile attested their delight; but, though an hundred throats sent up their united clamors, the one piercing shriek of the burning man was superior, and rose above all other sounds. At length it ceased! all ceased! The sacrifice was ended. The perfidy of the Spaniard was avenged." — 2d Ser., pp. 234 – 236.

The Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction are a collection of articles, contributed "to the periodical literature of the country in the last fifteen years. They are taken from the pages of the Southern and American Quarterly Reviews; from the American Monthly and the Knickerbocker Magazines; from the Magnolia, Orion, Southern and Western Review, and other publications of like character." It is a bad omen for a book to be sent out into the world with a foolish or affected title. Mr. Willis has often done injustice to his fine genius by titular, if not other, conceits. These things show the same sort of bad taste as the foppish manners and mincing phrase of the exquisite of the saloons. "Views and Reviews" seems to have been adopted for no other reason than the unmeaning jingle of the words. These papers contain but little valuable criticism; they unfold no principle of beauty, and illustrate no point in the philosophy of literature and art. They breathe an extravagant nationality, equally at war with good taste and generous progress in liberal culture. That the writer is wrong in all this, we have no doubt; that he fails to see the bearings of the great theme of a national literature is most certain. A national literature is an august subject of contemplation, for it embodies the intellectual efforts of a nation, through all the ages of its existence. It will be rich and varied and precious in proportion as the nation's intellectual culture is thorough and profound, and as its morality is pure and lofty. The streams of knowledge flowing from all realms and all times bear to the national mind the treasures of thought, out of which the fair forms of its poetry and art must be moulded. The more universal its intellectual acquirements, the grander and more imperishable will be the monuments of its intellectual existence. A petty

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nationality of spirit is incompatible with true cultivation. An intense national self-consciousness, though the shallow may misname it patriotism, is the worst foe to the true and generous unfolding of national genius.

There has been a good deal of rather unmeaning talk about American literature. There has been in this matter, also, an operation of the principle of the division of labor. Those who have talked most about it have done the least. The men to whom American literature is really indebted have quietly planned and executed works on which their own fame and their country's literary honor rest. But certain coteries of would-be men of letters, noisy authorlings, and noisy in proportion to their diminutive size, waste their time and vex the patient spirits of long-suffering readers, by prating about our want of an independent national American literature. Of course, all this prating is without the faintest shadow of sense, and resembles the patriotic froth which the country was favored with from high senatorial quarters while the Oregon business was under discussion in the national legislature. From the vehement style in which these literary patriots discourse, it would seem that they lamented the heritage of the English language and its glorious treasures, which are our birthright, as a national calamity. Like the codifying commissioners of a neighbouring State, they almost appear to recommend the adoption of the *American* language as the language of literature, without specifying what particular one out of the thousand dialects spoken on this continent they intend to honor with their choice. They say, in effect, "Go to; let us make a national literature"; and forthwith, a five-act comedy of most lamentable mirth, — a two or three volumed novel of tawdry commonplaces, — a witless caricature, with illustrations, like Puffer Hopkins, — a coarse accumulation of unimaginative vulgarities, pretending to delineate American life, spring into being, and are clamorously pushed into public notice, as specimens of the genuine-native-original American literature.

These gentlemen forget that national literature cannot be forced like a hothouse plant. Talking about it has no tendency to produce it. They seem to think that American authors ought to limit themselves to American subjects, and hear none but American criticism; as if, forsooth, the gen-

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ius of America must never wander beyond the mountains, forests, and waterfalls of the western continent; as if the refinements of European culture should have no charms for the American taste. How many of Shakspeare's noblest plays are laid in scenes beyond the narrow precincts of English life! How many of the greatest works of her historians trace the fortunes of countries and people having no other connection with England than the tie of a common humanity! In what portion of the British isles did John Milton place the beings that move and act in his immortal work? We trust no nation will monopolize the country where part of the wondrous scene is enacted; we fear that all nations will have an ample share in the region where another portion passes.

The complaint of a want of nationality in American literature is borrowed from the ill-founded judgments of English criticism. Even in this, our professed abettors of aboriginality are not original. English critics seem to expect a dash of savageness, a sound of the war-whoop, a stroke of the tomahawk or the bowie-knife, — they expect to hear the roar of Niagara, and the crash of the trees in the primeval forests, — in the literature of America. Very prettily sounding phrases these; but neither the English originals nor the American copyists can force much meaning into them.

American literature will do very well, in spite of these birds of boding cry. With extending literary and scientific culture, and increased familiarity with the genius of the past, with constantly enlarging intercourse among the most civilized nations, and the rapid intercommunication of thoughts, creations, and inventions, the intellect of America cannot fail to go forward in the career so auspiciously begun. The work so well done already by our great orators, historians, poets, and artists will not rest under the stimulating influences pouring in from every quarter upon the agitated intellect of the country. *Fervet opus;* and all the exaggerated complaints of coteries of small authors cannot make its glowing progress slower.

Among the topics most frequently and prominently brought forward in these papers is the use of history for the purposes of the artist; that is, for the writer of fiction, whether in prose or verse. Mr. Simms has a great dislike to historical investigators, like Niebuhr; men who employ the resources of inexhaustible learning and the instruments of discriminating

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criticism in correcting errors, misapprehensions, and falsehood. We confess we have no sympathy with those who prefer ancient error to new truth. We do not choose to err with Plato rather than think rightly with others. A prejudice is not so precious and venerable in our eyes, but that we can willingly resign it under the teachings of learning and philosophy. We regard the state of mind which leads a man to cling to the fabulous forms of past history, merely because he thinks them romantic and picturesque, as a pernicious sentimentality, as much at war with genuine art as with the cause of truth. The extent to which this author goes in his mania for fiction may be seen in the following extract.

"The truth is, — an important truth, which seems equally to have escaped the sarcastic minister and the learned German, and which the taste that prefers the ruin to its restoration will be the very last to appreciate, — the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art! — consists in its proper employment, as so much raw material, in the erection of noble fabrics and lovely forms, to which the fire of genius imparts soul, and which the smile of taste informs with beauty; — and which, thus endowed and constituted, are so many temples of mind, so many shrines of purity, where the big, blind, struggling heart of the multitude may rush, in its vacancy, and be made to feel; in its blindness, and be made to see; in its fear, and find countenance; in its weakness, and be rendered strong; in the humility of its conscious baseness, and be lifted into gradual excellence and hope! These are the offices of art for which she employs history, and it is these which make her not only the most lovely, but the most legitimate, daughter of heaven. It is through her that the past lives to the counselling and direction of the future; and if she breathe not the breath of life into its nostrils, the wires of the resurrectionist would vainly link together the rickety skeleton which he disinters for posterity.

"Considered with reference to its intrinsic uses, the bald history of a nation, by itself, would be of very little importance to mankind. Of what use to know the simple fragmentary fact, that Troy — a city we no longer find upon the maps — fell, after a siege of years, — the proud and polished city before the barbarian and piratical foe? Of what use, or whence the satisfaction, placed upon the summits of Taygetus, to hear the long catalogue of names — names of men and nations — which the historian may, with tolerable certainty, enumerate, and perhaps assign to each narrow spot within the range of his vision; — or, astride some block which hopeless conjecture may assume to be the site

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of the once mighty capital, to turn to our Lemprière and learn that here once dwelt a great people who were overthrown by a greater? We know this fact, without Lemprière. Ruins speak for themselves, and, to this extent, are their own historians. They equally denote the existence and the overthrow, the was and the is not, — and the dry, sapless history tells us nothing, which can tell us nothing more! But, musing alone along the plain of the Troad, or traversing the mountain barriers of Parnes, Ægaleus, and Hymettus; looking down upon the sterile plains of Attica, — sterile in soil, but, O! how fruitful in soul, — or sitting among the dismembered fragments which made the citadel in Carthage, — each man becomes his own historian. Thought, taking the form of conjecture, ascends by natural stages into the obscure and the infinite. Reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable. Dates and names, which, with the mere chronologist, are every thing, with us are nothing. For what matters it to us, while tracing hopes and fears, feelings and performances, the greatness which was, and the glories which exist no longer, to be arrested in our progress by some cold and impertinent querist, who, because we cannot tell him whether these things took place one, two, or three thousand years before Christ, — and because we cannot positively assign the precise name to the hero, — accurately showing this or that combination of seven or more letters, — forbids our inquiry as idle? The inquiry is not idle, — and history itself is only valuable when it provokes this inquiry, when it excites a just curiosity, awakens noble affections, elicits generous sentiments, and stimulates into becoming activity the intelligence which it informs!

"Hence, it is the artist only who is the true historian. It is he who gives shape to the unhewn fact, who yields relation to the scattered fragments, who unites the parts in coherent dependency, and endows with life and action the otherwise motionless automata of history. It is by such artists, indeed, that nations live. It is the soul of art, alone, which binds periods and places together; — that creative faculty, which, as it is the only quality distinguishing man from other animals, is the only one by which he holds a life-tenure through all time, — the power to make himself known to man, to be sure of the possessions of the past, and to transmit, with the most happy confidence in fame, his own possessions to the future." — *Views and Reviews*, pp. 23–25.

"The chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art." The engineer, who declared the final cause of the creation of rivers to be the feeding of

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canals, was moderate, in comparison with this extravagant asserter of the preëminence of art over history, of fiction over fact, of invention over truth. Are the lessons drawn from history nothing? Is the impressive spectacle of the great dealings of Providence, as seen in the vicissitudes of empires in the march of the ages, nothing? "Ruins speak for themselves." So they do; but they speak only to the well informed mind; the mind stored with facts and dates, — the more numerous the facts, and the more precise the dates, the better. What imaginative person, standing in the solitude of Pæstum, where rise those dateless structures which were solemn antiquities in the days of Cicero, does not long to break the spell of oblivion by the discovery of some single *fact* which shall serve as a clew to their origin? How vague and unsatisfactory are the unguided wanderings of the imagination, compared with the light which a record of but a single sentence would throw into the now impenetrable gloom of the past! How eagerly do all men listen to the revelations of the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the hope of clearing up the dark history of that mysterious land! It is needless to press this point.

Nor can we agree with his views of the propriety of the writer of fiction perverting history for the imaginative purposes of art. His ideas are more amply developed in the passage upon Benedict Arnold. We refer our readers to the writer's own words, in order to show the ground he assumes, and to pass an emphatic condemnation upon the principle. His proposed mode of dealing with the character both of Arnold and of Washington is wholly reprehensible. It would be, in fact, to falsify one of the most precious pages in American history. It reminds us of the absurd lengths to which French novelists and playwrights go in perverting English history, and which have exposed them to the just anger and contempt of British criticism. The truth of history is quite as interesting, and often more picturesque, than any romance that can be substituted for it. Who would think of comparing The Last of the Aztecs, for graphic delineation or stirring incident, — fictitious, romantic, and artistic as the newspapers have pronounced it, — with the learned, accurate, and brilliant pages of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico?

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ART. VI. — 1. *An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists, by the Rules of Evidence administered in Courts of Justice. With an Account of the Trial of Jesus.* By SIMON GREENLEAF, LL. D., Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston : Little & Brown. 1846. 8vo. pp. 543.

2. *The Life of Jesus, critically examined.* By DR. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. London : Chapman, Brothers. 1846. 3 vols. 8vo.

OF course, we place the titles of these two books together only by way of contrast. They relate, it is true, to the same general subject ; but it is hard to conceive of two works more unlike in their scope, character, and purpose. The object of the one is to prove, and of the other to disprove, the Christian religion. The one is the production of an able and profound lawyer, a man who has grown gray in the halls of justice and the schools of jurisprudence, — a writer of the highest authority on legal subjects, whose life has been spent in weighing testimony and sifting evidence, and whose published opinions on the rules of evidence are received as authoritative in all the English and American tribunals, — for fourteen years the highly respected colleague of the late Mr. Justice Story, and now the honored head of the most distinguished and prosperous school of English law in the world. The other is the work of a German professor and speculatist, also profoundly learned in his way, — an ingenious and daring framer of theories of the most striking character, almost unheard of till his brain either conceived them or gave them currency, though relating to topics with which men have been familiar for eighteen centuries, — a subtile controversialist, whose work, as he himself avows, is deeply tinged with the most strongly marked peculiarities of the philosophy and theology of his countrymen. We presume the most ardent admirer of Dr. Strauss will not object to our characterizing the two works as excellent specimens, the one of clear and shrewd English common sense, and the other of German erudition, laborious diligence, and fertility in original speculation. And if the subject of inquiry were one that involved his own temporal and immediate interests, and it were neces-

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sary to determine which of these two writers would give the wiser and safer counsel, or the more trustworthy opinion, we suppose the same person would agree with us in making the choice.

We do not wish to appeal to the authority of mere names in this matter; it would be but a poor mode of proving the truth of the gospel history, to say that it was believed by Professor Greenleaf, and denied by Dr. Strauss. But our object is to call attention to a point naturally suggested by the contrast between these two writers, to a view of the characters and previous pursuits of the persons by whom this great discussion hitherto has been conducted. The defence of Christianity, the exposition of its evidences, and the refutation of the arguments of infidels, have been committed almost exclusively to the hands of professed theologians and metaphysicians. This was very natural; the work seemed properly to belong to them, as their tastes and studies had given them an interest in the subject, and made them familiar with the ground. We do not now remember a single work of any note upon the Evidences, which was not written by a person belonging to one or the other of these two classes. But some evil has resulted from this limitation of the number of the professed advocates of Christianity. Their works are all imbued with a professional hue, and sometimes seem as if addressed only to theologians and metaphysicians, as well as written by them. And the expression of their own belief carries with it no intrinsic weight. They appear like employed counsel, whose office and duty it is to defend the cause which is intrusted to them, and hence they do not always receive credit for perfect sincerity in the case. They plead the cause of the whole Christian family, but their argument is often encumbered with matter which has relation only to their particular studies, or it is biased by the special views and peculiarities of their vocation. Their works are colored by the atmosphere of the schools. The student of theology has his private views, or the doctrines of his sect, the philosopher has his theories, to defend; and sometimes the chief point at issue is quite forgotten or obscured in the heat of these collateral discussions. They are sometimes taken by surprise, or at a disadvantage, when some reckless assailant makes a bold appeal to common prejudices or to popular ignorance, when a wily logician spins his cobweb theories

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around them, or a learned historian attacks them with a sneer.

It is matter of good omen, then, when the ranks of the professed champions of Christianity are recruited by volunteers. Hardly any training can prepare one for more effectual service in this cause than the severe logic, the close examination of testimony, and the rigid application of principles, which are required in the practice of law. A well trained jurist cannot fail, at least, to place the subject in a new light, to detect the sophistry and artifices of those who would hide the truth, and to show the value of that testimony which he pronounces sufficient to satisfy a court of justice. All will hear with deference an appeal to this honored tribunal. Mr. Greenleaf appropriately dedicates his work to "the members of the legal profession." He invites them to pursue the inquiry by the light of the established maxims of the law, and urges this duty upon them as one for which they are strengthened by their previous habits, while it is a matter of as awful concern to them as to every other member of the human family. As a recognized teacher of jurisprudence, he offers to them his guidance for a part of the way, as if in the investigation of any legal subject, and challenges their attention to the witnesses whom he puts upon the stand, and to the array of evidence which he brings before them. We believe that his work will be found "profitable for instruction" not only to his professional brethren, but to many others, who will be glad to know the views of a sound lawyer upon this important subject.

The only fault that we have to find with Mr. Greenleaf's volume is that there is not enough of it. Though of quite respectable size, far the larger portion of the book is occupied with a Harmony of the Gospels, the system adopted being that of Archbishop Newcome, with some modifications by Professor Robinson. Brief notes are appended to it to explain most of the apparent discrepancies in the accounts of the four Evangelists, these being selected and abridged from the most approved commentators. The preliminary observations, occupying about fifty pages, and an appendix, the chief article in which is a legal view of the trial of Jesus, contain all that is entirely original in the volume. The writer's remarks, though concise, are clear, logical, and cogent; and on the whole, we do not know that they could have been amplified

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without losing some of their force. The scope of the argument is necessarily limited by its legal character, as the witnesses are supposed to be produced, and the only question here treated relates to the credibility of their testimony. In other words, the genuineness of the gospels is taken for granted, or as fully sustained by proofs elsewhere adduced. Mr. Greenleaf's office is that of a lawyer, to comment upon the evidence already in possession of the court. We wish, however, that, instead of contenting himself with mere references to the works of those authors who have so satisfactorily established the genuineness of our Gospel records, he had favored us with a summary of the historical evidence upon this point, and then given a legal opinion of its credibility and sufficiency.

The work of Strauss is confined within similar limits. He also waives the question of the genuineness, or passes over it with a very brief and unsatisfactory view of the testimony adduced, and gives his whole attention to the internal marks of truth or falsity in the narrative. He admits that "it would *most unquestionably be an argument of decisive weight* in favor of the credibility of the Biblical history, could it indeed be shown that it was written by eyewitnesses, or even by persons nearly contemporaneous with the events narrated." But he coolly passes over this difficulty, though it applies, as we shall see hereafter, with especial force to the particular theory which he seeks to establish, so that even the lowest view that can be taken of the authorship of the Gospels — what the most skeptical inquirers have been obliged to admit upon this point — is absolutely fatal to his whole doctrine. Confining himself strictly, then, to an examination of the testimony as it is found upon the record, and putting aside the question who gave that testimony, the opinions which he maintains come directly in conflict with those of Mr. Greenleaf. The cool and clear-headed jurist and the German mystical doctor are brought face to face.

We shall not enter into any detailed examination of a work now so widely known as the Life of Jesus by Strauss. Criticisms upon it in his own country have been multiplied almost without end; replies and rejoinders have flown thick, and he who lists may read them. We have little taste for a controversy in which the opposing parties usually seem more anxious to display their own learning, ingenuity, and dialec-

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tical skill, than to establish or refute the great subject at issue. In this gladiatorial play, Strauss is a dexterous opponent. He has an abundant share of learning, great acuteness, can shift his ground skilfully, and weave strange theories out of air as cunningly as his neighbours. But he shows an utter lack of judgment, and of those clear and comprehensive views by which great minds detect almost by intuition the fallacy of a doctrine seemingly supported by an imposing array of arguments. He wastes great industry and erudition, and all the finer powers of his mind, in an attempt to support a hypothesis which the first glance of a sound thinker detects as utterly untenable. There is a crack somewhere; he who appears to the world as a scholar and a philosopher commits mistakes of judgment in which he may be corrected by a child. Ordinary people describe the case well, when they say that the person has genius, but no common sense. He may be a very agreeable speculatist, but is a most unsafe guide in the search after truth. Strauss has all the defects which are apt to belong to the recluse student of theology and metaphysics, and these are heightened and exaggerated by the theorizing tendency and the wildness of speculation so common among his countrymen. A plain and detailed statement of his doctrine is enough to confute it as the most improbable of infidel hypotheses. It may be opposed, if we mistake not, by fundamental objections in the outset, so as to render any regular examination of the tissue of arguments brought to support it quite unnecessary; though it is the length and particularity of these, and the perverse ingenuity and misapplied learning displayed in them, which have given the work its whole notoriety. It appears like a complex and curiously devised machine, which has no defect except that it will not work.

We shall gain a better view of the insuperable difficulties lying at the threshold of this theory, by attending first to some points suggested by the preliminary observations of Mr. Greenleaf. The first question is, Why skepticism is so much more busy with the gospel narrative than with all profane history, though the latter be of events contemporaneous with those recorded in that narrative, or even long anterior to them. What principle will enable us to reject the truth of the Gospels, considered merely as records of events,

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which will not also require us to consider the annals of the world as one universal blank, down, at least, to the reign of Tiberius? If we will not believe Matthew and Luke, how can we trust Thucydides and Tacitus? No one will dare to say that these historians show more of honesty, candor, and an apparent disposition to tell the truth, than must be ascribed on the best internal evidence to the four Evangelists. Then why is the narrative of the deeds and the crucifixion of our Saviour unworthy of credit, if the story of the exploits and the assassination of Julius Cæsar be not also fabulous? The Christian may fearlessly invite the comparison of external testimony that is here indicated; and we dwell upon it the more readily, because it has been too much left out of sight by the particular class of scholars who have most considered this subject, and who have unwittingly contributed to making a useless and injurious separation of sacred from profane history. We pass over the theologian and the philosopher, therefore, to address this question directly to the professed historian. Let him separate, if he can, the history of the origin of Christianity from that of the destruction of the Roman republic; that is, let him show sufficient difference in the external testimony — for with this alone we are concerned at present — to be a valid reason for rejecting the one and accepting the other.

Let us look for a moment at the relative weight of proof in the two cases, confining our attention to a few centuries immediately preceding or following the commencement of the Christian era. How many events in the profane history of this period are now universally admitted on the testimony of a single historian, though he could not have been an eyewitness of a thousandth part of them; while, in the case of the gospel narrative, we find distinct and harmonious records by four individuals, each marked by striking peculiarities of style and manner, and all agreeing as to all essential points, two of them appearing to have been direct observers of the facts which they narrate, and all brought by irrefragable evidence within a very few years, at the utmost, of the time when these events occurred! Is it said that incidental allusions in the contemporaneous literature of the period confirm most of the facts mentioned by the profane historians? But the narratives of the Evangelists have also a great amount of collateral testimony, in the shape of numerous

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epistles, written at the same period, addressed both to individuals and to large societies, making frequent allusion to these facts, even placing particular stress upon them, and betokening throughout a state of things which is totally inexplicable unless these facts did really occur. It will generally be admitted, we suppose, that Paul was a real, historical personage, quite as much so as Cicero. Not the most fanciful author of hypotheses, not even a German theorist upon history, has yet ventured to allegorize *him* into a mythical character. We are acquainted with all the chief incidents of his life, with the story of his conversion, his journeyings, his imprisonments, his shipwreck, — the account of the latter being undoubtedly written, if internal evidence can decide any thing, by an eyewitness and fellow-sufferer with him. We study the development of his peculiar and strongly marked intellect and disposition in his numerous writings, and thereby gain as clear an idea of the individuality of his character, as distinct a portrait of him, as we have of any personage in all Greek and Roman history. He was a highly educated man, a lawyer, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an impetuous and eloquent orator, an acute and fervid reasoner, a person as little likely to be deceived by any vulgar rumors about marvellous events occurring in his own age and neighbourhood as a shrewd, honest, and able lawyer of our own day. He was a contemporary of the events in question, an intimate associate and friend of the disciples of our Lord, of the honest and impetuous Peter, and the meek, loving, and saint-like John, the very men before whose eyes these wonderful occurrences took place, who were even actors and participators in them, and who were now constantly suffering outrage and persecution, both from the government and the mob, because they steadfastly maintained the truth of their accounts. *What motive had these men to deceive? and how likely was Paul, considering how he was related to them by his education, character, and previous pursuits, to be deceived by them?* They were poor Jewish fishermen, quite unlearned according to the fashions of this world; and he was a man of education and acknowledged ability, of high repute and good station in the community, and employed in business of importance by the government. How often must he have talked over with them, as they journeyed and counselled together, the story

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of our Lord's life, his character, his acts of beneficence and power, his discourses and parables, his sufferings, death, and resurrection! And how numerous, in his speeches and writings, are his allusions to these things, — to the meekness and gentleness of Christ, to his teachings and the wonderful deeds which he performed, to his crucifixion and the fact that God raised him from the dead! *Allusion* is the proper word, for in most cases he evidently presupposes a knowledge of all these facts by the individuals and large societies of men whom he addressed, — all contemporaries, be it observed, like himself, of the events whereof he speaks. We know how steadfast was his own faith in them, for they moulded and controlled his whole life, occupations, and destiny. And the crowning act was not wanting; *he died in attestation of his belief.*

Continuing this parallel between sacred and profane history, it may be urged in behalf of the latter, that, as it relates to kings, nations, armies, and governments, the facts recorded in it were of universal notoriety, and of such magnitude and importance that they left a deep imprint, as it were, on the annals of the world, and shaped and colored all subsequent events in the records of nations, so that to question their reality would be an act of silly affectation. Very well; how stands it with the history of our religion in this particular? The establishment of Christianity, viewed merely in the extent and momentous character of its external results, is the great fact in the history of the world, and from the time of Tiberius to the present day this history is an inexplicable enigma without it. And how clearly can we trace its early annals, and show the marvellous and — in all but one view — unaccountable rapidity of its progress, till it became thus established and coextensive with the Roman dominion! Within the lifetime of the contemporaries of its founder, it had become extensively known throughout the fairest and most civilized provinces of Rome. Besides the incidental evidence of this fact, derived from the travels and writings of Paul and the other apostles, we have the distinct testimony of two of the most trustworthy Roman historians, Pliny and Tacitus, both belonging to the first century, that in their times men called "Christians" were imprisoned and put to death on account of the obstinacy with which they adhered to their religious faith; and this sect was so

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numerous, that the former writer, in his capacity as governor of a great province, applied to the emperor himself for advice as to the manner in which they should be treated. Of course, many of the persons thus punished had probably received the facts of the gospel history directly from the apostles. In fact, some of the apostles themselves must have been included in their number. In the next century, the new religion spread so widely, that the acts and writings of its adherents and opposers occupy a conspicuous place in the history and literature of the age. But little more than three hundred years after the birth of its founder, the first Christian emperor swayed the sceptre over most of the civilized world. Manuscripts of the Gospels written in his day are even now extant, and may be consulted by the curious. How closely the history of this progress of the Church is connected with the truth of the personal incidents related of our Saviour appears from the institution of the Eucharist, mention of which is found everywhere in the annals of our religion ever since its birth. We have a vague account of it even from Pliny, such as we suppose might come by rumor to the ears of a haughty Roman magistrate. Thus a slight and — to a mere worldly view — very insignificant event in the life of Christ, his supping together with his disciples on the night in which he was betrayed, may claim as great an amount of evidence of its authenticity as can be awarded to any event in Greek or Roman history. The fact, that a few poor Jews met together one night at table in a provincial city, more than eighteen hundred years ago, appears on the page of history in a broader blaze of light than surrounds any one incident in the life of an emperor of the Roman world.

Once more, is it said that the discrepancies in the accounts of the several narrators make sacred history more open to skepticism than profane? To one who has the slightest tincture of historical knowledge we should hardly deem it necessary to answer this question. The discrepancies in question never would have appeared, if the accounts had not been, for the age, of wholly unparalleled minuteness; nor would they ever have seemed of any importance, if the doctrinal zeal of theologians had not obscured the subject by their theory of verbal inspiration. The alleged discrepancies are such as these: — that what occurred, as one Evangelist

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says, at the *sixth* hour, according to another took place at the *third*; that Matthew affirms that Mary anointed the *head* of Jesus, while John says it was his *feet*; that the inscription on the cross of Christ, according to all the Gospels, contained the phrase, "the King of the Jews," but the accounts differ as to three other words which were added to this phrase; that Mark declares the women at the sepulchre saw *one* man *sitting* clothed in white, while Luke says "*two* men *stood* by them in shining garments." And what contradictory accounts are found in secular history that can be paralleled with these, we will not say for magnitude, but for insignificance? It is useless to refer to such instances, scattered all over ancient history, as the accounts of the Roman campaigns given by Livy and Polybius, which in many particulars are utterly irreconcilable with each other; for these, unlike the cases cited from the Gospels, are of some substantive importance, so as seriously to affect the character of the historians for information or veracity. We will rather come down to the full light of modern times, in which one great source of contrariety of accounts, the corruption of manuscripts, is entirely done away. And here we borrow from Professor Greenleaf.

"Dr. Paley has noticed the contradiction between Lord Clarendon and Burnet and others in regard to Lord Stafford's execution; the former stating that he was condemned to be hanged, which was done on the same day; and the latter all relating that on a Saturday he was sentenced to the block, and was beheaded on the following Monday. Another striking instance of discrepancy has since occurred, in the narratives of the different members of the royal family of France, of their flight from Paris to Varennes, in 1792. These narratives, ten in number, and by eyewitnesses and personal actors in the transactions they relate, contradict each other, some on trivial and some on more essential points, but in every case in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." * — pp. 37, 38.

* "See the Quarterly Review, vol. xxviii. p. 465. These narrators were, the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, the two Messrs. De Bouillè, the Duc de Choiseul, his servant, James Brissac, Messrs. De Damas and Deslons, two of the officers commanding detachments on the road, Messrs. De Moustier and Valori, the garde du corps who accompanied the king, and finally M. De Fontanges, archbishop of Toulouse, who, though not himself a party to the transaction, is supposed to have written from the information of the queen. An earlier instance of similar discrepancy is

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Speaking of the alleged discrepancies in the reports by the several Evangelists of the same discourses of our Lord, Mr. Greenleaf further observes: —

"Far greater discrepancies can be found in the different reports of the same case, given by the reporters of legal judgments, than are shown among the evangelists; and yet we do not consider them as detracting from the credit of the reporters, to whom we still resort with confidence, as to good authority. Some of these discrepancies seem utterly irreconcilable. Thus, in a case, 45 Edw. III. 19, where the question was upon a gift of lands to J. de C., with Joan, the sister of the donor, and to their heirs, Fitzherbert (tit. *Tail*, 14) says it was adjudged fee simple, and not frankmarriage; Statham (tit. *Tail*) says it was adjudged a gift in frankmarriage; while Brook (tit. *Frankmarriage*) says it was not decided. (Vid. 10 Co. 118.) Others are irreconcilable, until the aid of a third reporter is invoked. Thus, in the case of Cooper *v.* Franklin, Croke says it was not decided, but adjourned; (Cro. Jac. 100); Godbolt says it was decided in a certain way, which he mentions; (Godb. 269); Moor also reports it as decided, but gives a different account of the question raised; (Moor, 848); while Bulstrode gives a still different report of the judgment of the court, which he says was delivered by Croke himself. But by his account it further appears that the case was previously twice argued; and thus it at length results that the other reporters relate only what fell from the court on each of the previous occasions. Other similar examples may be found in 1 Dougl. 6, n. compared with 5 East, 475, n., in the case of Galbraith *v.* Neville; and in that of Stoughton *v.* Reynolds, reported by Fortescue, Strange, and in Cases temp. Hardwicke. (See 3 Barnw. & Ald. 247, 248.) Indeed, the books abound in such instances." — p. 39.

Another curious instance may be taken from the history of our own country. It may be presumed that the history of the battle of Bunker's hill has been as carefully studied, and is now as correctly known, as that of any incident in the

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mentioned by Sully. After the battle of Aumale, in which Henry the Fourth was wounded, when the officers were around the king's bed, conversing upon the events of the day, there were not two who agreed in the recital of the most particular circumstances of the action. D'Aubigné, a contemporary writer, does not even mention the king's wound, though it was the only one he ever received in his life. See Memoirs of Sully, Vol. I. p. 245. If we treated these narratives as skeptics would have us treat those of the sacred writers, what evidence should we have of any battle at Aumale, or of any flight to Varennes?"

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war of our Revolution. Numerous accounts of it have been published by those who were present in the fight; the official reports of the commanding officers are in print; letters are extant that were written the day after it happened, by persons in the immediate vicinity, to their friends at a distance, giving a particular description of it; and one or two very aged survivors of this memorable conflict still linger in the midst of us. And yet several important points in its history are still undetermined, and probably never will be fully known, for it is impossible to reconcile the several accounts. It is not yet fully settled who commanded the American troops; the time of day at which the assault was made upon the redoubt is not clearly made out within several hours; some deny that General Putnam was even present on the hill, while others affirm that he had the command there; the accounts of General Warren's agency in the fight are very confused and contradictory; the exact position of the Americans who were outside of the fort is not known; nor are the lines ascertained upon which the British thrice advanced to the attack. In 1824, when the corner-stone of the monument on the hill was laid, more than twenty survivors of the battle visited the spot; it was deemed important to take down in writing the separate testimony of every one of them, in the hope of doing something to remove the contradictions and uncertainties in the previous accounts. And what was the result? Instead of contributing to clear away confusion and doubt, this mass of new testimony only added to the number of the conflicting stories, so that all the papers were condemned as useless, and committed to the flames.

That we may not be charged with having chosen a very remarkable and unparalleled instance, we will briefly refer our readers to the very similar case of the battle of Lexington. They may not be generally aware that it is not even known *where* this battle was fought, — that is, in which town British blood was first shed. On this account, a grave controversy arose about twenty years ago, whether it should be called the battle of Lexington or of Concord. To settle the matter, about a dozen survivors of the fight — gray-headed, honest old veterans, who could not be even suspected of an intention to deceive — were examined on oath, and their testimony was published. Their affidavits *did* settle it;

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about an equal number of them on each side proved incontestably that British blood was *first* shed *both* in Lexington and Concord.

Those who have not closely studied single points in history may be astonished by these examples; but the wonder may very easily be explained away. The great curiosity of posterity about events which did not seem so very important when they occurred, while their consequences have been very momentous, wholly changing the condition of a great people, and intimately affecting the political affairs of most civilized nations, has caused the history of them to be studied with great *minuteness*. It is the accumulation of testimony on single and minute points, which gives rise to all these contradictions and doubts. The discrepancies in the accounts of these two revolutionary battles would never have been heard of, if the insurrection had been crushed in the outset, so as to occupy as small a space in the world's history as the account of an Irish or a Canadian rebellion. Look at the matter in another point of view, and the importance of these discrepancies dwindles away almost to nothing. All the important points, all the great features, all that is really and intrinsically valuable to the student of history, of the battles of Lexington and Bunker's hill are perfectly well known; they are as clear as the sun in the heavens. If we look to more recent history for an account of some battle the political consequences of which may be compared in importance with those of the two here referred to, there is perhaps the single instance of Waterloo; and here we find the same accumulation of minute accounts, and the consequent almost interminable list of doubts and contradictions. Those who please may examine and try to reconcile the French, English, and Prussian reports of the battle; but some persons have given up the attempt in despair.

What would be thought of the honesty or the sanity of some grave doctor, who should write a huge book, bringing together with immense industry all these varying accounts, placing all the acknowledged discrepancies in the strongest light, and fairly inventing others by excessively minute criticism, and thus attempt to prove that the whole story of the American Revolution was a *myth*; that the supposed incidents in it are nothing but old poetical legends, which have sprung out of the well known *inventive* disposition of the

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Americans, and of their intense desire to be independent of Great Britain ; that Captain Parker, Colonel Prescott, General Warren, and General Putnam are all fabulous personages ; that possibly a struggle may at some time or other have taken place between the Colonists and the mother country, but we know nothing about it, and never can know any thing ; and that probably the American provinces still remain subject to the British crown ? Our readers may think that we are here verging upon caricature ; but they may be assured that we have too deep a sense of the awful importance of our main subject, and — we must add — too contemptuous an opinion of Dr. Strauss as a reasoner or a judge, to stoop to any such unworthy artifice as that of ludicrous exaggeration of his theory. Our illustration, it is true, does not do justice to his hypothesis ; yet only because it falls below, instead of exaggerating, its prodigious absurdity. Here are three thick octavos, all occupied with a most minutely critical examination of a history which, if printed at large, would not fill a third part of one of the volumes. And the larger portion of this space is devoted to an exposition of real or supposed inconsistencies in the accounts of the four Evangelists. If this enumeration of discrepancies were expunged, the remainder of the work would not deserve notice, for it contains nothing that is either novel or true. Such an attempt at criticism may be compared to a tediously complete examination of some vast object with a compound microscope, the lenses of which are so striated and colored that not a ray of light finds its way through them without distortion or stain.

For what, we ask again, is the nature and importance of these discrepancies, and how far do they affect the credibility of the narrators ? The gospel history, eighteen hundred years old, contains a biography of one person, but dwells chiefly upon his actions and discourses during a small portion of his life ; nearly all of it relates to a period of only three years and a half, and a good portion gives the history of but one week. There are four distinct accounts, claiming to be by as many biographers, all dwelling chiefly upon the same periods of time, and occupied in the main with the same discourses and events. The authors are evidently simple and unlearned ; but their honesty, frankness, and willingness to state the truth are so conspicuous on the face of their writings, even if they were not attested, as most persons believe, in such an

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affecting manner by the latter part of their lives, that even Dr. Strauss ventures but very seldom and very faintly to charge them with an intent to deceive. They seldom speak of themselves, and only in one or two cases do they write in the first person ; they record only the acts and sayings of their beloved master and friend. The story is told with amazing simplicity and minuteness, — the mere fragments of his life and conversation, a short dialogue on the road, a walk through the cornfields, a remark made at the supper-table, being all chronicled with the particularity which strong affection and the unspeakable importance of the subject to the whole human race justify and require. There is not a work or a fragment of ancient biography extant, claiming to be authentic, which makes any approach to such minuteness. And now, judging by the examples just given, what various and conflicting statements may we not reasonably expect to find in four such narratives ? If we decide only by comparison with modern history, with the most authentic and careful accounts of recent events, we should hardly expect to gain more than a general notion of the leading incidents in the life, and a tolerably fair idea of the character, of the subject of biography, — all to be made out from a mass of glaring discrepancies in the more minute and particular statements. But what we *do* find is a harmony among these records which, under the circumstances, is perfectly amazing ; for the discrepancies apparent at first sight, and all reconcilable with each other with but little violence, hardly amount to specks on a broad and bright surface. We have given a fair specimen of them, — putting the third hour for the sixth, anointing the head instead of the feet, the omission of three words in an inscription, and the like. We will take one or two more instances in Strauss's own words.

" The first two evangelists agree in stating that Jesus, when walking by the sea of Galilee, called, first, the two brothers Andrew and Peter, and, immediately after, James and John, to forsake their fishing-nets, and to follow him (Matt. iv. 18 – 22 ; Mark i. 16 – 20). The fourth evangelist also narrates (i. 35 – 51) how the first disciples came to attach themselves to Jesus, and among them we find Peter and Andrew, and, in all probability, John, for it is generally agreed that the nameless companion of Andrew was that ultimately favorite apostle. James is absent from this account, and, instead of his vocation, we have that

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of Philip and Nathanael. But even when the persons are the same, all the particulars of their meeting with Jesus are variously detailed. In the two synoptical Gospels, the scene is the coast of the Galilean sea; in the fourth, Andrew, Peter, and their anonymous friend, unite themselves to Jesus in the vicinity of the Jordan; Philip and Nathanael, on the way from thence into Galilee. In the former, again, Jesus in two instances calls a pair of brothers; in the latter, it is first Andrew and his companion, then Peter, and anon Philip and Nathanael, who meet with Jesus. But the most important difference is this: while, in Matthew and Mark, the brethren are called from their fishing immediately by Jesus; in John, nothing more is said of the respective situations of those who were summoned, than that they *come*, and *are found*, and Jesus himself calls only Philip; Andrew and his nameless companion being directed to him by the Baptist, Peter brought by Andrew, and Nathanael by Philip." — *Strauss*, Vol. II., pp. 51, 52.

Compare this "most important difference" with the instances of Generals Putnam and Warren at Bunker's hill, and consider in which case absolute exactness of statement could most reasonably have been expected.

"We have hitherto examined only two accounts of the vocation of Peter and his companions; there is a third given by Luke (v. 1 – 11.) I shall not dilate *on the minor points* [!!] of difference between his narrative and that of the first two evangelists; *the essential distinction* is, that in Luke the disciples do not, as in Matthew and Mark, unite themselves to Jesus on a simple invitation, but in consequence of a plentiful draught of fishes, to which Jesus has assisted Simon!" — *Strauss*, Vol. II., pp. 61, 62.

We will do no injustice to Dr. Strauss by our mode of quotation, but honestly confess that the Italics and marks of admiration here are our own.

These are among the more striking instances of contradiction which are detected by our critic. The lighter ones, which are still subjected to very sharp comment, are such as these: — Matthew says that Simon Peter once resided in Capernaum, while John declares that Bethsaida was "the city of Andrew and Peter"; — both accounts may be true. According to Matthew, Jesus "went up into a mountain" before he preached his famous sermon; Luke says that "he *came down* and stood in the plain" ["*upon a level place*" is the correct translation]; — there is no *alarming* discrepancy here. Luke speaks of "Simon called Zelotes,"

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who is termed by Matthew "Simon the Canaanite," both wishing to distinguish him from Simon Peter. In another case, by an unlucky omission of a surname, "Matthew the publican," as he is termed in one place, appears as "Levi the son of Alpheus, sitting at the receipt of custom" (the employment of a publican), in another. Of course, omissions by one Evangelist of what is related by another are considered as destroying the credit of both. "Matthew mentions two instances in which a league with Beelzebub was imputed to Jesus, and a sign demanded from him; circumstances which in Mark and Luke happen only once." "It is *suspicious*, that the demoniac who gives occasion to the assertion of the Pharisees is in both instances dumb." Matthew's report of the sermon on the mount is rejected because it contains more than Luke's; and Luke's is evidently false, since it contains less than Matthew's. Another discourse, reported with literal agreement by two of the narrators, shows that they are neither of them independent witnesses, but must have stolen the report from some anonymous old record not now extant. In fine, Dr. Strauss has but two principles of criticism to be applied to a comparison of the four Gospels with each other, but these are tolerably comprehensive. First, if two accounts of the same event agree with verbal accuracy, neither of them is genuine; secondly, if they differ in the slightest particular, both are false. If the careful and exact application of these two rules to every line written by the Evangelists does not disprove the gospel history, it is very evident that it never can be disproved.

But our readers have probably had enough of the infidel argument, so far as it is founded upon disagreements among the several historical records of our religion. And as this is the last point in a comparative view of the testimony and arguments adduced to prove respectively the sacred and the profane history of a few centuries coming nearest to the birth of Christ, we recur to the original question, — Why is it that the truth of the latter is universally taken for granted, while that of the former is so frequently assailed? There can be but one answer, — *the extraordinary character of the events narrated.* This is the only ground of distinction, and we fully admit that it is a proper one so far as it goes. The whole question between the Christian and the infidel — in this case, between Professor Greenleaf and Dr. Strauss — is reduced

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to this : — *Is a narrative of miraculous occurrences, properly so called, under all circumstances, intrinsically incredible ?* We must distinctly note progress at this stage in the argument, and prevent the unbeliever from playing his old trick of continually shifting his ground, and changing the issue. He must not diversify his reasoning against miracles in the abstract with continued allusions to insufficient testimony, vague rumors, and unauthentic records. It has been conclusively shown, if we mistake not, that, for the period in question, the mere external evidence vastly preponderates in favor of the sacred record, so that, before it can be rejected on this ground alone, we must apply the sponge to all Greek and Roman history ; and from this conclusion it may be presumed that even a German critic will shrink. Niebuhr himself would shudder at such thorough-going skepticism.

In fact, we have a tacit admission of this point by the latest and most accomplished school of infidels, the German critics themselves, — an admission vouched by the appearance of this work of Dr. Strauss, and by the whole class of publications to which it belongs. The existence of the sacred records with such a body of external evidence in their favor, whatever may be the improbability of their contents, is a phenomenon that must be accounted for in some way. If they be rejected on internal grounds alone, and not even a plausible explanation be offered of the fact that they are found supported by such a mass of outward proofs, the very basis of history is shaken. The writings of Xenophon and Thucydides, of Polybius and Tacitus, considered as throwing light upon the past annals of mankind, might as well have shared the fate of the lost decades of Livy, if the external evidence in their favor is not worth a straw. The critical historians of Germany are perfectly aware of this difficulty ; and those of them who deny the truth of Christianity, and the metaphysicians who assert the absolute incredibility of miracles, have been occupied for more than half a century in framing all sorts of systems and hypotheses in order to account for this stubborn fact, — the present existence of the four Gospels, and of so many collateral proofs of their genuineness and authenticity. The task of the infidel is not merely negative. If he would make converts to unbelief, he must be able not only to demolish the walls and other exterior defences of the fortress, but to show how they were ever con-

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structed, whence came the materials, and what is the secret of that imposing strength which has enabled them for nearly two thousand years to defy the assaults of time and the Devil. How successful have they been in this latter attempt? Our answer must be a very brief one, and will be confined to a mere glance at the two most prominent systems, the naturalistic scheme of Paulus and the Rationalists, and the mythical theory of Strauss.

The former system gets rid of the principal difficulty by frankly accepting the Gospels as they are, thus acknowledging the evidence in their favor to be irresistible; but it explains away all their contents. The world has been mistaken in supposing that these books contain the record of a special revelation from heaven, and the persons who wrote them, the eyewitnesses, though honest, were mistaken, too. Here is nothing supernatural, no inspiration, no miracle; all may be explained by the ordinary operation of the laws of nature. Opening the eyes of the blind was like the modern surgical operation for cataract, only somewhat more rapid. As for making the lame walk, every one knows that this is done nowadays, by cutting the tendons. So, also, the dumb are taught how to speak, in Germany, though the process is rather a tedious one, and the utterance of the patients is somewhat indistinct. Raising the dead is rather remarkable, but persons in modern times have been thought to be dead, and have revived again. Calming the winds and the waves is another difficult case, and we do not know precisely how Jesus did it; probably he magnetized them. Again, the system of ethics and religious doctrine which he preached was remarkably pure for the age, and, considering his situation and advantages, was quite astonishing; but there is no knowing how far good intentions will carry a man. In putting forward the high pretensions which he did, Jesus was an amiable enthusiast, a self-deluded impostor.

As the commentary of Dr. Paulus upon the Scriptures, in which he explains away all the miracles and all the religion in them, is very bulky and erudite, many pages being devoted to a consideration of each case, we have not been able, in our brief limits, to present his explanation of the wonderful works of our Lord with much exactness. But we have faithfully indicated the general character of the theory, and the peculiar kind of speculation by which it must be carried

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out. As he evidently is not inspired to frame hypothetical explanations of this sort better than any body else, any of our readers who feel inclined may take a copy of the Gospels, and apply to it this mode of interpretation so as to suit themselves. We have no doubt that they will produce explanations of this sort quite as plausible as any that have been published in Germany. For the latest and highest authority in these matters, Dr. Strauss, is not at all satisfied with the work of Paulus and his followers ; he argues against it strenuously, and sometimes appears inclined even to make fun of it, — the irreverent man. We will see, therefore, what success he has had in forming a theory of his own to be its substitute.

The new theory, which is to "take the place of the antiquated systems of supernaturalism and naturalism," is the *mythical.* Strauss maintains that he possesses at least "one qualification, which eminently fitted him to undertake" the development of this scheme ; "namely, the internal liberation of the feelings and intellect from certain religious and dogmatic presuppositions ; this the author early attained by means of philosophical studies." Observe that the word which furnishes the whole key to the theory is a new-fangled one for modern use, vague and indeterminate, the signification of which may be stretched or restricted at pleasure, so as to suit the purpose in hand. In its most obvious and literal sense, a *myth* is a *fable ;* to say that the life of Jesus is mythical is to affirm that it is a fiction, a lie. But it is an innocent lie ; for a myth is a peculiar kind of fable, an old traditional legend, in which the prevailing ideas of the age have gradually taken form, as it were, and become concrete. In the simplicity and ignorance of ancient times, these abstract ideas assume life and substance, and become particularized in a definite narrative. All the stories of the old Greek mythology, as the name imports, are myths which have been unwittingly fabricated, enlarged, and ornamented by the active fancy of successive generations ; and modern German scholars have sought to translate them back again into the primitive ideas which they represent, and have thereby invented a new science called *Symbolism*, for specimens of which consult Anthon's new Classical Dictionary, *passim.* In this way they have discovered a whole world of knowledge, at least half a dozen new systems of German metaphysics,

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in these old and rather obscene fables about gods and goddesses. Some persons think, that at least as much imagination is shown in the resolution of these fables into their primitive, abstract elements, as was exercised in the original construction of them out of such materials.

The flexible and slippery meaning of this word is a great convenience to a theorist. Strauss often uses it in its lower sense, to signify merely some anonymous narrative or tradition, which probably embraces a considerable nucleus of truth ; and taking for granted, as we have said, that the Gospels are not genuine, but are compilations from some anonymous old manuscripts and from traditions, he very easily shows that they are all mythical. Then a quick transition is made to the higher meaning of myth, designating an entire fable, a mere concretion of abstract ideas, like that of Apollo flaying Marsyas for presuming to contend with him in music, and the Christian records are at once ranked with the more imaginative portions of Homer and Hesiod. And upon this gross and obvious paralogism the whole theory of Strauss is supported. Like criminals before an unjust and ignorant judge, the Gospels are tried upon one law, and condemned upon another. They are accused only of being compiled from unknown sources, or of being partly legendary in character, and the evidence adduced, such as it is, bears upon this point only ; and they are then sentenced, as if convicted of the higher crime, to be placed in the same class with the foul stories of the Greek mythology. Playing upon this double and doubtful meaning of the word *myth*, and searching in the Old Testament and in Rabbinical books for the kind of expectations which the Jews entertained of the coming Messiah, Strauss assumes that these expectations gradually took form, and thickened into the life of a fabulous Christ. His explanation, therefore, of the presence of the gospel record in history turns entirely upon this latter point,—the *Messianic* anticipations of the Jews. He is inconsistent with himself throughout. He argues, for instance, from very slight indications, that a certain narrative is legendary in form, meaning thereby, that for some time it existed only as a tradition, and while in that state, the attendant circumstances, the garb of the story, were perverted and altered. Here he evidently assumes that a real event formed the basis of the history, though he declares it impossible to tell

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what that fact is, or how to separate it from the false accretions. Then a citation from the Hebrew writers, a prophecy or a figure of speech, is adduced as an ideal element which, in the mind of an imaginative people, quickly assumed a narrative form ; and thus we obtain a myth which includes not a vestige of truth. Either or both of these explanations are given of the same passage in the record. The obvious inconsistency between the lofty hopes entertained by the Jews of a Messiah who should be a temporal sovereign and raise their nation to the highest pitch of grandeur and renown, and the story of the meek and lowly Jesus, passing through a life of suffering and persecution to a death on the cross, is either totally disregarded, or frittered away in each case by special pleading.

Let us see what are the marks or criteria by which Dr. Strauss declares that a particular narrative is of a legendary or mythical character. One of his canons we will quote in his own words : — " Wherever we find a narrative which recounts the accomplishment of a long expected event, a strong suspicion must arise, that the narrative owes its origin solely to the preëxistent belief that that event would be accomplished." (Vol. I., p. 266.) As no event can be " long expected," unless there are some pretty decisive reasons for it, the rule amounts to this ; — that, when there were strong antecedent causes which rendered it very probable that a certain occurrence would take place at a particular time, the attested record of history that it did thus happen as expected is probably false ; and conversely, we suppose, if there was no reason at all to look for it, it probably did occur, though it is not recorded in history. Or the canon may be more briefly stated thus, so as to serve for a check on human prudence and foresight : — Expected events are less likely to happen than those which are unexpected. If your house has taken fire, you may reasonably expect, if you stay in it, that you will be burnt up ; but if you run out, and regard the conflagration from a safe distance, any injury happening to you will certainly be unexpected. Therefore, according to Dr. Strauss, you must stay where you are.

On the apparently simple statement of Luke respecting the childhood of our Lord, that he " increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," Dr. Strauss learnedly observes (*ib.* p. 278), that nearly the same thing is

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recorded of Samuel, and, what is quite astonishing, something very like it is said of Samson; hence he sagaciously concludes, that this is "a favorite form of conclusion and transition *in the heroic legend* of the Hebrews." It seems that this legendary and mythical element is more common in history than we had supposed, for we find the same fact narrated of the childhood of many good and distinguished men. Nay, we are seriously alarmed for some excellent young friends of ours, of whom a very similar remark has often been made, lest they should turn out to be only mythical personages after all. It is an ominous fact, of which we were recently assured by one of them, that he had actually grown an inch taller during the past year. His fond parents, to whom he is as yet an entire reality, must hope for the future that, in Hibernian fashion, he will only grow downward, and become more and more stupid every day.

As our readers may hardly believe that Dr. Strauss could show so much critical sagacity in detecting the legendary and fabulous element where one would least expect it, but may think that he reasons upon broader and more obvious grounds than appear in our very brief quotations, we will copy his reasoning upon one case at some length. We will take the simple case of the first visit made by Jesus to the temple, when he was but twelve years old. Our critic here frankly confesses, that "the main part of the incident is thoroughly natural"; and as to the particulars, — "the journey of Jesus when twelve years old, the eagerness for knowledge then manifested by him, and his attachment to the temple, — there is nothing to object negatively, for they contain nothing improbable in itself." But how, then, can we prove that they are mythical, since there is not a shadow of historical evidence against them, and they are also thoroughly natural? Why, thus: — "Their historical truth must become doubtful, if we can show, positively, a strong interest of the legend, out of which the entire narrative, and especially these intrinsically not improbable particulars, might have arisen." That is, our critic applies the canon which we first quoted from him, — that events which are most to be expected are least likely to happen; and if a record be found that they did happen, then they are certainly fabulous. He makes out this point as follows; — and we crave the reader's attention even to the footnotes which accompany the extract, in order that he may do

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justice to the amazing erudition with which these German critics discuss such difficult matters.

"That in the case of great men who in their riper age have been distinguished by mental superiority, the very first presaging movements of their mind are eagerly gleaned, and if they are not to be ascertained historically, are invented under the guidance of probability, is well known. In the Hebrew history and legend especially, we find manifold proofs of this tendency. Thus, of Samuel it is said in the Old Testament itself, that even as a boy he received a divine revelation and the gift of prophecy (1 Sam. iii.), and with respect to Moses, on whose boyish years the Old Testament narrative is silent, a subsequent tradition, followed by Josephus and Philo, had striking proofs to relate of his early development. As in the narrative before us Jesus shows himself wise beyond his years; so this tradition attributes a like precocity to Moses;* as Jesus, turning away from the idle tumult of the city in all the excitement of festival time, finds his favorite entertainment in the temple among the doctors; so the boy Moses was not attracted by childish sports, but by serious occupation, and very early it was necessary to give him tutors, whom, however, like Jesus in his twelfth year, he quickly surpassed.†

"According to Jewish custom and opinion, the twelfth year formed an epoch in development to which especial proofs of awakening genius were the rather attached, because in the twelfth year, as with us in the fourteenth, the boy was regarded as having outgrown the period of childhood.‡ Accordingly it was believed of Moses, that in his twelfth year he left the house of his father to become an independent organ of the divine revelations.§ The Old Testament leaves it uncertain how early the gift of prophecy was imparted to Samuel, but he was said by a later tradition to have prophesied from his twelfth year; || and in

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* Joseph. Antiq. ii. ix. 6.

† Philo, de Vita Mosis, Opp. ed. Mangey, Vol. 2. p. 83 f. *οὐχ οἷα κομιδῆ νήπιος ἤδετο τωθασμοῖς καὶ γέλωσι καὶ παιδιαῖς — ἀλλ' αἰδοῖ καὶ σεμνότητα παραφαίνων, ἀποὺσμασι καὶ θεάμασιν, ἃ τὴν ψυχὴν ἔμελλεν ὠφελήσειν προσείχε. διδάσκαλοι δ' εὐθὺς, ἀλλαχόθεν ἄλλος, παρῆσαν· — ὧν ἐν οὐ μακρῷ χρόνῳ τὰς δυνάμεις ὑπερέβαλεν, εὐμοιρίᾳ φύσεως φθάνων τὰς ὑφηγήσεις.*

‡ Chagiga, ap. Wetstein, in loc. *A XII anno filius censetur maturus.* So Joma f. lxxxii. 1, Berachoth f. xxiv. 1; whereas Bereschith Rabba, lxiii., mentions the 13th year as the critical one.

§ Schemoth R. ap. Wetstein: *Dixit R. Chama: Moses duodenarius avulsus est a domo patris sui, etc.*

|| Joseph. Antiq. v. x. 4: *Σαμούηλος δὲ πεπληρωκὼς ἔτος ἤδη δωδέκατον, προεφήτευε.*

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like manner the wise judgments of Solomon and Daniel (1 Kings iii. 23 ff. Susann. 45 ff.) were supposed to have been given when they were only twelve.* If in the case of these Old Testament heroes, the spirit that impelled them manifested itself, according to common opinion, so early as in their twelfth year, it was argued that it could not have remained longer concealed in Jesus ; and if Samuel and David showed themselves at that age in their later capacity of divinely inspired seers, Solomon in that of a wise ruler, so Jesus at the corresponding period in his life must have shown himself in the character to which he subsequently established his claim, that, namely, of the Son of God and Teacher of Mankind. It is, in fact, the obvious aim of Luke to pass over no epoch in the early life of Jesus, without surrounding him with divine radiance, with significant prognostics of the future; in this style he treats his birth, mentions the circumcision at least emphatically, but above all avails himself of the presentation in the temple. There yet remained according to Jewish manners one epoch, the twelfth year, with the first journey to the passover; how could he do otherwise than, following the legend, adorn this point in the development of Jesus as we find that he has done in his narrative ? and how could we do otherwise than regard his narrative as a legendary embellishment of this period in the life of Jesus,† from which we learn nothing of his real development,‡ but merely something of the exalted notions which were entertained in the primitive church of the early ripened mind of Jesus ? " — Vol. I., pp. 279 – 282.

We will leave it to any unprejudiced reader, whether Strauss has not made out, from the customs and opinions of

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* Ignat. ep. (interpol.) ad Magnes. c. iii.: Σολομῶν δὲ — δωδεκαετὴς βασιλεύσας, τὴν φοβερὰν ἐκείνην καὶ δυσερμήνευτον ἐπὶ ταῖς γυναιξὶ κρίσιν ἕνεκα τῶν παιδίων ἐποιήσατο. — Δανιὴλ ὁ σοφὸς δωδεκαετὴς γέγονε κάτοχος τῷ θείῳ πνεύματι, καὶ τοὺς μάτην τὴν πολιὰν φέροντας πρεσβύτας συκοφάντας καὶ ἐπιθυμητὰς ἀλλοτρίου κάλλους ἀπήλεγξε. *But Solomon, ... being king at the age of twelve years, gave that terrible and profound judgment between the women with respect to the children. . . . . Daniel, the wise man, when twelve years old, was possessed by the divine spirit, and convicted those calumniating old men who, carrying gray hairs in vain, coveted the beauty that belonged to another.* This, it is true, is found in a Christian writing, but on comparing it with the above data, we are led to believe that it was drawn from a more ancient Jewish legend.

† This Kaiser has seen, Bibl. Theol. 1, 234.

‡ Neither do we learn what Hase (Leben Jesu § 37) supposes to be conveyed in this narrative, namely, that, as it exhibits the same union with God that constituted the idea of the later life of Jesus, it is an intimation that his later excellence was not the result of conversion from youthful errors, but of the uninterrupted development of his freedom.

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the Jews, a strong antecedent probability of such an incident in the life of Jesus. And how, then, according to the canon, and as the Doctor rather triumphantly asks, at the close of the extract, "how could we do otherwise than regard his [Luke's] narrative [the express record that the incident did take place] as a legendary embellishment of this period in the life of Jesus, from which we learn nothing?" The extract further shows a peculiarity in the opinions of Dr. Strauss which is worth noticing. He believes that those who have approved themselves in their mature years as wise and good men, who have been eminent and excellent kings, lawgivers, or prophets, cannot have shown any marks either of grace or greatness in their childhood. He does not allow, with Wordsworth, that the child is father of the man; stories about early goodness or a precocious intellect he cannot away with; they are improbable legends and myths, and no such persons as those to whom they relate ever existed. This is a peculiar opinion, and doubtless a very profound one, as we can see no reason for it. Is it possible, that the learned critic himself, while yet a boy, was remarkable either for obtuseness of intellect, or as a graceless little vagabond? We need not apologize for a question which, upon the converse of Dr. Strauss's own principle, is a very complimentary one.

We will now pass to another set of rules, relating not to the matter, but to the form, of the narrative, which will assist us in distinguishing the legendary from the true. "Among the reproaches which modern [German] criticism has heaped on the Gospel of Matthew, a prominent place has been given to its want of individualized and dramatic life." (Vol. II., p. 189.) And certainly, continues Dr. Strauss, "when we read the indefinite designation of times, places, and persons" by this Evangelist, — when we remember his "wholesale statements," and "the barrenness and brevity of many isolated narratives," we must conclude that "Matthew's whole narrative resembles a record of events which, before they were committed to writing, had been long current in oral tradition, and had thus lost the impress of particularity and minuteness." But the other sacred historians, especially Mark and John, are remarkable for the dramatic and lifelike character of their narrations, and for lively and minute descriptions of particular incidents. "This is the actual fact," says our critic, with great candor and decision,

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"and it ought not to be any longer evaded." But does this opposite quality make it any the more probable that their accounts are not legendary and fabulous? Not at all; and here follows the general *dictum* of Strauss, to which we crave attention proportioned to its importance.

"It is important to bear in mind that tradition has two tendencies: the one, to sublimate the concrete into the abstract, the individual into the general; the other, not less essential, to substitute arbitrary fictions for the historical reality which is lost."— Vol. II., p. 191.

Verily, this "tradition" is a queer thing; for it has the power of changing white into black, and black into white, with equal facility and quickness. The rule is a very convenient and comprehensive one; for the first branch of it has enabled our critical judge to rule Matthew out of court, and the second part authorizes him to exclude Mark, Luke, and John, also. He accordingly proceeds, on page 193, to affirm with great complacency and decision, that "the three last Evangelists owe the dramatic effect in which they surpass Matthew to the embellishments of a more mature tradition." We perceive, then, that tradition is like Penelope at her web; she has alternate fits of laboriously cancelling her work — the particularity of narrations — and then doing it all over again. Matthew found the whimsical dame in one of her destructive moods, and she gave him only a blurred sheet. The other three historians came soon afterwards, and the fickle lady handed them a painting in which all the colors and outlines appear with startling vividness and effect, and the whole story is told with wonderful distinctness and particularity.

We have room to comment on but one other of these principles of mythical criticism, though sorry to leave a subject on which the acumen and originality of our author appear to so much advantage. We will select the strongest case, — the rule governing the interpretation of "those narratives in which the influence of the legend may be *demonstrated*." It is introduced in commenting on an instance of *discrepancy* to which we have already alluded; that Matthew mentions *two* occasions on which Jesus was charged with being in league with Beelzebub, and a sign was required of him, while Mark and Luke give an account of only *one*. Our critic is much

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troubled by the fact, that the demoniac who gives occasion for this charge "is in both instances *dumb*"; though he immediately adds, in a parenthesis, "in the second only, *blindness* is added." Still, says our author, the fact is "suspicious"; he observes that "demoniacs were of many kinds," and appeared to suffer under "every variety of malady"; and asks, with great anxiety, "Why, then, should the above imputation be not once attached to the cure of another kind of demoniac, but twice to that of a *dumb* one?" We candidly assure Dr. Strauss that we cannot tell; but as dumbness was quite a common manifestation of this prevalent form of insanity, as our Lord cured many demoniacs, and as such a charge was the one most readily prompted by the opinions of the people in that age and place, as a means of doing away with the effect of a wonderful action, perhaps some of our readers, who have known one or two cases of a rather odd coincidence of events in their own experience, may be able to inform him.

But this is not the only difficulty. Our Lord shows the absurdity of such an imputation, and the discourse he utters on this charge is appended by Matthew to the second occasion, — to the cure of a dumb and blind demoniac; Luke reports the same discourse in connection with the cure of a demoniac, of whom it is said only that he was dumb. Hence Dr. Strauss sagaciously infers, that the legend has doubled one and the same incident. Tradition, he thinks, added new circumstances to the story, and as the old form of the legend was handed down together with the new one, "a compiler more conscientious than critical adopted both as distinct histories." Any one but a learned German critic, it is true, would simply say, that Luke describes but one of the two cases, and that one not so fully as Matthew, for he says only that the demoniac was dumb, while Matthew adds that he was blind. As the latter was an eyewitness of the affair, which Luke probably was not, this omission of a slight additional detail does not appear very extraordinary. But Dr. Strauss looks into the matter more profoundly. He finds in this apparently simple affair an important and characteristic trait of legendary or mythical influence, which he enunciates at the close of the section with great precision and earnestness.

"It is in the nature of traditional records, such as the three first Gospels, that one particular should be best preserved in this

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narrative, another in that; so that first one, and then the other, is at disadvantage in comparison with the rest."

This proposition, says our author, has been "but too little regarded." We fear it has been, for its advantages are obvious. Whenever we have two accounts of the same set of occurences, this rule enables us to detect the mythical element in them with great facility, and to any extent. Livy and Polybius, for instance, both wrote narratives of the second Punic war; sometimes the Roman historian has the advantage, and sometimes the Greek; therefore they both compiled their accounts from tradition, and the history of Hannibal's campaign in Italy is a mere myth.

We crave pardon of our readers for a lighter strain of remark in the last few pages than may seem to be proper for the occasion and the subject. While examining only the prominent features, the general characteristics, of this infidel hypothesis, however silly and unreasonable it may appear, a regard for the topic to which it relates enables one to review it with becoming seriousness. But when we descend to particulars, to the absurd application of an absurd theory, the exhibitions of the author's elaborate folly become so ludicrous, that "to be grave exceeds all power of face." We will take refuge once more in a higher region, and in more comprehensive views.

Heroic legends and myths belong only to the infancy of society. A system of mythology properly so called, embodying the religious ideas of a people, can be created only in the faint morning twilight of civilization, and many centuries must elapse before it can acquire form and distinctness. It must be anterior even to the art of writing, for its only source is in the imaginations of bards and minstrels, in songs and ballads preserved only in the memory, liable to perpetual changes and additions, and sung at lofty banquets, or while wandering about the country, by a class of itinerants devoted to this profession alone. Men are exalted into heroes and demigods only when there is not light enough to see their true proportions. Hercules and Theseus, Numa and Egeria, Odin and Thor, are proper mythical personages, gigantic forms seen only in the mist of ignorance, fancy, and superstition, when the songs of wandering bards are the highest intellectual entertainment of a barbarous people. When the art of writing is invented or introduced, this process of formation ceases; written copies can be compared

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with each other, and the additions to the poem or legend by the ever teeming fancy of the minstrels are detected and thrown out as spurious, not having the sacred stamp of antiquity. The formerly fluid elements of mythology curdle into shape, crystallize into rigid forms, and the religion of the people becomes fixed, though their poetry, recognized as such, may continue to advance. Even Homer and Hesiod did not invent their theogony ; the work in great measure was done to their hands. Written copies of their poems contributed to stay the progress of invention in the national religion, and to check and control the imaginations of the bards who came after them. The mythology of the Greeks and Scandinavians, the legendary history of Rome under the kings, may be faintly traced back towards their poetical birthplaces by the light of the traditions embodied in them ; but with the appearance of the first written record, authentic history begins.

And where does Dr. Strauss place *his* mythology, *his* account of the legendary and poetical formation of a new religion ? Just at the close of the Augustan age of Roman literature, when civilization and refinement, in fact, had passed their culminating point, and were just beginning to decline. The fine arts had begun to give way to the more useful; laborious and faithful annalists were taking the place of the more elegant, but perhaps less trustworthy, historians ; diligent observers of nature, like the elder Pliny, critics like Quintilian, ethical philosophers and dramatic poets combined, like Seneca, writers on law, antiquities, husbandry, military tactics and strategy, showed that an age of analytic and minute labor was succeeding to one of inventive genius and original and daring speculation. It was not a credulous, but a skeptical period. Law had become a complex science, and its practice was a distinct and honorable profession. Trials were held and facts investigated by shrewd and wary advocates, in a manner not unlike the sharp practice of our modern courts. The rude sounds of war were heard only on the distant frontiers, for the might of the Roman arms had long been peacefully acknowledged in the provinces and tributary kingdoms nearer the great heart of the empire. The arts, luxuries, and refinement of Rome were rapidly diffused in Judea, especially by the influence of Herod the Great, and were mingled with the indigenous elements of civilization and

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learning. The priesthood and the scribes were bodies of learned and intelligent men ; the luxurious and skeptical sect of the Sadducees alone opposed a strong barrier to the propagation of marvellous stories, or the rise of new superstitions. The people were fanatically attached to their ancient faith, were instructed from infancy in the Hebrew Scriptures, and looked for the august coming of their Messiah, under whom the renewed splendors of a theocratic government should far surpass even the majesty of hated Rome. Think of heroes and demigods, of heroic legends and a wholly novel species of myths, arising among such a race, and in such an age ! "The idea," exclaims the honest and able historian, Dr. Arnold, "the *idea* of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities ! " It would hardly be a greater error in the opposite direction, if we were to talk of locomotives, gaslights, and cotton factories under the reign of Tiberius.

The confusion of ideas which is here exposed, the lack even of a shade of probability in the very elements of Dr. Strauss's theory, is enough to mark it as one of the most signal of all failures in speculation. There was no time for the formation of myths, always a slow process, even if the people and the age had allowed of their construction. The lowest theory of the origin of our four Gospels carries them back to the end of the second, or the beginning of the third century, and holds that they were then compiled from a primitive gospel which had long been in being. The preaching of those who had listened to the apostles themselves, who had received and studied the autograph epistles of Paul and John, who had heard the story of our Saviour's life from those who were fellow-sufferers with him, extended into the beginning of the second century. This primitive gospel, then, must have been in their hands, and could not have survived their day, if they had disclaimed it as unauthentic ; for it assumed to be a record of the origin of their faith. The gospels compiled from it must have been tolerably faithful, if not complete, transcripts ; for the written word admits not of such facile changes and enlargements as tradition. Where, then, is there *any* interval for tradition, in which to make its unconscious forgeries, and to indulge in the marvellous ? How could abstract ideas simulate real events, and assume a narrative form, amid such an array of witnesses, all interested to

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detect the falsity, and to keep pure the faith once delivered to the saints? In truth, the mythical hypothesis has arisen from a total misapprehension even of the theory which denies the genuineness of our present Gospels; Eichhorn's supposition is as fatal to it as the common view, that the Evangelists actually wrote the books which bear their names.

We have finished our brief view of the two most remarkable attempts, made by the most learned and skilful infidels of the present day, to account for the phenomena of the present existence of the four Gospels, and of the religion which is founded upon them, together with the mass of historical evidence in their favor, which exceeds in amount and value all the testimony that can be adduced for the authenticity of Greek and Roman history. It has been proved that these attempts are ludicrous failures, so extravagant in their first aspect, that a reasonable and judicious thinker will not waste his time in a further examination of them. Whatever may be the issue, then, of the subsequent part of the discussion, the historical inquirer must remember that these phenomena lie directly across the path of his future investigations, so that, if he declares the gospel accounts to be incredible, he must give up all confidence in outward testimony as to the fidelity of the past annals of mankind. He may try his hand, if he will, in framing a more plausible scheme for getting rid of the difficulty than that of Paulus or of Strauss; but judging from their experience, he cannot hope for much success in the undertaking.

Before we approach the abstract subject of miracles, a preliminary remark is necessary as to the effect which accounts of miraculous events, even supposing that these are impossible to be believed, should have on the general credibility of the narrator. If these accounts are interspersed in a record of other occurrences, which are in themselves thoroughly probable, are perfectly consistent with each other, and are supported to a reasonable extent by collateral testimony, and if the reputation of the narrator for veracity in all other respects is free from stain, then we affirm that his reputation is not destroyed by these accounts; and for support in this opinion we appeal to the almost unanimous judgment of historical critics. There is hardly one of the old Greek and Roman historians who does not occasionally introduce stories which are thoroughly incredible, so that no person hesitates for a moment in rejecting them. Yet he

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never thinks of rejecting the whole work along with them, though this is precisely the manner in which Strauss and other infidels would have us act.

But we go much farther. If all the conditions just mentioned are fulfilled, and if the account of the miraculous occurrence is by an eyewitness, his narrative of this very event must also be accepted, even if we admit that miracles are inexplicable. The occurrence is complex, embracing several events. He testifies only to the outward facts, to what he heard and saw ; and these facts are not impossible. The miracle consists in the connection of cause and effect between these facts, and this connection is not a matter cognizable by the senses, but is an inference of the understanding. It may be the narrator's inference, — that is, he may declare his belief in the miracle ; but this belief forms no proper part of his testimony as to the outward facts, and therefore must not cause the rejection of that testimony. The inference may even appear to all reasonable persons to be quite irresistible, — that is, they cannot see *how* such events should happen, unless they were related to each other as cause and effect ; but they can easily believe that the mere events themselves *did* happen. If you tell me, that you cannot see *how* a word, uttered even by divine power, should open the eyes of the blind, perhaps I may agree with you ; but if, when many credible persons seriously declare that a man blind at one moment had good use of his eyes at the next, and that they were present at the time and saw the change, you say further that you will not believe them, I shall have no great respect for the soundness of your judgment. To take another case ; it is perfectly credible that a violent storm at sea should be suddenly followed by an entire calm, and that one of the passengers on board a ship should be speaking just at the time when the wind lulled. If one of the other passengers, a sober and truthful person, seriously informs us that this actually happened, we admit the possibility of it, and believe him without hesitation. After we have made this admission, he informs us for the first time, that the words spoken at the critical moment were these : — "Peace ! be still." Is our knowledge of this additional particular to destroy our belief of the other events, which we have just declared to be perfectly credible ? and is it not just as *possible*, in the nature of things, that the passenger should have uttered these words as any other ?

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But as many persons are perplexed in the attempt to distinguish between the action of the understanding and the testimony of the senses in the case of an alleged miracle, another illustration may help to remove the difficulty. It has so happened that we have never seen the automaton chess-player; but several of our friends, whose veracity it would be foolish to question, have assured us that there is such a figure, that they have repeatedly seen it, and examined it closely enough to satisfy themselves that it was a mere piece of machinery, a collection of springs, wheels, and drawers, which had no connection with the floor or with any other portion of the apartment in which it is placed; and that they have often seen this wooden figure play long games of chess, and win them, too, against some of the most accomplished players in the country. We have accepted their testimony, and fully believe that the facts are as they state; but we also believe, — and it is an opinion which fire will not melt out of us, — that mere machinery cannot be made to play successfully the intricate and difficult game of chess, in which the number of possible moves is at least so *near* infinity as wholly to transcend the powers of the numeration-table. It is true that mechanical invention has made vast progress in these modern times, and it is difficult to say where it will stop; but we can more easily believe that in some future age it will succeed in building a railroad from this earth to the sun, than that it will ever be able to construct a wooden figure which will play a good game of chess.

Now, suppose that some acute critic, like Dr. Strauss, who maintains that the narration of an event deemed to be incredible ought to destroy the credit of the narrator, should undertake to rebuke us for the inconsistency of our opinions. He would say it was absurd to admit the narration to be veracious, and the event to be impossible, at the same time; and that we ought at least to show how it was possible, even if the way was not probable, for the thing to be done. We answer, that we did not say the event was "impossible," but only that it was "deemed to be incredible"; and this is all which can be affirmed of the solar railroad, the wooden chess-player, or a miracle; and in this unauthorized substitution of one phrase for another consists the worthy critic's whole difficulty. And we answer, secondly, that *we are not bound to show* HOW it was done, but only to produce good

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reasons for our belief in it. This we have succeeded in doing in the present instance, for Strauss himself will not deny that the account of the automaton is true. To try to limit the confidence reposed in reputable witnesses, or to deny the credibility, in certain cases, of any amount of testimony, not merely by our narrow views of what is possible, but by our power of devising a satisfactory explanation of the *modus operandi*, or of showing *how* the thing is done, is a foolish and groundless assumption. In the case of the chess-player, the judicious observer frankly confesses his ignorance of the mode in which the effect is produced; but he acknowledges at the same time that the inventor of this curious machine has more mechanical skill and ingenuity than himself. As we are not now addressing atheists, we may add, that it becomes the objector to the credibility of narratives containing records of miraculous events to imitate this humility, and to acknowledge that the *supposed* author of miracles is one whose wisdom is inscrutable, and whose ways are past finding out.*

Some of our readers might feel more confidence in the propriety of relying upon human testimony to this extent, if they could see a very able statement of the point, and a legal opinion in favor of its sufficiency in court, pronounced by a sound old lawyer. We will therefore hear Professor Greenleaf.

"In almost every miracle related by the evangelists, the facts, separately taken, were plain, intelligible, transpiring in public, and about which no person of ordinary observation would be

* The point of the argument here, it will be seen, is not to prove the credibility of miracles in the abstract, but merely to show that histories perfectly well attested, and credible in every other respect, are not to be rejected solely because they contain accounts of inexplicable events. Certainly, we are very far from placing the instance of miracles on a par with that of the automaton, which every one knows to be a cheat, though an inexplicable one. We are only illustrating a law of belief, which the sophism of Hume, and the *credulity* of writers like Strauss, has too much kept out of sight. We admit that more testimony is required; the history needs to be better authenticated than if it recorded only simple and natural occurrences. Before the chess-player was exhibited in Europe, if we had seen only an anonymous statement in a newspaper, that such a machine had been invented and exhibited in India, we should not have believed it. But when the testimony of several eyewitnesses, whose veracity is perfectly well known, is added, assent is yielded without any difficulty.

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likely to mistake. Persons blind or crippled, who applied to Jesus for relief, were known to have been crippled or blind for many years; they came to be cured; he spake to them; they went away whole. Lazarus had been dead and buried four days; Jesus called him to come forth from the grave; he immediately came forth, and was seen alive for a long time afterwards. In every case of healing, the previous condition of the sufferer was known to all; all saw his instantaneous restoration; and all witnessed the act of Jesus in touching him, and heard his words. All these, separately considered, were facts plain and simple in their nature, easily seen and fully comprehended by persons of common capacity and observation. If they were separately testified to, by witnesses of ordinary intelligence and integrity, in any court of justice, the jury would be bound to believe them; and a verdict, rendered contrary to the uncontradicted testimony of credible witnesses to any one of these plain facts, separately taken, would be liable to be set aside, as a verdict against evidence. If one credible witness testified to the fact, that Bartimeus was blind, according to the uniform course of administering justice, this fact would be taken as satisfactorily proved. So also, if his subsequent restoration to sight were the sole fact in question, this also would be deemed established, by the like evidence. Nor would the rule of evidence be at all different, if the fact to be proved were the declaration of Jesus, immediately preceding his restoration to sight, that his faith had made him whole. In each of these cases, each isolated fact was capable of being accurately observed and certainly known; and the evidence demands our assent, precisely as the like evidence upon any other indifferent subject. The connection of the word or the act of Jesus with the restoration of the blind, lame, and dead, to sight, and health, and life, as cause and effect, is a conclusion which our reason is compelled to admit, from the uniformity of their concurrence, in such a multitude of instances, as well as from the universal conviction of all, whether friends or foes, who beheld the miracles which he wrought." — pp. 61, 62.

We have not yet touched the general question respecting the intrinsic possibility of a miracle. But it has been shown, if we mistake not, that, whatever may be the opinion of the inquirer on this point, he is bound to accept our four Gospels as they are, with their accounts of supposed miracles and all, as truthful records of what actually happened. The *facts* that are narrated respecting the origin of our religion he must believe; he may place what interpretation upon them he pleases. And here we might fairly leave the whole sub-

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ject, having carried the inquiry quite as far as the legitimate boundaries of the human understanding will permit. There is a blindness of the heart as well as of the intellect; logic may cure the latter, but it will have no more effect on the former than on the nether millstone. Any one who can believe that the writings of the four Evangelists constitute a faithful and true history in all their parts, and still deny the divine origin of the Christian religion, on the ground of mystical speculations and metaphysical subtilties, labors under an incurable disease in his moral constitution and sympathies, and is beyond the reach of argument. But as waiving the discussion of this last point might seem like an implied admission that there was an insuperable difficulty in the case, and this might affect the convictions even of those who did not know what the difficulty was, we shall attempt to prove, not only that there is no valid presumption against the occurrence of miracles, but, when the proper conditions are fulfilled, that there is a strong antecedent probability in their favor. But the reasoning will be addressed only to theists; for those who deny the being of a God will of course reject any evidence of extraordinary manifestations of divine power.

The question now is, *Whether miracles properly so called, under all circumstances, are so improbable, that any belief in their occurrence is unphilosophical and wrong?* We do not ask whether they are "impossible," because a theist acknowledges the omnipotence of God, and if the question were put in this form, he *must* answer it in the negative. Neither shall we insist on the foolish and intolerable assumption of being able so far to pry into the divine counsels as to declare it to be in the highest degree improbable that the Deity will ever manifest his power by extraordinary means. There is no need here of having recourse to the argument *ad invidiam*; the case is strong enough without it.

It is not easy to frame a definition of a miracle which shall not be open to cavilling. Every one knows what is meant by it, though he may find it difficult to express his idea of it with philosophical precision. It is a temporary interruption of what are called "the laws of nature," — a departure from what has been for a longer or shorter period the usual mode of divine action, — made with the intent, and for the sole purpose, of accomplishing some great end, com-

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mensurate in importance with the dignity of the means by which it is to be attained. It is commonly objected to the probability of such an occurrence, that it is inconsistent with the attribute of divine wisdom to suppose that the Deity ever changes his plan or alters his purpose. To this it may be replied, first, he who declares that infinite wisdom necessarily dictates invariability of action also assumes that he possesses infinite wisdom himself; and secondly, a change in the mode of action does not necessarily imply a change of purpose. The emergency may have been foreseen, the extraordinary action by which it was to be met may have been predetermined, from the foundation of the world. If it be further urged, that it is a low and unworthy conception of the government of God to suppose that crises and emergencies arise in the world's affairs which he must meet by extraordinary means, we answer that this leads directly to the deep and dark questions of human free agency and the origin of evil, with which at present we have nothing to do. As before said, we are not reasoning with an atheist, and it is for you to show how much you will be aided in the explanation of these enigmas by rejecting the Christian religion. Absolute free will necessarily requires the permitted coexistence of moral evil, and it is certainly consistent with our notions of the divine benevolence to believe that the Deity may interpose to stay the progress of sin and suffering, while it is inconsistent with the limitations of human reason to pronounce authoritatively upon the wisdom of the means by which this purpose is effected.

Such general considerations as these, we are well aware, are of little weight in determining this great question. But the answer to an objection involves a consideration of the same ideas as are contained in the objection itself; and if these are vague, abstract, and metaphysical, the reasoning on both sides must be darkened by their use. Practically, the objection to miracles consists altogether in a short-sighted reference to the assumed invariability of the laws of nature. The improbability of a violation of law, of a break in the continuity of events, is gauged entirely by what would be the measure of one's own surprise, if, on the speck of earth which he calls his home, in his personal experience, which is but a dot in the history of the universe, there should suddenly be a wholly arbitrary and purposeless suspension of

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the usual sequence of cause and effect, — if the sun should cease to warm, the fire to burn him, or the water to slake his thirst, — if he should lose his eyesight without a cause, and acquire it again without a remedy. A man's sanity would very properly be suspected who should now actually look for, or fear, such a meaningless subversion of the order of nature and Providence. His expectation would be akin to the folly of a child who hopes that without industry or thrift some lucky accident will suddenly make him very rich, or some blind chance throw down the huge obstacle which now stands between him and the accomplishment of his wishes. But the silly longings of that child are hardly less philosophical than the narrow self-conceit of the man who errs in the opposite extreme, and would fain weigh the great epochs in the history of a universe, the grand scheme of the Almighty's government of moral and physical events, in the paltry scales which serve to estimate his own infinitesimal experience. Events are strange or marvellous, not in themselves considered, but in relation to the means by which they are accomplished, or to the purpose that calls them forth. If men had talked a century ago of transporting themselves a hundred miles within the hour, or of sending a message in the twinkling of an eye to a place a thousand miles off, the bystanders would have supposed that they were quoting the Arabian Nights' Entertainments ; but railroads and steam have accomplished the one, and the magnetic telegraph has effected the other. And men do not stupidly sit still and marvel that these things are so. The means are seen to be proportioned to the end ; the purpose and the want have created or found the sufficient power.

When estimating the possibility or probability of events which are to affect the destiny of all mankind, we are to be governed by the experience and the necessities not of the individual, but of the race ; we must look to the annals of the world for guidance, and not to the history of one life ; we must decipher even the record, inscribed on the rocks, of the mutations which this solid globe has undergone in the vast series of ages that elapsed before it was peopled with beings like ourselves. The history of God's providence is not the story of a day, nor can it be interpreted by the experience of an hour. If we would climb to the heights of this great argument, our view must be expanded in feeble

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imitation of his vision with whom a thousand years are but as one day. Perhaps it will be found, that these supposed breaks in the continuity of the inferior laws of nature are but the intercalations of a higher law, working for a nobler end; that what appear as special exertions of divine agency are but the ordinary mode in which infinite wisdom works and governs; that the physical is subordinate throughout to the moral universe; and what man calls "miracles" are precisely what he may most reasonably and naturally expect from omnipotence and infinite benevolence combined.

As man has not only a physical, but a moral nature, a great epoch in the moral history of the world is at least as probable as the outward creation of the race itself; the morning of the resurrection of our Lord is but the parallel of that great day "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In both cases, there was an interruption of the antecedent order of physical events for a spiritual end; for by the creation of man, this earth, till then, and for almost countless ages, the dwelling-place only of the brute, became tenanted for the first time by a living soul. And if we open the pages of the *Stone Book*, which a certain class of reasoners are so much more willing to believe than the Bible, we find there an ineffaceable and undoubted record of a multitude of cases, in which preceding laws of nature, that had been unbroken for many ages, were interrupted by special exertions of divine power. Mighty revolutions have often swept the face of this planet, hurrying nearly all former orders of life into ruin, and each time the desert was peopled anew with animated tribes wholly unlike their predecessors. Geology is but the history chronicled in stone of many miracles, performed before man was, and extending far back into a past eternity. There is not an animal or a plant on this earth, which, as a race, is not older than man; and those with whom we now reason certainly will not deny that a distinct and special exertion of power was needed for the creation of each one. *They*, who maintain so stoutly the unchangeableness at any rate of the *present* laws of nature, under which every living thing now produces seed after its own kind, and only for that kind, will not allow that worms were created from earth, and reptiles were born from fishes, and men from brutes, all by the continuous operation of natural laws. Trusting only

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to their own eyes, judging only from their own experience, and from the repeated declarations of naturalists and philosophers for some hundreds of years, that persistence of type is one of the great laws of nature, extending in an unbroken chain of cause and effect through all history, they will eagerly declare the appearance of each new race on the globe to be an indubitable miracle.

If we extend our views, then, as far as possible, into the history of God's government of the universe, we find everywhere undeniable evidence of repeated miracles. Huge strata of earth-bound rock, the solid framework of the globe itself, in characters which the schoolboy now may read, testify to the unceasing guardianship, the frequent intervention to renew, repair, and improve, of Him who created the heavens and the earth, and laid the corner-stone thereof. The world was never an orphan, never left to the dominion of chance, or — what is little better — to the blind and unbroken operation of what are called natural laws. A Father's care watched over it, a Father's hand peopled it again and again with tribes of living things, not by inflexible ordinances, nor by vicarious government through secondary means, but even as an earthly parent careth for his children. To him who denies the possibility of such divine intervention, or, in other words, who rejects the doctrine of a Providence, may be addressed the awful question that was put to Job out of the whirlwind : — "Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Declare, if thou hast understanding ? "

How stands the antecedent probability, then, of the occurrence of miracles in the divine government of the human race ? Is the creation of a reptile, an insect, a worm, a fit occasion for the special exercise of almighty power, and not the redemption of all mankind from sin ? Did omnipotence become weary only after God had created man in his own image, the noblest of his creatures, when unintelligent tribes or a desert earth through countless ages had been visited with frequently recurring tokens of oversight and protection, of a care that never slept ? Let it not be said, that the world is still far behind the glorious stage of progress which the establishment of our religion seemed to promise for it, if that religion had been divine. Christianity has no more been a failure than the primitive creation of the race. Sin, indeed, has continued to stalk the earth, and human

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misery to track its footsteps, since the expulsion from Eden, and even since the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But if we compare pagan Babylon, and Athens, and Rome, in their imperial magnificence, and their moral squalor and wretchedness, with the present condition of the civilized and Christian world, with schools in every hamlet, with institutions of beneficence in every city, and with churches on a thousand hills, and still more with the glorious promise of the future, we may well say that the founding of our religion, viewed not only in the purity of its doctrine and its ethics, but in the extent and grandeur of its external results, was a work as worthy of Omnipotence as the first establishment of man upon the earth. The religion itself, with its doctrine of redemption and peace, its inculcation of love to God and man, and its revelation of a life beyond the grave, is worthy of "that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles" by which it was heralded and accompanied. When properly considered, the Sermon on the Mount appears as godlike as the act of raising Lazarus from the dead.

We accept the evidence of the Christian miracles, then, because they harmonize throughout with what we know of the history of divine Providence as manifested in the universe. The book of nature and the book of revelation, the written word and the law stamped on the heart, are not at variance with each other, but contain essentially the same doctrine; one goes beyond, but does not contradict, the other; it is the complement, but not the substitute, of its predecessor. It is a vain and foolish doctrine, then, that the miracles are useful *only* as evidences of Christianity, and may therefore safely be put aside if we have testimony enough without them. It is not so. Christianity is itself a miracle, — the greatest of all miracles, — a special revelation from heaven, — the authentic record of the latest visible appearance of God on the earth, — a direct interposition in the former order of events for the noblest of all ends. If it be not so, then is our faith vain, and these teachings also are vain. If our religion does not come from above, if it is not specially attested by the broad seal of Heaven, then it is of no authority and no worth. It is no religion at all; for there is no conceivable distinction between a philosophical system of man's device, and a religion properly so called, but this, that the latter comes directly from God, while the former is

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the mere invention of a frail and erring being like ourselves. Nay, more; if Christianity is not miraculous and divine in its origin, it is an imposition, and its founder was a cheat; for no declaration was more decidedly made by him, no assertion is more frequently written out in the Gospels, than that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Messiah spoken of in the Scriptures, and waited for by the people, who came to make known the will of the Father, and to save mankind from their sins. In proof of this special commission and divine authority, he pointed to the wonderful works which he did; so that they who deny those works, who say that a miraculous event is incredible, and that it is foolish to suppose that any one was ever specially commissioned by the Deity for any purpose, do in fact deny the claims which he put forth, and heap the coarsest reproach upon his memory. The gloomy and comprehensive conclusion at which Strauss and his followers arrive, as the end of their inquiry, is well presented by that writer himself.

"The results of the inquiry which we have now brought to a close have apparently annihilated the greatest and most valuable part of that which the Christian has been wont to believe concerning his Saviour Jesus, have uprooted all the animating motives which he has gathered from his faith, and withered all his consolations. The boundless store of truth and life which for eighteen centuries has been the aliment of humanity seems irretrievably dissipated; the most sublime levelled with the dust, God divested of his grace, man of his dignity, and the tie between heaven and earth broken. Piety turns away with horror from so fearful an act of desecration, and, strong in the impregnable self-evidence of its faith, pronounces that, let an audacious criticism attempt what it will, all which the Scriptures declare and the church believes of Christ will still subsist as eternal truth, nor needs one iota of it to be renounced." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 396.

There can be no doubt respecting the true position and name of persons who have come to this melancholy result. They may be amiable and good men, in the worldly sense of that phrase, of honest intentions and irreproachable lives. All this can be said of David Hume; but he never thought of calling himself a Christian. If the followers of Strauss arrogate to themselves this title, they are dishonest and guilty of a wilful attempt to deceive. In any thing like the ordinary meaning of the name, in the *only* meaning of it

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which is present to the minds, not merely of this or that sect, but of the whole Christian world, they know they are not Christians. It is foolish to attempt to confound their sweeping unbelief with the many points of difference which are mooted among various Christian denominations. They deny the fundamental assumption of Christianity and of every other religion; they deny that a miraculous event, a special revelation from heaven, is possible or even conceivable. They assert that no such revelation was made by Christ, that what was affirmed on this subject by himself and his apostles was untrue, that the four Gospels are untrue, and what is written in them, from the mere fact that it is there, is of no authority. Such a sweeping doctrine of unbelief as this cannot without a foolish and disgraceful abuse of language be called a mere "variation" of Christianity, like the thousand and one shades of belief which are properly so denominated. It is humiliating to be obliged to say a word on a point which is so evident. Those who call such persons Christians in some measure share their doctrine, and in so far repudiate Christianity themselves; for they acknowledge thereby, that the doctrine of a special revelation by Jesus Christ is not necessarily a fundamental part of Christianity. On this point, we intentionally make our language as plain and direct as possible. To argue against sincere and honest infidelity is one thing, to repel a dishonest assumption of the Christian name is another. In the former case, we may respect our opponents; in the latter, we are compelled to despise them.

The concluding dissertation in the work of Strauss is very curious, for it gives a tolerably fair view of the extravagant shifts, the inane allegorical and metaphysical theories, to which the several schools of infidel critics and philosophers in Germany have been driven, in order to reconcile their decided rejection of what they call "historical" Christianity, their disbelief of the actual existence of the Saviour and of the reality of miracles or a special revelation, with the obstinate retention both by themselves and their followers of the name, office, and emoluments of Christian clergymen and theologians. The systems of Paulus, Schleiermacher, Kant, Hegel, and others are presented with tolerable distinctness, and refuted — as if refutation of such extravaganzas were necessary — with absolutely conclusive reasoning. Finally, Strauss proposes a system of his own, quite as absurd as the worst of those

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which he had just rejected ; but he proposes it with little confidence, and in fact admits almost directly, that, if the clegyman entertaining his views be unlucky enough to have a tender and scrupulous conscience, there is no course left for him but to quit the ministerial office altogether. We have room but for a very brief summary, given mostly in Strauss's own words, of his own system and that of Schleiermacher. These are fair specimens ; some of the others unite quite a decided expression of atheism with their disavowal of " historical " Christianity. And we should not burden our pages and the patience of our readers with even this brief notice of them, if it were not for the light which the expressions used, the peculiar phraseology of this school, cast upon some language with which our ears have been shocked even on this side of the Atlantic. We shall know, hereafter, what these persons mean, when they say that they reject only " historical " Christianity, and when they continue to *talk* about Christ and a revelation, though they hold that the narratives of the four Evangelists are mythical and fabulous.

Schleiermacher, says our author, " has adopted in its fullest extent the negative criticism directed by Rationalism against the doctrine of the church ; nay, he has rendered it even more searching." His system is founded, not, like that of the Protestant, upon the Scriptures ; nor, with the Catholic, upon the decisions of the church ; but on the consciousness of the individual Christian, and the " internal experience " which he obtains from his connection with the Christian community ; — " a material which, as its basis is feeling, is more flexible, and to which it is easier to give dialectically a form that satisfies *science*."

" As a member of the Christian church, — this is the point of departure in the Christology of Schleiermacher, — I am conscious of the removal of my sinfulness, and the impartation of absolute perfection : in other words, in communion with the church, I feel operating upon me the influence of a sinless and perfect principle. This influence cannot proceed from the Christian community, as an effect of the reciprocal action of its members on each other ; for to every one of these sin and imperfection are inherent, and the coöperation of impure beings can never produce any thing pure as its result. It must be the influence of one who possessed that sinlessness and perfection as personal

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qualities, and who moreover stands in such a relation to the Christian community that he can impart these qualities to its members: that is, since the Christian church could not exist prior to this impartation, it must be the influence of its founder. As Christians, we find something operated within us; hence, as from every effect we argue to its cause, we infer the influence of Christ, and from this again, the nature of his person, which must have had the powers necessary to the exertion of this influence.

"To speak more closely, that which we experience as members of the Christian church is a strengthening of our consciousness of God, in its relation to our sensuous existence; that is, it is rendered easier to us to deprive the senses of their ascendency within us, to make all our impressions the servants of the religious sentiment, and all our actions its offspring. According to what has been stated above, this is the effect wrought in us by Christ, who imparts to us the strength of his consciousness of God, frees us from the bondage of sensuality and sin, and is thus the Redeemer." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 417, 418.

It is needless to quote further; the other offices of Christ are explained in the same way. The substance of the theory appears to be, that *a sort of* Christ exists nowadays in the consciousness of every individual who belongs to a Christian community. "In this sense alone is the doctrine of the threefold office of Christ to be interpreted." "The facts of the resurrection and ascension do not form essential parts of the Christian faith." He holds, in some inexplicable way, that a historical Christ existed, but affirms that there is no reason for this belief but what may be found in the consciousness of every individual. "Whatever in the dogma of the church goes beyond this — as, for example, the supernatural conception of Jesus, and his miracles, also the facts of the resurrection and ascension, and the prophecies of his second coming to judge the world — ought not to be brought forward as integral parts of the doctrine of *the* Christ." We have no evidence from "our internal experience" of the truth of these facts; ordinary Christians believe in them "only because they are stated in Scripture; not so much, therefore, in a religious and dogmatical, as in an *historical* manner." This doctrine of Schleiermacher, says Strauss, is inadequate on both sides, for it does not satisfy the requisitions either of "the faith of the church or of *science*."

"It is clear, however, from his doctrine of the work of Christ,

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that, in order to satisfy the former so far as is here done, such a contradiction of the latter was quite unnecessary, and an easier course might have been pursued. For resting merely on a backward inference from the inward experience of the Christian as the effect, to the person of Christ as the cause, the Christology of Schleiermacher has but a frail support, since it cannot be proved that that inward experience is not to be explained without the actual existence of such a Christ." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 424.

We fully agree with the following remark of our author.

"We may now estimate the truth of the reproach which made Schleiermacher so indignant; namely, that his was not an historical, but an ideal Christ."

"This Christology," says our critic, "is undeniably a beautiful effort of thought!" But it does not satisfy him, any more than three or four other systems which he examines, and he accordingly propounds a "Christology" of his own.* For him whom the Scriptures and the generality of Christians call Jesus Christ, or, as Strauss luminously expresses it, "*as subject of the predicate which the church assigns to Christ*, we place, instead of an individual, an idea." This idea realizes itself, not indeed in the "historical" Christ, as the Scriptures would have us believe, nor yet in the consciousness of any Christian individual of the present day, as Schleiermacher supposes.

"This is, indeed, not the mode in which Idea realizes itself; it is not wont to lavish all its fulness on one exemplar, and be niggardly towards all others, — to express itself perfectly in that one

* It is important to understand the phraseology of these persons, and their mode of using names. When they speak of *Christ*, they understand thereby the *idea* so called, which, according to some, is realized in the consciousness of every individual; according to others, in universal humanity; and in the opinion of a third class, is never realized at all. Thus, we have a "Christology," or doctrine of Christ, just as we have a "pneumatology," or doctrine of spirit. The word is not a proper, but a common noun (as appears, indeed, from its etymology and primitive use), and ought to be written *christ*. When they speak of *Jesus*, they mean the historical personage of that name; for most of them admit that such a person actually lived, and was a good man and an eminent preacher of virtue, though the recorded history of him is but a tissue of fables. To show very clearly their opinion of him, his name is usually placed in a list of other excellent persons, such as Socrates, Fénelon, Howard, — and some worthies of our own day, whose names *we* prefer not to mention in such a catalogue.

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individual, and imperfectly in all the rest: it rather loves to distribute its riches among a multiplicity of examplars which reciprocally complete each other, — in the alternate appearance and suppression of a series of individuals." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 437.

In brief, according to Strauss, the whole human race, the totality of mankind, is Christ; the idea is thus realized on a magnificent scale.

"And is this no true realization of the idea? is not the idea of the unity of the divine and human natures a real one in a far higher sense, when I regard the whole race of mankind as its realization, than when I single out one man as such a realization? is not an incarnation of God from eternity a truer one than an incarnation limited to a particular point of time?" — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 437.

We are reluctant to transfer to these pages the development of this wild and truly German theory. The language is at once disgusting and impious; but it is important to place the whole subject before our readers, and we must not shrink from the duty.

"Humanity is the union of the two natures, — God become man, the infinite manifesting itself in the finite, and the finite spirit remembering its infinitude; it is the child of the visible Mother and the invisible Father, Nature and Spirit; it is the worker of miracles, in so far as in the course of human history the spirit more and more completely subjugates nature, both within and around man, until it lies before him as the inert matter on which he exercises his active power; it is the sinless existence, for the course of its development is a blameless one, — pollution cleaves to the individual only, and does not touch the race or its history. It is Humanity that dies, rises, and ascends to heaven; for from the negation of its phenomenal life there ever proceeds a higher spiritual life; from the suppression of its mortality as a personal, national, and terrestrial spirit, arises its union with the infinite spirit of the heavens. By faith *in this Christ*, especially in his death and resurrection, man is justified before God: that is, by the kindling within him of the idea of Humanity, the individual man participates in the divinely human life of the species. Now the main element of that idea is, that the negation of the merely natural and sensual life, which is itself the negation of the spirit (the negation of negation, therefore), is the sole way to true spiritual life.

"This alone is the absolute sense of Christology: that it is

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annexed to the person and history of one individual, is a necessary result of the historical form which Christology has taken." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 438.

And *this* is the *idea* which is to thrust Jesus of Nazareth out of the hearts and memories of men, — this the religious belief which is to supplant the one founded on the four Gospels!

But how is belief in these doctrines to be reconciled with the character and office of a Christian clergyman? This is the final question, and Strauss admits that it is a very difficult one.

"The real state of the case is this. The church refers her Christology to an individual who existed historically at a certain period: the speculative theologian to an idea which only attains existence in the totality of individuals; by the church the evangelical narratives are received as history: by the critical theologian they are regarded for the most part as mere mythi. If he would continue to impart instruction to the church, four ways are open to him." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 441, 442.

First, he may attempt "to elevate the church to his own point of view, and for it, also, to resolve the historical into the ideal; — an attempt which must necessarily fail." Secondly, he may himself adopt the point of view of the church, and "descend from the sphere of the ideal into the region of the popular conception." This expedient, Strauss thinks, is commonly understood and judged too narrowly. "*It is evidence of an uncultivated mind* to denounce as a hypocrite a theologian who preaches, for example, on the resurrection of Christ; since, though he may not believe in the reality of that event as a single sensible fact, he may, nevertheless, hold to be true the representation of the process of spiritual life which the resurrection of Christ affords." Strictly speaking, however, this identity of the substantial truth exists only in the consciousness of the theologian, and not of the people to whom he speaks. It is admitted, therefore, that "he must appear in the eyes of the church a hypocrite," and that "he would ultimately appear a hypocrite to himself also." A third course remains, which we will present in the critic's own language, as it throws some light on his notions of honesty and disinterestedness.

"It avails nothing to say, he has only to descend from the pul-

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pit, and mount the professor's chair, where he will not be under the necessity of withholding his scientific opinions from such as are destined to science; for if he, whom the course of his own intellectual culture has obliged to renounce the ministerial office, should by his instructions lead many to the same point, and thus render them also incapable of that office, the original evil would only be multiplied. On the other hand, it could not be held good for the church, that all those who pursue criticism and speculation to the results above presented should depart from their position as teachers. *For no clergyman would any longer meddle with such inquiries, if he thus ran the risk of being led to results which would oblige him to abandon the ministerial office;* criticism and philosophy would fall into the hands of those who are not professed theologians, and to the theologian nothing would remain but the faith, which then could not possibly long resist the attacks of the critical and speculative laity. But where truth is concerned, the possible consequences have no weight; hence the above remark ought not to be made. Thus much, however, may be maintained in relation to the real question: he whom his theological studies have led to an intellectual position, respecting which he must believe, that he has attained the truth, that he has penetrated into the deepest mysteries of theology, *cannot feel either inclined or bound just at this point in his career to abandon theology: on the contrary, such a step would be unnatural, nay, impossible.*" — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 443, 444.

The fourth expedient, according to our simple apprehension, does not differ materially from the second. The clergyman is to adhere to the forms of the popular conception, "but on every opportunity he will exhibit their spiritual significance, which to him constitutes their sole truth."

"Thus, to abide by the example already chosen, at the festival of Easter, he will indeed set out from the sensible fact of the resurrection of Christ, but he will dwell chiefly on the being buried and rising again with Christ, which the Apostle himself has strenuously inculcated." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 444.

But the same difficulty returns, that the opinions of the preacher and his hearers do not actually coincide, and their fundamental beliefs are entirely unlike.

"At least, the community will not receive both as identical; and thus, here, again, in every excess or diminution which the more or less spontaneous relation of the teacher to critical theology, together with the variety in the degrees of culture of the community, introduces, — the danger is incurred that the com-

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munity may discover this difference, and the preacher appear to it, and consequently to himself, a hypocrite.

"In this difficulty, the theologian may find himself driven, either directly to state his opinions, and attempt to elevate the people to his ideas; or, since this attempt must necessarily fail, carefully to adapt himself to the conception of the community; or, lastly, since, even on this plan, he may easily betray himself, in the end to leave the ministerial profession." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 445.

We heartily adopt this conclusion; let him *leave the ministerial profession*. If he will not abandon proselytism to this gloomy form of unbelief, let him not do his work treacherously under the name and garb of the very religion which he assails. There are halls and lecture-rooms for his use, and audiences may easily be collected on the secular days of the week. Let not the church be desecrated by his presence, let not the Sabbath be profaned by impious or hypocritical services. The pulpit and the Sabbath — the Lord's day — are emphatically Christian institutions; they were consecrated in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, they are devoted to the use of those who believe that he was the Son of God, and that he was crucified and rose again. It is dishonest, it is criminal, it is base, for his enemies to seize upon them, and use them for the purpose of discrediting the story of his life, and casting the reproach of falsehood and imposture upon his name. If these lines should be seen by any one who holds the opinions here commented upon, and still retains the name and office of a Christian clergyman, we adjure him by his own notions of honesty and fairness, by his respect for goodness and truth, by his regard for millions of his fellow-beings whose dearest hopes and final consolations his course now tends to destroy, by his sense of reverence for the Infinite One whom he still professes to adore, instantly to quit the post he has no right to hold, and to leave the ministerial profession.

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ART. VII. — *The Life of Martin Luther, gathered from his own Writings.* By M. MICHELET, Author of The History of France, &c. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 314.

WE often hear those who visit Niagara, where every one feels it incumbent on himself to be a geologist for the time, indulging in solemn speculations concerning the probable effect of removing the great barrier which now holds back the waters; doubting whether it might not let down the great lakes, in sudden and unwelcome inundation, upon the region below. Some of that large class who delight to prophesy evil expound, to the consternation of their hearers, that the time is not far off when the rocky ridge will give way, the natives of the upper counties share the fate of the antediluvians, and after a drowning overflow, the stream, no longer dashing from its mountain heights, will ever after creep, humbled and slavelike, in a lowly channel far beneath its present bed. After listening to these fearful predictions, one is greatly comforted to remember, that nature fortunately has no delight in these wild exhibitions of power; she accomplishes her purposes by regular and steady action, being conscious, perhaps, that, if it is nothing to her, it may make a serious difference to us, whether these changes are brought about in a thousand years or a single day. Sometimes a part of Table Rock thunders down into the startled abyss, and the ice and frost prepare their wedges to split off a new fragment at a future day; sometimes the waters dislodge a vast cliff in their channel, and bear it with them in savage triumph to the depths below. But it is not often that any decided change is made in the aspect of the fall; there is no revolutionary alteration at which "the deep utters his voice and lifts up his hands on high."

Very much the same is true of the great moral and social changes which are continually taking place in the world. There are powers and influences in constant operation, wearing away the form and fashion of existing things; their action goes on by night and by day, never suspended for an hour; and it is by this incessant exertion, and by imperceptible advances, that great evils are worn away, usurpations and abuses

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overthrown, and new forms of religion, government, and opinion are established among men. We are very apt, in contemplating one of these changes, to ascribe it all to an individual, or to point out the day and hour when the great work was done; whereas their true history extends far upward and downward. It is as difficult to trace the beginning as to show the precise point above the cataract where the waters first accelerate their flow; and as to their dependence on a single life, we often see an enterprise more indebted to the martyr than the champion, and actually gaining more by the loss, than by all the living labors, of those who seemed essential to its successful prosecution. It is difficult to understand that events and persons, which seem to concentrate all attendant circumstances into a point, are themselves parts of a whole; for example, when the Roman emperor nominates his horse for consul, it seems to us a sudden and startling insult to a people who had at least the memory of having been free. But as De Retz remarks, "had we lived at the time, we should not have been surprised," because it was of a piece with other things; so many far inferior bipeds had been exalted to high stations, that the appointment of a respectable animal took its easy and natural place among the events of the day.

So the resistance of Luther to the power of Rome, daring as it was, probably seemed less strange and unexpected than we are in the habit of believing; for there is no doubt, that, while kings and nations submitted to the pretensions of the church, it was with that sort of resignation which arises from the feeling that they could not help themselves. A deep distrust of its claims must have spread silently from heart to heart, which everywhere made itself felt, though not manifest in living action till the hour was come. Such a change as the Reformation could not be sudden in its origin or its results; the elements were slowly and surely preparing the way for ages; there was no single year to which it could be assigned, there was no individual on whom it depended. The reforming process, of which Luther's resistance was one of the stages, began before he existed, it survived when his wars were over, and will keep on long after our generation is in the dust.

These great changes in human opinion are of so large extent and so long duration, that no single human shadow,

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though great as that of Luther unquestionably was, can throw itself over the whole. There is no short and sharp encounter; there is no Waterloo battle, which brings sudden death to existing ideas and systems, and sets up others at once in their stead. The Reformation presented its first visible manifestation two centuries before him. Far back in the dim twilight of its history we see the upright and manly form of Wickliffe, speaking with brave determination of the corruptions of the church, and listened to by thousands who believed all he could say of its unsoundness; thus showing that a prevailing sentiment had anticipated his disclosures, and discovered long before him all that he was able to tell. So, too, when Huss the Bohemian, having caught the spirit of this great master, bore the same strong testimony against the church, the people who had already, they knew not how, arrived at the same conclusions, stood ready to arrange themselves in his party. Savonarola, in Florence, also found himself expressing what the multitudes felt and understood, but wanted words to say. The reformer in these cases was but a living presentment of the active intellect and conscience of his time; when he felt as if he had gone on in lonely solitude far before them, he was amazed to find that thousands were pressing on at his side.

If things are so, and it is not easy to deny the existence of this kind of prophetic anticipation in the people, though they would be quite unable to explain the manner in which they reach it, the office of the reformer is not so much to make discoveries, to suggest new ideas, and to put the minds of men in living action, as to unfold their thoughts to themselves, to change their impressions into well defined ideas, and to set the example of following their convictions wherever they urge them to go. The qualifications most essential for the discharge of this duty are a clear head and a strong heart. It is not necessary to have every graceful accomplishment, to possess a philosophical habit of mind, nor to abound in various learning. But it is indispensable that the reformer should have warm and living sympathies, since no one can carry away the hearts of the multitude unless he has one of his own. He must have a firm and steady spirit, that his views may not change with his anxieties and elevations, his hopes and fears; he must be fearless of what man can do to him, otherwise he will soon be frightened from his station;

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and, what is more than all, an enlightened conscience, not subject to darkening changes, but shining with uniform brightness, must be the guide of his pilgrimage and lord of all within the breast.

This we believe to be a true description of the great man whose life is before us; and we have little sympathy with those who would give prominence to his faults on the one hand, or invest him with airy graces, making him a sort of Chesterfield, on the other. In the present condition of our existence, there are certain virtues which are almost invariably accompanied by certain failings. No one expects to find the elegant scholar, like Erasmus, abounding in active energy; and when overwhelming energy is the prevailing character of the man, we have no reason to look for those tender and amiable traits which we are most disposed to love. The garden cannot have the dreamy boundlessness of the prairie, nor can the bold mountain ridge be smooth and easy to the feet. It is true, there was one character, and only one, in which active and resistless power was blended with the gentlest humanity; but it is equally certain that among all who have made it their example, there are none who have nearly resembled it; so that such a union of opposite and apparently inconsistent affections is still the great miracle of Christian history, standing alone in the unapproachable solitude of more than human greatness, filling with admiration and almost with despair those who earnestly attempt to imitate this wonderful association of mighty power with tender lowliness and love. In Luther there certainly was no such perfection; he might as well be represented with the face and form of the Apollo; but he was a man of a warm and generous, as well as brave and determined spirit, always inspiring confidence and securing attachment, which a man of narrow mind and cold affections was never yet able to do.

It is in vain to deny that Luther was at times somewhat coarse in his communications with others; and to ascribe it, after the usual fashion, to the spirit of the age, though it shows that he was not alone in that sort of indulgence, does not make such language refined, nor reconcile it with the purest taste. But it should be observed, that he dealt out these sweetmeats chiefly in his intercourse with Satan, and Henry the Eighth, and other potentates of the same description, where he was wholly exempt from apprehension, as indeed

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there was no call for any, lest he should treat such people worse than they deserved. But he is not by any means to be classed with those worthies of whom Erasmus says, that "they break in upon one's feelings like hogs into a flower-garden," trampling with grunting satisfaction on treasures which they cannot understand.

Since we have mentioned this great man, who, by his attacks on the vices of the church, did so much to prepare the way for the Reformation, it is but just to say that the manner in which he is brought into contrast with Luther is not just to either; each had his separate office to fulfil, and in each case it was successfully done. But they were wholly unlike in temperament; neither had any thing in himself which enabled him to understand the other. Erasmus could not have handled Luther's war-club to more advantage than Luther could his classical pen. Though the former saw much to censure and deplore in the church, it is not probable that he wished to overthrow it, and with all his tendencies to rationalism, he would naturally be distrustful of the sort of theology which might be set up in its stead. In all this Luther could see nothing better than timeserving; accordingly he treated Erasmus as he treated others, in a way which savored more of strength and plainness than of Christian and courtly grace.

But in domestic life Luther appears to have been affectionate and kind; in his social intercourse with others, open-hearted, generous, and free from all selfishness and suspicion; while, in his regard for the other creatures of God, he sets an example which others would do well to follow, and which those who think it needless and excessive must allow to have been an indication of manly tenderness of heart. When, by his sedentary life and labor, he had brought upon himself a visitation of dyspepsia, the disorder that makes wise men mad, he was advised to take vigorous exercise, and after the usual fashion was encouraged to believe that a sudden transition from a feather-bed to a steeple-chase would be eminently beneficial to him. So far from finding relief in the sport, it continually reminded him of the manner in which souls are hunted by the great enemy of man; and so little did he enter into the spirit of the chase, that he caught one poor little hare, and hid it in the sleeve of his coat, to save it from the fate which his friends were so greatly enjoying; which was perhaps as serviceable to his complaint as if

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he had killed and eaten it, and which we cannot but regard as creditable to his sense and feeling.

Some injury has been done to the memory of Luther by those who plead in excuse for violence and denunciation that Luther did the same thing. Though they have no idea of disparaging him by the comparison, but only of exalting themselves, the effect is not so much to raise such poor mortals in the public estimation as to bring the angel down. It is well to remember, that there was something in the great Reformer besides hard thoughts and hard words; these were his failings, not his virtues, and he would have remained as obscure and inefficient as his ambitious imitators are now, if there had been nothing else to recommend him to the admiration of men. The imitator does not often understand the original which he intends to follow; he mistakes the points in which his power resides; he supposes that Samson's might consists in the length of his hair, when this is but a sign of faithfulness to his Nazarite vow; and thus, as when some men repeat a jest, all the humor is sure to slip through their fingers, do all who justify their abuse and excess by Luther's example contrive unconsciously to omit all the particulars of character which made him transcendently great, and, entirely unaware what a length of ear has found its way through their lion vesture, they wonder why they are not hailed with the universal reverence of mankind. It is to be hoped that such persons will make the discovery, that, however loudly they storm and threaten those who oppose them, men do not mistake them for Luthers, and that the effects which they produce by their vociferation, in comparison with his, will be few and exceedingly small.

The chief recommendation of this life of Luther is, that the author allows the great Reformer to tell his own story, taking his own words, particularly his letters, as the best expressions of his character and feeling. In almost all cases, where they are not merely formal, a man puts his heart, or at least a portion of it, into such writings. There are a few examples in which, as in that of Cromwell, the letter is entirely impersonal, and might as well have been written by any body else, for all the light it throws upon his feelings. But this is a remarkable exception. It is as if there should be no more expression in the face than in the back of the head, which indeed does sometimes happen, though not often in

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men so great. We may not only generally depend on the letters for a clear statement of a man's views and opinions, and for the light which colored them in his mind, but we can find the incidents of his life more intimately understood and better described by himself than by others; and as for the changes of feeling, the stranger cannot intermeddle with them to advantage, any more than the wayfarer, who sees the evening light outside the window, can describe the play of the shadows within, as the rising or falling flame may cast them on the parlour-wall.

Luther had none of that poor ambition, which is sometimes found in those who ought to be above it, to disguise the humility of his birth; as those who have made themselves rich can afford to dispense with a patrimonial inheritance, he who threw so much glory upon his line might be indifferent to so small a matter. He says that his ancestors, so far as he knew any thing about them, were common peasants; his father labored in the mines; their armorial bearing, for peasants had such playthings as well as lords, was a hammer, an emblem which, if it applied to the employment of the father, was at least equally descriptive of the work in which the son was engaged for a great part of his life, and assuredly that instrument was never swung with a mightier hand. It would not have been easy for one familiar as he was with the letter and spirit of the Scriptures to be blinded by traditional prejudice and outward show. He saw the nothingness of these distinctions, which rise up like walls of separation between human worms of the dust; he had nothing of that spirit of compromise about him which induces many, who see the truth of human relations, to treat those things which *are not* as though they actually existed. And well was it for the world that it was so with him and his brethren; since it made them heralds of liberty as well as of truth; they felt it their duty to strike off all manner of chains; and though their work was done irregularly and blindly, we feel how much it is owing to their spirit and their labors that the principles of civil liberty are generally extending, and that so much of the civilized world is already comparatively free.

Luther himself was so poor in his youth, that, when sent to Eisenach to be educated, he sang in the streets for a living, as was not uncommon with German students of that day. He is said to have done this in 1489, when he was

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but six years old, a period of life when the young are accustomed to sing in less musical tones than most persons delight to hear; besides that it is rather early in his history for the process of education to begin. This date is obviously an error; it should be 1498, which would bring him to an age of more discretion both in musical performance and learning. But he was fortunate enough to find a warmer friend than those who gave him bread at their doors; a kind-hearted woman gave him a home for four years, while he was making himself master of what Eisenach could teach. After he ceased to depend on music for a subsistence, he continued to cherish it as a luxury and something higher; valuing it, in part, because he was persuaded that Satan, by whom he conceived himself beset, had, like some better people, such an extreme distaste for concerts and musical sounds, that he always took himself out of their reach; and still more, because he found, that, in times of anxious and stormy excitement, music had more power than any thing else to bring peace to his troubled soul.

It was not till he reached the age of twenty-two, that any decided bearing was given to his life. The sudden death of a friend who was struck with lightning by his side made him serious at once; and his earnestness naturally turned in the prescribed channel of the day. He made a vow to become a monk, more, it would seem, as an act of self-denial than a choice of duty; for he must have felt, as he afterwards found, that such a life was most unsuited to his nature; his mind, unexcited by outward circumstances, would be the very one to prey upon itself. Accordingly it appeared, as soon as he entered upon a life of inaction, that he fell into deep distress of mind, which was the effect of conscience wrought up into morbid sensibility by a condition so unexciting. For many days, he could not eat, drink, or sleep; but at length, the Scriptural doctrine of justification by faith dawned like the rising light upon his mind. It gave him relief from his anxieties in a measure; but it opened slowly on him. He did not understand how widely it would spread itself out. Still less did he perceive that it would reduce the value of those good works on which Catholics so much relied, till it finally undermined the foundations of the church itself in the hearts of men. He was led up to it by his experience of the insufficiency of external cir-

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cumstances, and even of religious forms, to satisfy the wants of the soul. It supplied a living principle within him; it made him independent of human authority, and fearless of all that power could do. As fast as others became conscious of similar wants, and of the inadequacy of the prevailing faith to supply them, their hearts were prepared to move in harmony with his own; so that, as soon as the standard of resistance was lifted, and the trumpet blown, a great army of martyrs stood ready for the summons of the chief whose commission was an earlier inspiration and a larger measure of the same spirit with theirs.

While in this state of mind, he visited Rome, full of enthusiasm for the ancient glories of the church, and longing to see the fountains from which her light and salvation shone. But the time chosen for his journey was unfortunate for that purpose, though it well answered another. He was completely dismayed at the paganism of every thing which he saw; a pope bent on gaining military glory; the higher priesthood taking pride in their knowledge of Cicero, but entirely unacquainted with the Bible; the mass hurried over by galloping through a part and entirely omitting the rest; and a clergy ambitiously striving for the good things of this life, without any apparent consciousness that they were ever to go to another. When he once spoke to the Italian monks of their disregard to the church in eating meat on Friday, he came near being put into a condition which would have saved him from all expense for meat again. He knew that such priests could not impart to others that forgiveness of which they were in desperate want themselves; his reverence for the church fell into consumptive decay; and though he did not confess it to himself, nor present the subject distinctly to his own mind, he evidently began to think, that, if the church could live without faith, faith could subsist without the church, — better, indeed, than with it; the light would be more serviceable without the lantern, than the lantern without the light.

Having his conscience thus quickened by the study of the Scriptures, and his mind enlarged and enlightened by various learning, he was able to see through the fallacies and contradictions which ordinary minds received without question, and he could not content himself with tame acquiescence in that which he knew to be unholy and untrue. And

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nothing could be more startling to a conscientious Catholic than the sale of indulgences, which, as if the thing was not bad enough of itself, was intrusted to one of the most impudent peddlers that ever insulted the common sense of mankind. Luther had no delight in speaking, but he did not dare be silent; and after trying in vain to call his diocese and the primate to a sense of their duty, he published propositions of his own, with a sermon in the vulgar tongue in defence of them, in which the sale of indulgences was strongly condemned and shown to be entirely unchristian. This bold protest rang through his country like the trumpet which wakes the dead. Thousands had felt what he alone dared to say; and as soon as his holy indignation found a voice, it was answered by echoes from every part of the land. The propositions were everywhere circulated, read, and approved; those who were most opposed to them in heart could not deny them. In fact, the only reply thought of seemed to be addressed to the fears of the author and his followers; but it was soon found that to threaten was not the way to induce him to suppress his convictions. He seems to have felt some regret, when he witnessed the agitation which he had made; he was disposed to obey and submit so far as his conscience would allow; but it was one of those paths in which, having taken one step, there was no returning, and the only way of escape was not the one which such a man was likely to tread.

The only judicious course for the church in such a case would have been to conciliate the bold rebel, appealing to his kindness and reverence; but the holy mother had been too much accustomed to take brands from the burning with tongs made red hot for that benevolent operation. Luther was summoned to Rome, whither he was not disposed to go; if destined for the flames, he thought it more reasonable that the fire should come to him. For his own safety he gave himself no other concern than not to go into needless danger; but the Elector of Saxony, who had sympathy with him in his views, and was not prepared to see one of his subjects trampled down, arranged matters in his favor so that he should have his hearing in Augsburg, a free city, where the magistrates could protect his person. Luther's manly words were, — "Let him shield me, if he can do it without compromising his interests; if not, I am ready to

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face the danger." He appeared in Augsburg before Cardinal Caietan, who, having been suspected of a tang of heresy himself, was thought to be expert in dealing with persons of that description. That dignitary was perfectly willing that Luther should be as heretical as he pleased, if, as the Presbyterian divine in Edinburgh said to Charles the Second, "he would only shut the windows." The enormity of the sin consisted in its being publicly known, and thereby misleading others with its example. Moreover, he could not conceive why Luther should hesitate to make this cheap and easy recantation, which would cleanse him from all guilt, without requiring the least change in his opinions. Finding the Reformer intractable, the legate argued with him; but as he found his authorities in the records of the church, and Luther took his stand on common sense and the Bible, they were hardly within speaking distance of each other.

The hearing did not lead to any satisfactory result; the Pope had already denounced the insurgent, and it was his misfortune to be infallible, while Luther was sustained by a conscientious intrepidity which not all the world could bow. Nothing could be more generous than his bearing; finding himself thus an object of persecution, he wrote to the Elector that he would by no means bring danger to his prince; that he was about to quit Germany; that, wherever he went, he should remember with never-ceasing gratitude the kind protection which had been afforded him, and he respectfully bade him farewell. When we remember how entirely alone he stood, how fearfully he was threatened, and how great were the sacrifices he was making to the truth, this conduct on his part seems as generous and high as any thing which history records. Every one capable of estimating character must dwell upon it with perfect delight; and it is a relief to find that the Elector guarded him, not by open resistance to Rome, but by requiring, with diplomatic adroitness, that he should be tried by disinterested judges; a sort of bench which he well knew it was impossible to find. Meantime, the emperor of Germany died; and the Elector of Saxony was so prominent a candidate for that high station, that the Roman court did not think it wise to come in conflict with him till the imperial question was decided; and in the interval his power was an effectual shield to all over whom it extended.

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It is one of the great points of Luther's character, that he did not suffer any foresight of consequences to himself to affect his judgment and zeal for inquiry in one way or another. His mind was now dislodged from that traditional veneration on which the influence of the church depended. It was not that he was denounced and threatened, but because a rapid advance of light was taking place within him, that he began to reject the authority of the church, to treat the Pope as an erring and misguided man, and to respect nothing as sacred except so far as it was sanctioned by the word of God. In this spirit he wrote to the Holy Father with a simplicity of kindness which must have been more vexatious to that potentate than the sternest resistance to his will. "Dear Leo, I *think of thee as Daniel in the pit.*" "O hapless Leo, to sit on that accursed throne! I speak the truth to thee, for I desire thy good." This language from a subject, however affectionate, was any thing but courtly and conciliating; and as soon as the election of emperor had been decided against the Elector and in favor of Charles the Fifth of Spain, the Pope sent forth the bull of excommunication, which, as is not unusual with curses, came back on his own head. But the day for such things was over; the spell of papal authority was broken. Though Luther's books were burnt at Rome, the bull and the books of the canon law were burnt at Wittemberg, and no man could see why the demonstration of censure in the one case was stronger than in the other. In a single year, the great head of the church had dwindled to a temporal prince; just so far as strength or policy would avail, his power would reach; beyond that narrow limit, it was no longer able to go.

There is no passage in all history which more disposes one to stand still and ponder than this. It is an example of the clear discernment and efficient application of a Christian principle, that of justification by faith; in the mechanical form of a doctrine, or stated as a Scriptural proposition, changes might have been rung upon it for ages without bringing out its hidden glory and power. But when Luther had once taken the Scriptures to his heart, as he did in the solitude and silence of the cloister, this truth, breaking through the words in which it was folded, seemed to spread and deepen till it covered the whole ground of Christian duty and filled up all his soul. Applied to indulgences, it made manifest that no

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human authority could absolve from the consequences of transgression, and it was delusion to believe that any thing but repentance and reform could bring the wanderer home to God. Considered in reference to human obligations, it made clear that the quick and active conscience, divinely enlightened by the Scriptures, must be sacredly followed, let men say what they will. If any authority comes in conflict with that of Heaven, the mortal must yield to the immortal, this world in every thing give place to the other. Both with respect to civil and religious obedience, it establishes the maxim, that "the Lord is our judge, our lawgiver, and our king." No power can stand between us and Heaven; and whoever allows himself to be turned from his religious duty by any human pretension is like the seaman who mistakes clouds for headlands, and the fog-bank for a rocky shore. It is wonderful to see how one of those principles of the gospel, when received in the living letter, illuminates every region of the soul, and casts light so broad and far on the way of life, that no one can wander, if the heart is only true. We must confess, that, to our apprehension, the wonderful effects which follow the application of these Christian principles to human affairs afford the strongest evidence of the inspiration of the book in which they are found; for no suggestions of genius, no results of thought and study, have ever come within measurable distance of the power which resides in these intimations of the word of God.

Hardly had Charles become emperor of Germany, before he summoned Luther to appear before the Diet at Worms, giving him a safe-conduct for the way. For himself, he seemed to care little about the reform; but in his wars with ambitious rivals, he thought it necessary to have Rome on his side. Beyond this mark he does not seem to have cared to go; though the Spaniards, thinking they understood the wishes of their master, treated Luther with injury and disdain. The Reformer is described by a contemporary who saw him at this time, as a man of middle size, extremely emaciated, with a clear and penetrating voice; of easy and pleasant manners, entirely without severity or pride; so far from putting on the air of a martyr, he was cheerful and good-humored in all his intercourse with others. But he was fixed and unflinching in his determinations. Friends and foes both urged him not to appear before the Diet; a warning was trans-

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mitted through the emperor's confessor, that, if he did, he would be burned alive ; but he made his memorable reply, signifying that nothing should prevent him, and went on in the simplicity of his heart. His appearance before the assembly was collected and commanding ; in his powerful defence, he said, that he could not defer to popes nor councils, for they were but fallible men ; but he was ready to recant, if any one would convince him that he was wrong. Till then, his conscience was a prisoner to God's word. " Here I stand ; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God ! " Leo desired the emperor to violate his pledge of safe-conduct, and the churchmen were earnest to make him an example and a warning. But this would have been too infamous to suit with Charles's honor ; and accordingly an edict was published, to take effect when his safe-conduct should have expired, depriving him of all the privileges of a citizen, forbidding any prince to harbour him, and requiring all to seize his person, that he might be dealt with according to the law.

Immediately after this appearance at the Diet, he disappeared, in consequence of the Elector's arrangement, who had him privately conveyed to the castle of Wartburg, to secure him from the machinations of his enemies. Great was the speculation what could have become of him, and there were many fears for his safety ; but he soon gave the church to understand that he was still alive, by a succession of severe and powerful writings. But this exertion of mind, while the body was at rest, led on to dyspeptic visions and sorrows, which, as usual in that day, were ascribed to Satan ; and surely, if that personage interests himself in such matters, they are precisely the sort of blessing which he would be likely to dispense to men. It was in this retirement, that he is said to have thrown his inkstand at Satan's head, in one of his unwelcome visitations ; had the appearance been real, the intruder would doubtless have preferred the effusion in that form rather than in the usual manner from the point of a pen as sharp as Luther's. But the incident only shows how soon, after times of great and active excitement, rest, which is a relief for the moment, leads on to greater internal trouble than weariness and pain can bring. It was not assaults and batteries on his own person, however, but the excesses and dissensions which the enemy was stirring up among his followers, which drove him from his retreat. When he con-

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ceived that his presence was necessary to prevent confusion, forth he went, fearless as usual, paying no regard to his outlawry, passing through the territory of the Duke of Saxony, his bitter enemy, and at the hazard of displeasing the Elector by departing without his consent. The letter in which he communicated his purpose to that prince is finely illustrative of his character, uniting a grateful sense of kindness with manly independence, and a sort of high indifference to all personal consequences, which can hardly be matched in all the history of man.

"I do not hold the gospel of men, but of Heaven, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I might well have called myself his servant, and assumed the name of evangelist, as I intend doing henceforward. If I have sought to be examined, it is not that I doubted the goodness of my cause, but through deference and humility alone. Now, seeing that this excess of humility only depreciates the gospel, and that the Devil, if I yield an inch of ground, seeks to take possession of the whole, my conscience compels me to act differently. It is enough, that, to please your Electoral Grace, I have spent a year in retirement. Well does the Devil know that this was through no fears of mine. He saw my heart when I entered Worms. Had that town been filled with devils, I would joyfully have flung myself into it. Now, Duke George cannot even pass for a devil; and I leave it to your Electoral Grace whether it would not be offensive to the Father of all mercy, who bids us put our trust in Him, to fear the anger of this duke? Did God summon me to Leipsic, his capital, as He summons me to Wittemberg, I would thither (forgive the silly expression), though it should rain Duke Georges nine days on end, and each nine times more furious than he. . . . He takes Jesus Christ, then, for a man of straw. The Lord may bear with this for a time, but not always. No more will I conceal from your Electoral Grace that I have more than once besought God with tears to be pleased to enlighten the duke; and I will do so once more with all zeal, but it shall be for the last time. I also beg your Grace's own prayers, and that you would order prayers to be put up, to the end that we may turn away from him, if God so please, that fearful judgment which, alas! threatens him each day more nearly. I write this to apprize you that I am on my way to Wittemberg, under a higher protection than that of the Elector; so that I have no intention of asking your Grace's support. Nay, I even believe I shall be a better protection to the Elector than the Elector to me; and did I think that I had to trust to him, I should stay my steps. The sword is powerless here. God must act without man's interfer-

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ence. He, in whom faith most abounds, will be the most efficacious protector; and, as I feel your Grace's faith to be still weak, I can by no means recognize in you him who is to protect and save me. Your Electoral Grace asks me what you are to do under these circumstances, thinking you have done little hitherto. I answer, with all submission, that your Grace has done only too much, and that you should do nothing. God desireth not all this uneasiness and turmoil about His cause; but that we should trust in Him alone. If your Grace entertain this faith, you will reap peace and security; if not, I at least will rest in faith, and shall be obliged to leave to your Grace the torment with which God punishes unbelievers. Since, then, I decline complying with your Grace's exhortations, you will be justified before God, if I am taken or am put to death. And, before men, it is my wish your Grace should act as follows: — That you be obedient to authority like a good Elector, allow the emperor to rule in his states conformably with the laws of the empire, and forbear from resisting any power which shall attack my liberty or my life; for no one ought to disarm authority or resist it, save Him who has instituted it; else 't is revolt, and against God. I only hope that they will have sense enough to discern that your Electoral Grace is too high in place to turn my jailer; so that, if you leave the doors open and insist on the recognition of the safe-conduct, should they come to seize me, you will have satisfied the calls of obedience. On the contrary, if they are unreasonable enough to order your Grace yourself to lay hands on me, I will so manage that you shall suffer on my account no prejudice in body, goods, or soul. I will explain myself, if necessary, more at length another time. I forward this, for fear of your Grace's being distressed at hearing of my arrival; for, as a Christian, I ought to comfort every one and harm none. If your Grace had faith, you would behold the wondrous things of God; but if you yet have it not, you have yet seen nothing. Let us love and glorify God for ever. Amen. Written at Borna, with my guide by me, Ash Wednesday (March 5th), 1522. Your Electoral Grace's most humble servant,

MARTIN LUTHER."

As soon as Luther had suppressed by his eloquence and moral power those wild factions which grew out of a misapprehension of the truths which he taught, he enjoyed the opportunity of holding a controversy with a crowned head, if so it may be called, when the head was by no means the most efficient part of the system; we mean with Henry the Eighth, who undertook the cause of Rome, and, to prevent his claiming something more substantial, was called by the

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Pope "Defender of the Faith"; a title happily ambiguous, since it conveyed nothing concerning the talent and success with which the church had been defended. Luther, in his study of the Scripture, had not only reached the truth that every man might be his own priest, but had made the kindred discovery, that, in civil life, one man is as good as another, and, in a fair political system, a part of sovereignty should be in each one's hands, so that every one, with no authority except of his own choice above him, should be directly responsible to God. He had seen the intimation in the Bible, that the object of religion was to make all men priests and kings; of course, it was not to be expected, that, after priests ran low in his estimation, he would continue to feel any extraordinary reverence for kings, except they were also respectable men, which did not happen to be the case with Henry. We find that Luther conversed with the Elector on terms of manly equality, showing respect for his character and gratitude for his kindness, but openly professing that he felt no dependence on any earthly power. But as for "that silly-pated Duke George of Saxony," who, with other princes, had prohibited his new translation of the Scriptures in their dominions, he treated them all with indifference and disdain, not concerned in the least by any thing they could do to him, but only lamenting, that, in consequence of their folly, the next age would see "Germany swimming in blood." Shocking to royal ears must have been such language as this; neither did the truth of it make it more palatable. "Ye must know, that, from the beginning of the world, a wise prince has been rare; still more, an upright and honest one. They are generally worthless castaways, or great fools. Already there are very few princes who are not treated as idiots and fools; for the plain reason, that they show themselves such, and the people begin to have understanding." "The emperor," he said, was "a poor and wretched creature"; quite a new title to add to the announcement of Charles the Fifth. Of Henry he said, — "Here is this king of England, styling himself Defender of the Faith; the Hungarians, in their litanies, even boast of being the protectors of God. Why are there not princes to protect Jesus Christ, and others to defend the Holy Ghost? Truly, in this fashion, the Holy Trinity and the faith will be fitly guarded at last." This sort of compliment, to which he was so unused, pelting upon him in a per-

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fect storm, threw Henry into a raging passion; and truly there was something in Luther's coolly contemptuous way of abusing, which, however richly deserved, a far more Christian spirit than that of the Defender of the Faith would have been at its wit's end to bear with any composure.

Up to this time, Luther had been triumphant in all his undertakings; but now the day of his perplexities began, in which he did not always appear to quite the same advantage; not for the want of clearness in his mind nor of disinterestedness and constancy in his heart; but simply because, when the old authorities were overthrown, he became the popular oracle. All manner of questions, civil and religious, were submitted to him; and how to reconcile liberty with order, and to follow the conscience in all things without treason and disloyalty, it was not always easy to tell. He found, as many who have made war on a smaller scale against ecclesiastical tyranny have had occasion to learn, that what is excellent for pulling down is not the best material for building up; the same enemy which is resistless in its march against oppressive power does not contain the self-restoring principle within it. Those who keep their ranks during the heat of the battle, as soon as the victory is sure, begin to straggle and wander at large; after declaiming against authority, it seems ungracious to exert authority; nor is it of much use, indeed, when there is no longer any consent to obey. He found that his followers began to expatiate, each at his own dear will; each had his doctrine and his psalm, and fearful was likely to be the discord when each was chanting his own. When each one was referred to his own heart for his authority, he could see no reason why he should harmonize with others; and in civil matters especially, men could not understand why, after having released themselves from popes and councils, they should bear the tyranny of feudal chiefs and kings. It is curious to see how this great man, large and liberal in his views and feelings, was driven into something like exclusiveness by the fancied necessity of setting a bound. He feared that the Reformation would be delayed and dishonored by extravagance and excess in his followers; thus, he differed with Zwingle concerning the Lord's Supper, when the views of that great Swiss Reformer were more advanced than his own. He apparently wanted sympathy with the peasants in their resistance to oppression, though

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their cause was eminently just. In all this, he appears inconsistent with himself; he evidently felt embarrassment, doubting, as the liberal party when triumphant always does, whether he had not preached his liberal doctrine with too little qualification and reserve; and then, in his perplexity, setting up his restraining barriers in the wrong places; setting them up, not because they were reasonable, or the places were right, but only because it seemed that some sort of restraint was wanting. He is not greatly to be censured for this; every liberal party, when successful, finds itself, to its amazement and sorrow, in the same predicament. It seldom shines in the work of conservatism; its former sayings and doings are thrown into its teeth, occasioning not a little confusion and woe.

But with this seeming inconsistency, which in the case of Zwingle certainly was much to be deplored, nothing could be more liberal than Luther's own personal feelings. To Hausmann, the pastor of Zwickau, who inquired concerning the bounds of evangelical liberty, he said,—"Let each one follow his own lights, and each question his own conscience how to answer to the gospel." The Moravians asked about the sacrament; he replied, — "It is madness to be meddling with these matters, to the neglect of the precious concerns of salvation." As to the worship of images, he says, — "Where faith and charity are, there can be no sin either in adoring or not adoring; on the contrary, where faith and charity are not, there cannot but be one enduring sin." With respect to the exhibition of relics, — "They have been exhibited over and over again to all the world"; as to purgatory, —"It seems to be a very doubtful matter." When Spalatin asked for a ceremonial to be observed in mass, he replies, — "I implore you not to trouble yourself about small matters of this kind." With regard to the elevation of the host, — "Do just as it pleases you."

This is the language of a man who saw that nothing compared in importance with religious character, and whose spirit could not move within the narrow circle of a party. It seemed to him that some church government was necessary to preserve unity and prevent excesses; his own taste evidently leaned to what we delight to call Congregationalism, not so much, it would appear, from the expressiveness of the term, as from the pleasing melody of the sound. But, harass-

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ed as he was by all manner of cares, and pressed by the force of circumstances, perhaps feeling, too, the entire want of all experience on the subject, he was obliged to move on in contradiction to his own advice, "not to throw away the old shoes till they had provided themselves with new." Those which he snatched up hastily were at best but slippers, little suited to the purpose and sadly uneasy to the feet. The effect of being thus pinched was not favorable to his temper, and the chief stains on Luther's great character grew out of this exclusiveness in systems, to which he resorted because they seemed necessary under the circumstances and at the time, while they were not the desire of his mind, not the true expression of his heart.

While it is clear that in all this Luther was disinterested and fearless, there is no denying, that, to use the cant phrase of the day, he was "*in a false position*"; for, on the one hand, he was maintaining the rights of liberty and conscience, and on the other, saying to those who took him at his word, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." But this was not from narrowness of understanding or selfish desire of power, but only because he saw more plainly than others the danger of excess, which might bring discredit on a holy cause, and put the Reformers in the wrong. His old friend Carlstadt, by applying the principles which he had learned of Luther, was plunging on before him. Munzer, too, was stirring up the multitudes to that demand of their rights which ended in the disastrous "Peasants' war." Seeing that they were taking the steps most likely to rivet chains and perpetuate oppression, Luther opposed them with severity; but it should not be forgotten, that, when Carlstadt's life was in danger, he came forward to shield him with the generous kindness of a friend. We cannot like him the less for his moderation, a virtue which it is easier to despise than to understand or maintain; we honor him for his unwillingness to wage an exterminating war against Rome, and even for his wish to retain some of its venerable associations. He had no patience with those breakers of images, who, in their stupid zeal, were defacing churches, and destroying more than their necks were worth of the remains of ancient art. He resisted the violent suppression of religious houses, by which so many of the poor and helpless were thrown upon the world, while the property became the prey of iron-fisted

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robbers. His untenable theory of consubstantiation evidently grew out of a lingering, traditional regard for the Catholic views of the sacrament. But the other Reformers had no sympathy with these feelings; they looked on him as standing in the way of the Reformation itself; each one, therefore, poured out a vial of wrath on his head, and Luther, who was never slow in returning such compliments, defended his own position without any parade of respect for theirs. The people, however, who could not understand the necessity of metes and bounds, and thought they could not have too much of a good thing, took sides with his opposers. They could not understand his moderation; they ascribed it to fear, or some other unworthy reasons; and for a time he lost influence, as the Corinthians, not much to their honor, were at one time persuaded by one of their number that St. Paul was not a Christian.

There is something very interesting in the description of his retreat into private life. He married a beautiful girl, of noble birth, who had formerly been a nun. There had been some attachment between her and another man. Luther wrote to his rival, that Catherine had not yet overcome her regard for him, and that, if he would come and prevail with her, he could cheerfully see them united. Happily for him, he was not taken at his word, and the monk became a happy husband and father, though his resources for subsistence were at times exceedingly small. He employed himself in gardening and building a fountain; to a friend he wrote, — "Come and be crowned with lilies and roses." He interested himself also in mechanical employments; he said to a correspondent, — "The turning-tools are come to hand; I have enough for the present, except you meet with some newly invented ones which will turn of themselves, while my servant snores, or stares at the clouds." It is pleasant to see his powerful spirit submitting to the refining influence of domestic affections; pleasanter still to see that he practised the generous virtues as faithfully as when they brought him the world's applause.

When the plague entered his house, and all were sick within it, he took in those who were more unfortunate than himself, relieving the sick and adopting their fatherless children, while almost destitute of the means to support his own. Through all changes of joy and sorrow, and under the constant pressure of poverty, he was firm, genial, and unalterably

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kind. When he lost his daughter Madeleine, aged fourteen, his wife wept and lamented; but he said to her, — "My dear Catherine, think where she is gone; to a certainty she has made a blessed exchange. The flesh bleeds indeed; that is our nature; but the spirit exults, and finds all as it should be." As his daughter lay before him, he exclaimed, — "I love her much; but, O my God, if it be thy will to take her, I would give her up to thee without one selfish murmur." When she was dying, he said, — "My dearest child, my own Madeleine, I know you would gladly stay with your father here, and you will be equally ready to go to your Father in heaven; will you not?" She answered, — "O, yes, dear father; as God wills." "Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He then walked up and down in a troubled manner, saying, — "Ah, yes! I have loved this dear child too much. If the flesh is so strong, what becomes of the spirit?" When she was breathing her last, he threw himself on his knees by her bedside, praying to God that he would spare her, till she expired in his arms. After her death, he said, — "My poor, dear little Madeleine, you are at rest now." Then, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, — "Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again; thou shalt shine like a star, — yes! like the sun! I am joyful in spirit, but, O, how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know that she is so certainly at rest, and yet to be so sad!"

We have given this affecting scene to show how the stormy controvertist bore himself in the quiet circle of home. It shows, that, rough and bold as he was, he abounded in manly tenderness, as faithful and contented in the bosom of his family as bold when blazing in the van of reform. Still, the suspension of his former excitement brought on his hypochondriacal distresses to such an extent, that, when sickness had brought him to the edge of the grave, he was happy in believing that his last hour was come. Those men who are great in extended spheres do not always appear to equal advantage in a small one; but Luther's bearing in distressed and humble circumstances was to the full as honorable to him as those greater efforts and sacrifices which laid the foundation of his fame.

It was found, on experiment, that Luther could do without the public better than the public could dispense with him. The course of reform, however unlike that of true love in

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benignity, very much resembled it in the smoothness of its flow. In ordinary times it could spread quietly without any external agency to sustain it; but when the clouds gathered and thunders began to roll, it needed his heart of flame and nerves of iron to confront the storm. The emperor seemed to be perfectly indifferent on the subject, except so far as his own interest was concerned; in all cases he was better pleased to take what was Cæsar's than to give up what belonged to God. So long as only the Pope's authority was endangered by the changes in Germany, he looked on with great composure; but when the mutual sympathy of the German princes began to threaten his own, his moral sense would not longer suffer him to rest. The only case of conscience which he was interested to determine was, to know which side it was most politic on the whole to favor; in other words, which was likely to prove strongest in the long run. Had Germany alone been his field of action, he would have taken side with the Reformers; but as his politics embraced all Europe, the friendship of the Roman court was too important to be surrendered. It would have been a great comfort to him, could he have frightened the Reformers into silence; and on the whole, he thought it better to throw tufts of grass before he tried what virtue there was in stones. But he had no reason to boast the success of his pelting operations; for as soon as a decree had been issued to carry into effect the sentence pronounced on Luther at Worms, and to prohibit future innovations in religion, a league of princes and free cities protested against it; thus originating that word Protestant, which was then used for the first time, but which the world has since had opportunity to learn by heart.

When Charles, in pursuance of his designs, had appointed a diet of the empire at Augsburg, Luther was the soul of the Protestant party. Being under censure, he could not be present, and Melancthon was the representative of the Protestant divines. But Luther was near at hand, and his inflexible firmness held together the elements of their association against all the force and fraud that were employed to dissolve them. Their enemy was desirous to divide and conquer, while many of the more sagacious Protestants were for sinking their differences to secure their common union. But Luther knew full well, that, at such times, the boldest counsels were the wisest; that a spirit of compromise growing out of a sense

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of danger was not to be trusted ; and that for each to speak his own opinion was the best way to reconcile them all. As to harmony between Catholics and Protestants, which was a fond vision of Melancthon, Luther told him plainly that it should take place only on condition that the Pope abdicated his throne. So much influence was exerted to entangle the Protestant councils, to make them responsible for the republicanism of Zwingle and the Swiss, and for the Anabaptist fanaticism, and to involve them in inconsistencies and contradictions, that nothing short of Luther's fixed determination could have maintained that confidence and union which were indispensable to the success, and even the existence, of the party ; so that even his defects of character became serviceable to the great cause which it was the business of his life to maintain. " I care not," he says, " about being accused of violence ; it shall be my glory henceforth to have it said how I rage and storm. For more than ten years I have been humbling myself, and speaking them fairly. To what end ? Only to exasperate the evil. The clowns are but the haughtier for it. Well ; since there is no longer any hope of shaking their infernal resolutions with kindness, I break with them, and will leave them no rest from my curses till I sink into the grave." This does not look precisely like the spirit of the gospel, it must be allowed. But he says, — " Yet do I keep towards all the world a kind and loving heart, and my greatest enemies themselves know it well." In many persons this would have been self-blinded contradiction ; but in him it was really true, that his ungovernable energy, however furiously expressed, never overpowered the feeling of goodwill to men. There were haste and passion, at times, enough and to spare ; but nothing like malice and revenge was ever harboured in his breast. He told Melancthon, that, if he heard of his getting on badly, he should himself be tempted " to face that row of Satan's teeth." All danger he treated with contempt, saying, — " If the emperor is disposed to publish an edict, let him." Accordingly, that potentate, whose patience grew somewhat threadbare at finding how little he was feared, prevailed on the diet to issue a decree which prohibited the future progress of reform. Luther did justice to Melancthon's admirable character and bearing, saying to him, — " Rejoice and be comforted in your Saviour ! Man of longsuffering, raise up your drooping head, for your salvation draweth nigh."

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This movement on the part of the emperor tended more to provoke than to overawe the Protestants, or to restore the old religion. The chiefs who were thus threatened formed a coalition for their mutual security, not by the advice of Luther, who rigidly regarded the charge, "Put not your trust in princes," whilst he disliked the resort to force in matters of religion. They were the more busy in this, because it was understood that Duke George of Saxony, "that clown," as Luther termed him in his courtly way, had arranged a secret combination of Catholic princes, to which the emperor himself had acceded. Between this duke and Luther a constant interchange of compliments was passing, in which, it must be confessed, the grace and good manners are chiefly on the layman's side. He earnestly exhorted Luther to repentance, while Luther replied, with little reverence, — "See our little prince; and he would be respected, glorified, adored, withal! Gramercy!" The duke utterly denied the existence of any such association; but the Protestant rulers assembled at Smalkalde, formed a league for their common defence, and made application to the kings of France and England for their aid and countenance, which those sovereigns, not from love of the Reformation, but from hatred of Charles, were quite ready to bestow. Luther was accused of having instigated them to this course; he denied the charge, but said, that, if they thought it their right or their duty to resist, he should not interfere to prevent it. Whatever they did was all the same to him. Meantime, nothing was more proper than that the Papists should tremble at shaking leaves, and see phantoms of death and insurrection on every side. He intimated, that, if they should die of their fright, he should not be chief mourner. He made these declarations of his views and feelings in reply to an anonymous work, which he possibly ascribed to his friend Duke George, in which the Protestants were accused of conspiring against the Catholics, who were all for peace. He said, — "No one is to know the author of this work; well, I will remain in ignorance too. However, I will try my hand and strike upon the sack; if the blows should fall upon the ass that carries it, it will not be my fault; they were, of course, intended for the sack alone."

As this Protestant coalition was formidable in itself, and secured to itself the aid of foreign sovereigns, Charles's con-

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science was visibly affected. He began to have serious doubts of the justice of persecuting heretics and upholding the old religion. With France, and England, and Denmark threatening on one side, and the Turks entering Austria on the other, he saw the duty of toleration more clearly than ever before. He therefore entered into negotiation with the Protestant princes, in which he agreed that all processes against Reformers should be suspended, and that no one should thenceforth be persecuted on account of his religion; very wise conclusions, whatever may have been the process by which he reached them. This prosperous result was primarily owing to Luther; for, though he took no part in secular arrangements, and was opposed to the exertion of civil power in matters of religion, it was evidently his determination, and the spirit of firmness which he had breathed into the Reformers, which held them together in the face of danger, and enabled them to present a front so formidable and commanding. The Protestants were brave, through their sympathy with him; it was like the enthusiasm which shoots through the heavy masses of an army, when they feel that they are fighting under their leader's eye.

It was quite obvious that Luther made himself enemies by resisting the popular tendencies, which he was expected to favor, because they grew out of an impulse which he had given to the public mind. But very little cared he for the expectations of other men, and having a clear head to discern the right, and a clear heart to follow it, he went on his way, like a decree of fate, leaving others to wonder, complain, or abuse him, as happened to suit them best. This was the case with the Anabaptists, as they were called, from their opposition to infant baptism; though the name, as often happens, gives no idea whatever of their character and opinions. Some of them carried the principles of Christian liberty to a base and unprincipled excess, and claimed exemption from all moral restraints under the name of religious privilege, till they were lost in all manner of sins. Luther told them his full opinion of them and their proceedings, which was far from complimentary. As soon as their excitement began, he said, — "There was no spark so small, but that a fire might be kindled to consume the world, if the Devil was suffered to blow it." Foreseeing the enormous crimes to which their tenets would lead them, he was ready to unite with any oth-

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ers to put them down. When one considers their entire rejection of all civil authority, their open defiance of law, their shameless self-indulgence, and the invitation which they held out to every one to follow his own impulses, however sensual they might be, it is not surprising that he should have disowned them with all earnestness, lest they should be identified with the Reformation, which was new and imperfectly understood. So, indeed, it happened ; it brought great reproach on that cause, where the truth was not known. Luther was held responsible for their fanatical excesses at the same time that they were denouncing him and the Pope as brothers in tyrannical usurpation, who were to be resisted and defied by all true-hearted Christians.

But he did not fear these popular outbreaks, in which the name of reform was profaned, half so much as the injury which might come from entangling religious with political concerns, in which great zeal for Christianity is professed, while the interest of the parties is sure to carry the day. Whatever offers of patronage and protection were made on the one hand, whatever inflictions were threatened on the other, Luther held fast to his principle, with perfect indifference to their solicitations and warnings. When councils were held to reconcile the Protestants and Catholics, he knew how all such arrangements would end. When Melancthon, Bucer, and Pistorius met in conference with the Catholic divines at Worms, Luther spoke of it as a comedy which was likely to have a tragical close ; and it was found, on experiment, that, while there was a seeming approach to each other in doctrine, the effect of it was to leave the parties more dissatisfied than before ; the Protestants being disgusted with the decree of Ratisbon, which required them to cease from action till all questions were submitted to a general council, and the Pope indignant, as well he might be, at the proposal of a council which would take his business out of his hands.

These results approved the wisdom of Luther's course ; but when religion is once intertwined with worldly policy, it is not easy to separate the two. For the loss of his personal influence he does not appear to have been afflicted ; at all events, he was not the man to whine ; but he did feel strong doubts whether the work of reformation would be carried forward to victory, when "Satan, after being driven out, threatened to return in greater strength than before." He

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said, — "Nobles, citizens, peasants, I might add, almost all men, think they know the gospel better than Dr. Luther, or even St. Paul himself, and they look down on pastors, or rather on the Lord and Master of pastors." "The nobles seek to govern, but know not how. The Pope knows how to govern, and does govern. The least Papist is more capable of governing than — I cry them mercy — ten of our court nobles." It is evident enough that he despaired of seeing the accomplishment of the work which he had so triumphantly begun. "The world," he said, "is like a drunken peasant; put him up in his saddle on one side, he tumbles over on the other. The world will be the Devil's." Some one said to him, that, if the world were to last fifty years, many things might yet turn up. "God forbid!" said Luther; it would be worse than all the past." These gloomy visions do not appear to have soured him so much as might have been supposed. He said, — "My only thoughts about the emperor and the empire are commending them to God in my prayers." For himself, he had no desire to linger in life where there was nothing more for him to do.

Those who wonder at so brave a spirit sinking into Millerism should remember the diseases which constantly oppressed him; the stone and vertigo are no laughing matters, and these, together with the oppression of his laborious warfare, constantly weighed him down. To the despondency originating in these complaints we may trace the impression which possessed him, that the end of the world was at hand. He said, — "I know more than you of the fatalities that await this age. The world is threatened with ruin, — the more the Devil is allowed to go up and down, the more brutish the world becomes. There is but one consolation left us; it is that the day is nigh." "I think that our Saviour will soon come to real effects; the day of judgment will soon put an end to our plans and purposes, and all other things." "The world is in its old age, and at its last gasp, and is become delirious, as often happens with the dying." At another time, he says, — "I do believe that I am the great trumpet which announces the coming of the Lord. Therefore, weak and failing as I am, and small as is the sound which I can make this world hear, my voice rings in the ears of the angels in heaven, who will take up the strain after us, and complete the solemn call." Not only did he foresee this result, but

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he seemed to long for it. One day, when conversing on the subject, he happened to have a chaplet of white agates in his hand. He said, — "Good God! come with the day of judgment! God grant the day may soon come. I would eat this chaplet to have it come to-morrow." The sun which rose in cheerful brightness was setting mournfully in tears.

There is something extremely sad in the dreariness of his closing life. No man was ever more entitled to universal gratitude, and we feel as if a serene and happy evening should have followed such a hard and stormy day. But we find him saying, — "I am satiated with life, if this be life. Had I known at the beginning what enemies men are to God's word, I should certainly have been silent and held my peace." "In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living." When he was the last time at the table of the aged Electress, she wished him forty more years of life. He answered, — "I would not have heaven on condition that I must live forty years longer." "I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live about a year more; so that I will not make my life a torment, but will eat and drink what I please." "I wish my adversaries would put an end to me, for now my death would be of more service to the church than my life." It must not be inferred from these expressions, that he was epicurean in the habits of his life. On the contrary, he was remarkably temperate and self-denying. There was, doubtless, in all this something of the impatience of disease; but making every abatement, it is a closing chapter in his glorious history which must awaken deep sympathy and regret in every reader's breast. It ought not so to have been. Subjects and princes should have contended with each other for the privilege and honor of smoothing his pathway to the grave.

It does not appear that his hopelessness of doing good ever induced him to suspend his labors in preaching or writing, which at every period of his life were very great. At the end of January, 1546, he attended the conferences at Eisleben, where he preached four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfield. On the 17th of February, he was so ill that his friends begged him not to go out; but he had strength to walk about the room. In the evening, he was conscious that he was passing away,

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but he desired those about him to go to their usual rest for the night. Before midnight, he took a few steps about the room, when a cold perspiration came over him, which his friends hoped would relieve him; but he knew it was a sign that death was nigh. He then prayed, in the words, — "O my God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou, the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and honored; who is persecuted by the Pope and the ungodly. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour, Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." After this effort, he fainted; his friends succeeded with difficulty in restoring him. When one of them asked him if he died in firm reliance on the faith which he had taught, he answered clearly and distinctly, "Yes." A mortal paleness then spread itself over his countenance, the coldness of death was in his limbs, and with one deep-drawn breath he expired.

The last will of the great Reformer is worth observing. It illustrates his manly and generous character, and casts a censure upon those who are induced, by the poor consideration of property and the spirit of a Tyrian age, to bequeath a dying insult to those whom they have professed to honor and love. He left his property to his "dear and faithful wife," saying that he would not have her dependent on her children, but, on the contrary, thought it proper that her children should be dependent on her. It was right that they should be under her control, for he had often seen children, even pious children, when left independent of their surviving parent, refuse the respect and kindness which were due to the mother whom God had commanded them to obey. He said, that, whatever her future destiny in life might be, he had not a shadow of doubt that she would be an affectionate and faithful parent, sharing with them whatever she might have; nor had he any apprehension that she would ever injure those whom she had carried upon her breast. As she was the best manager of her children, he committed all with confidence to her hands. And lest the day might come, when, as was possible, she should be accused of withholding money for herself and not sharing it with them, he said, — "I pray all my friends to be witnesses of the truth, and to defend my

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dear Catherine, if this should happen. I certify that we have neither ready money nor treasure of any kind. This need surprise no one, when it is considered that we have had no other income than my stipend and a few presents, and that we have gone to the charge of building, and have borne the expenses of a large household. I look on it as a particular mercy from God, which I thank him for without ceasing, that we have had sufficient for our wants, and that our debts are not greater." This will was drawn up some time before his death; and whoever sees the inconvenience and suffering which often come from the criminal neglect to make a will, and the manner in which many indulge their caprice and selfishness in what should be the discharge of a solemn duty, will earnestly wish that the rights of the wife should be better secured by law, and that such examples as this should prevent her being treated with that want of confidence which is too often avenged by what Sir Thomas Brown calls "formal mourning, scenical sadness, and no wet eyes at the grave."

In giving this slight sketch of the history of a man who is more generally known than understood, we cannot say that we have been much indebted to the work before us, which is a fragmentary, or rather piecemeal, collection of scraps from Luther's letters and other writings, connected by a slender thread of narrative, and not arranged in judicious order. But any account, however unedifying, must present the great features of his character, and show that his strength of mind, which was great, was exceeded by his strength of heart. No man ever surpassed him in manly determination; the greatest chiefs of armies never had more collected courage and decision; when he was once sure of his ground, there was no power on the earth nor beneath it which could force him back a single inch from the place where he stood. His mind was one which took fast hold of the subject before him; he saw it clearly and with sharp outlines from a single point of view; and this concentration was more favorable, perhaps, to singleness of effort, than if, with more philosophical and extended comprehension, he had followed it in all its relations and bearings. He did not see those objections which would make others ponder; he had none of those intellectual doubts and misgivings which prevent many thoughtful minds from advancing. He knew that he meant to be

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right, and he had no doubt that he was right; after that, the suggestions of friends and the defiance of enemies had no more effect than the resistance of the elements to detain the steam-ship on her out-bound way. Had he been more enlarged in thought, and less a man of action, he could never have removed the mountains of power and prejudice which rose before him; the dark mountains on which the feet of earlier Reformers had so often stumbled and been lost. We cannot say, that, apart from the single subject to which he devoted his life, his views and opinions seem of the highest value. His conversation, as recorded, does not indicate an unusual grasp or profoundness of thought; and the truth evidently is, that his mind was so much engaged in active service, that he had neither time nor heart for those more contemplative efforts which enlarge the boundaries of thought, and lead to those intellectual disclosures which illuminate the path of duty. His activity of mind, however, was unceasing; and as he poured forth his writings in his mother tongue, instead of the classical language which was then generally employed by learned men, his quickening suggestions were thrown into the hearts and understandings of all his countrymen; thus preparing the way for one of the most stupendous movements which this world ever saw, and which, though it had been prayed for, foreseen, and earnestly anticipated by others, was carried forward to victory by him alone.

Most writers who have occasion to speak of Luther are apparently quite as much struck with his infirmities as with his virtues. But these infirmities did not lie deep in his character; they affected his manners, perhaps, but were not in his day considered as any subject of reproach. Erasmus, with whom he had so much sharp controversy, said of Luther, that "his morals were unanimously praised; and it was the highest testimony man could have, that even his enemies could find in them nothing to censure." And when we find Luther wishing that he was "as eloquent and gifted as Erasmus," it does not seem as if their severity in disputation came from the fountains of the heart. Melancthon, the highest possible authority, said, that whoever had seen Luther often and familiarly must allow that he was a most excellent man, "gentle and agreeable in society, not in the least obstinate nor given to disputation. If he ever showed any great severity in combating the enemies of the true doctrine,

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it was from no malignity of nature, but from ardor and enthusiasm for the truth." In these respects, he seems to have been very much like the English Johnson, who did not convey to those around him the same impression of stern roughness with which biographers have invested him, and who, with all his infirmities of temper and manner, will always, by his melancholy majesty, command the reverence of men. Like him, too, Luther was unbounded in his liberality to the poor, to whom he gave not only his money, but assistance of every description, particularly in maintaining their rights, when they were wantonly invaded. We find him declining favors offered by the Elector and other friends, saying, that, rather than accept so much kindness for himself, he would prefer to feel at liberty to apply to them in behalf of others. Under the afflictions of life, of which he suffered many, and, among others, "the serpent's tooth" of having a thankless child, he maintained a grateful spirit, never insensible to what he enjoyed in his sorrow for that which was wanting. Besides the refining influence of these great and habitual virtues, he was no stranger to the graces of life. For musical taste and science he was eminent; in reading and writing poetry he greatly delighted; in all the elegant arts he was deeply interested, though he had not much leisure to give to them. It is clear that such a man could not be the half-savage he is sometimes represented. So far from it, he stands among the foremost of the sons of light; but even the star, if it came down from its throne in heaven, would lose half its glory in the dust and darkness of the world below.

The writer of this work acknowledges that his sympathies are with the church of Rome rather than with the Reformers; if it be so, he has certainly shown most unusual impartiality. But he could not be expected to enter into the spirit of the times, nor, indeed, to comprehend the character of Luther in its relation to the wants of his age. But in the present day, when the great Reformer has so many burlesque imitators, so superfluous and excessive in their ambition to be like him that they are in danger of making the world forswear philanthropy and reform so long as it lives, it may be well to afford mankind a true account of his powers and virtues, which certainly shows, that, with some occasional roughness of speech and manner, he was consistent and, what is more, universal in his kindness of heart. Let those who would be

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like him, then, avoid his failings, by recalling which they injure his memory. Let them imitate his manly courage and martyr-like self-devotion, never forgetting, that submission to the authority of conscience was the law of his life, and that his resistance to all authority which came in conflict with conscience was the great service which gave him glory in the sight of God and man. Surely, if he could maintain his genial kindness in times of violence and danger, it should not be hard to hold fast the crown of humanity in times when the Luther has only to suffer comfortably by his fireside, when the greatest cross he has to bear is the world's indifference, and when, though he longs for them as for hidden treasures, he cannot find the least prospect of a martyr's sentence and a bloody grave.

ART. VIII. — *A Practical Treatise on Ventilation.* By MORRILL WYMAN. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 419.

CLOSED rooms and the heat of fires are essential to the comfort of the inhabitants of New England during about eight months in the year. The great cost and labor required for maintaining these fires have produced constant efforts to improve the apparatus and render the methods of warming more economical. The old fireplace, which formed the sitting-room of a large part of the family, in the days of our ancestors, was long ago abandoned for the improved forms introduced by Franklin and Rumford. These again have passed away, and new arrangements of stoves, grates, and furnaces have succeeded each other, during the last fifty years, with a rapidity which, although it has often outrun improvement, has in the main greatly advanced the economy of warming houses, and given great comfort to all classes of people. Heat alone, however, is not all that is necessary to our comfort, or even health, in winter. Without a constant supply of pure air, consisting of those proportions of oxygen, nitrogen, and aqueous vapor which nature has combined in the common atmosphere, we can expect neither a healthful body

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nor a vigorous mind. Now, it unfortunately happens, that a supply of this pure air, or the *ventilation* of rooms of every kind, is necessarily adverse to the most economical methods of heating them, and it is a matter of no small difficulty to combine an efficient ventilation with a moderate consumption of heat. Even in cases where mere expense has been disregarded, and the attention has been confined solely to producing a temperate and pure atmosphere, success has not always followed the efforts of those men whom of all others we should consider most competent to direct works of this kind. To show this it is sufficient to mention the failure of Sir H. Davy, in 1811, in his attempt to ventilate the House of Lords. But if the subjects of warming and ventilating be not yet so thoroughly understood as could be desired, we are certainly advancing in our knowledge of them, by a more complete investigation and publication of the laws and principles on which they are founded. Besides the treatise just published by Dr. Wyman, of which it is our purpose to give a more particular account in this article, we have had, heretofore, several very excellent works, particularly those by Mr. Tredgold and Dr. Reid.

The latter of these gentlemen has been rendered somewhat conspicuous by his labors in warming and ventilating the Houses of Parliament, and by the cry which has been opened upon him, in various forms, from the English press. Whatever may be said of his practical efforts, his book bears ample testimony to his very competent knowledge of the subject upon which he is engaged. But he is evidently an enthusiast, and, like most other enthusiasts, a man of a single idea. Ventilation is, with him, about all that is necessary in life. Food and clothing are insignificant, compared to it. The Lords and Commons are to meet in their new palace, not so much to make laws and govern the kingdom, as to enjoy the comfort of a perfect ventilation. Hence, all architectural design and arrangement are to be rendered subservient to this end. Carrying his notions to this ridiculous extent, we cannot wonder that he has failed to obtain credit with judicious men, who, however they may hereafter use his work when in search of facts, will not yield to his opinions the weight of an authority.

The work by Dr. Wyman is not less complete and full than that either of Tredgold or Reid ; and in some points it

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is much more so. It is very judiciously arranged. The plan which he has followed, according to the Preface, has been, —

"First, to describe the laws and properties of gases generally; especially the law of their diffusion, so important in its influence upon ventilation.

"Secondly, the chemical and physical properties of the atmosphere.

"Thirdly, the processes by which atmospheric air may become vitiated; particularly the processes of respiration and combustion, and the nature of the gases produced by them.

"Fourthly, the means by which impurities, whether chemical or mechanical, may be removed from atmospheric air.

"Fifthly, the principles of the movements induced in air by heat, especially those occurring in apartments and in chimneys.

"Sixthly, the moving power best adapted to ventilation, and the quantity and qualities of the air which should be supplied.

"Lastly, the mechanical arrangements best adapted to effect the ventilation of the various structures to which they are applied." — pp. vi., vii.

The first part of the volume, which contains an account of the physical and chemical properties of the atmosphere, as a necessary introduction to the more practical parts of the work, is very full and satisfactory, and shows Dr. Wyman's familiar acquaintance with the discoveries of modern science. But as we intend that the work shall speak for itself, we commence with the following extract of a curious computation, made by Dumas, showing the sufficiency of the supply of oxygen in the atmosphere.

"The air which surrounds us weighs as much as 581,000 cubes of copper, 3,273 feet by the side; its oxygen equals in weight 134,000 of these same cubes. Supposing the earth peopled with a thousand million men, and animals equivalent to three thousand million of men, they would not together consume in a century a weight of oxygen equivalent to sixteen of these cubes of copper, while the air contains 134,000 of them. It would require 10,000 years for this number of men to produce a sensible effect on the eudiometer of Volta, even supposing all vegetable life annihilated!" — p. 7.

Of the following facts and instances relating to combustion, some are new, and those which are not so will bear to be again examined.

"A pint of oil when burned produces a pint and a quarter of water; a pound of gas, more than two and a half pounds of water.

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"An Argand gas-burner, in a shop-window, will produce in four hours two and a half pints of water, which may be condensed upon the goods, the window, or any other cold substances.

"The Argand burner of the Boston Gas Company with twenty-two holes will produce in four hours, when burning at the rate of four feet per hour, twenty-two ounces, or a pint and six ounces, of water, and four feet of carbonic acid, which will render *four hundred* cubic feet of atmospheric air unfit for respiration.

"A pound of oil produces 2.86 pounds of carbonic acid, and consumes the oxygen contained in 13.26 cubic feet of atmospheric air.

"A pound of coal-gas produces 2.56 pounds of carbonic acid, and consumes 4.25 cubic feet of oxygen, which is equivalent to that contained in 21.25 cubic feet of atmospheric air. For every cubic foot of gas burned, an equal quantity of carbonic acid is produced, and renders, according to Leblanc, 100 cubic feet of air unfit for respiration.

"As an illustration of the demand for air to produce efficient lighting, we may mention the following. In the vestry of a meeting-house in Boston, some years since, great complaint was made of the impurity of the oil used; it burned well for a time, when the lamps grew dim, and continued to grow more so through the evening. The sexton was directed to procure better; he tried many kinds, but all to no purpose. He had noticed, however, that, the longer he was compelled to remain after the services, and listen to the complaints of the aggrieved, the better his lamps burned, which was soon interpreted to mean the improvement of the air consequent upon the opening of the doors and the departure of the audience."— pp. 65 – 67.

The annoyance experienced in cities from smoke has always been complained of as very serious. So great is this grievance in London, that a member of parliament, a few years since, declared in his place, that it was well known that it had rendered the city uninhabitable. It has not yet attained to this formidable height with us, and probably the more general use of anthracite and wood than of bituminous coal will preserve us from the fate of London. Still, some method for burning smoke, where bituminous coal is used, especially in manufactories, has long been desired, and often attempted. If it has not yet been fully accomplished, the way seems at last to have been opened to it; and the following extract will indicate the principles involved, and the most successful practical results yet attained.

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"We have already spoken of the great nuisance of the smoke of bituminous coal, as usually burnt in large cities. A great variety of modes have been invented and patents taken out for the consumption of smoke, but, until a short time, they have all been contrived upon a wrong principle. It has been supposed that it is only necessary to heat the smoke to a certain temperature to consume it, and if it is not consumed, it is because the requisite heat had not been attained. For this reason it was proposed, and the proposition was for a long time practised upon, to place the new coal in front, near the door, and allow the gases to be driven off over the hot coals and burn. This was Mr. Watt's plan; he admitted a quantity of atmospheric air where the coal was undergoing the process of coaking, but never sufficiently diffused to mingle with the gases and accomplish their complete combustion; even if they were transformed into carbonic acid, still, in passing over the incandescent fuel beyond, that carbonic acid would dissolve a portion of carbon and again become carbonic oxide. This plan was not successful, nor were any others which were formed upon the same principle.

"An Argand lamp without a chimney will burn without smoke, if the wick be kept low; but on raising it to a certain point, it smokes; if now the chimney be put on, the smoke no longer appears; it is not produced. In the first case, the volatilized carbon and disengaged hydrogen, into which the oil is converted, do not meet with sufficient air at a proper temperature until they have risen so high that they have become too cold to burn; in the second case, this amount of air is supplied at the right place, and the red-hot vapor of carbon unites with it and becomes invisible carbonic acid. This is precisely the principle upon which smoke is to be prevented in furnaces. Soft or bituminous coal is composed essentially of carbon and hydrogen, which, with a certain amount of heat, are disengaged as gases, and, if a proper amount of oxygen is supplied, and of a proper temperature, they unite with it and are consumed. If these facts are kept in view, it will be seen that smoke can be prevented as readily in the furnace as in the Argand lamp. If the air is introduced in too large quantity, or at too low a temperature, the gases are cooled, and smoke appears. In these cases, it is found necessary to admit the air heated to a proper temperature, without allowing it to come in contact with the fuel, and entirely separated from that which passes through the grate, that it may retain its full amount of oxygen up to the moment it mingles with the gases.

"It has been supposed that the admission of air would cool the furnace and diminish the amount of steam; but this is found not

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to be the case when so regulated as just to consume the smoke, as will be seen in the following results of experiments by Mr. H. Houldsworth. The kinds of coal used were Knowles's Clifton coal, a free-burning kind, which does not cake, and produces a considerable quantity of ashes; and Barker and Evans's Oldham coal, a slow-burning, rich, caking coal, containing little ashes.*

"*Steam produced in a given Time.*

No air admitted,	Coal thrown upon fire,				230 lbs.	100
No air,	"	"	"	"	460 "	109
53 square inches of air,	"	"	"	"	230 "	132
Air regulated to consume all smoke,	"	"	"	"	230 "	134
53 square inches of air,	"	"	"	"	460 "	140

Showing that the admission of air increases the amount of steam produced in a given time from 30 to 40 per cent." —pp. 105 – 107.

If it be difficult, with our present apparatus and methods of using fuel in our houses, to obtain all the economical advantages which would be possible from the combustion of smoke, we may obtain an equivalent for this waste, in saving our heat by an arrangement of double windows. Although we now and then see this arrangement adopted, we are confident that it deserves to be brought into more general use; and we have often wondered, that, with the laudable disposition to avoid all unnecessary expense, which is so general amongst our people, this simple fixture has been so much neglected. We know that the objection has sometimes been made to it, that the air of rooms thus guarded becomes less pure; that it preserves the heat mainly by preventing the escape of the warm, or the entry of the cold air. This is altogether a mistake, as the single window, if well fitted, prevents the passage of air, but fails to retain the heat, which can pass through a thin wall of glass with great facility. The non-conducting power of the double window, on the contrary, is well described by Dr. Wyman in the following paragraph.

"When a cold window makes a part of one of the walls, a constant current of cold air descends along it, which is often mistaken for that which enters the window from without; but it will exist without that, and cannot be prevented by closely fitted sashes, or any care in calking their crevices. The unpleasant effect of this fall of air from a number of large windows, as in churches, and their great influence in lowering the temperature of the room, are much greater than is usually supposed, especially in buildings

* Minutes of Evidence of Committee on the Smoke Nuisance, p. 122.

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heated by warmed air, where the walls do not feel the influence of radiated heat. In our New England climate, where the temperature not unfrequently approaches zero, and is often below the freezing point, there would be a vast saving of heat, if our churches, court-rooms, and other public buildings, could be preserved from this cooling process. This can be done by means of double windows, fitting closely, and inclosing between them a quantity of air. Air, as is well known, transmits heat only by a change of position among its particles; each particle may receive a portion of heat from a heated body, and, by coming in contact with another less heated body, communicate its heat to it, but not otherwise. One particle never communicates its heat to another particle. Hence, if glass, or any other material which transmits light, be placed at two or three inches' distance from the glass, the inner sash will be kept warm, the circulation of the air between the sashes going on slowly; consequently, less heat will escape from the room. If this same arrangement were introduced into the walls of the room, and the transmission of air between them cut off at two or three levels in each room, or even if the communication between the different stories were completely cut off at the floor and ceiling, great good would result.* In buildings in which a complete system of ventilation is established, these windows should, as suggested by Count Rumford, be kept up both summer and winter. We say a complete system of ventilation, for, under such a system, windows would be required for the admission of light only, never for the admission of air. Double windows would, under such circumstances, in summer prevent the transmission of heat inwards, as in winter they prevent its transmission in the opposite direction. Glass is not necessary in the construction of double windows, where we require only a diffused light; white cotton, stretched upon a suitable frame, and rendered impervious to air by linseed oil or other preparations, will answer equally well for preserving heat, and be much less expensive." — pp. 125 – 127.

* "Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., has adopted this principle in a brick ice-house which he has lately erected. The building is 198 feet long by 177 wide, and 40 feet high; the walls are 4 feet in thickness at the bottom, and 3 feet 6 inches at the top, including within their thickness two air-spaces. A triple wall is thus formed, the inner and outer being 8 inches in thickness, and that making the division between the two air-spaces 4 inches. The air-spaces are subdivided in portions of 6 feet in length and 5 in height; the first division being formed by bricks, and the second by planks resting on bricks projecting from the sides, and covered with dry tan. At the top and bottom of the building the air-spaces are made perfectly tight by masonry. The transmission of heat by the movement of the air is thus prevented, and the greater part of that which finds its way to the ice is by the radiation of the walls."

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In any system of ventilation established and practised upon rational principles, it seems necessary first to determine what quantity of air is requisite to each individual in a given time. It would seem that the ration of air, the food to the lungs, might be assigned, like the ration of bread and meat, the food of the stomach, and although we might be required sometimes to content ourselves with a short allowance, it would be well to know what constitutes a full supply. To determine this question, various estimates and observations have been made, which exhibit widely discordant results. Dr. Arnott will be content with two or three cubic feet a minute; while the supply sometimes required in the House of Commons has been sixty feet a minute for each person. These extremes exhibit the difference between necessity and luxury. The smaller quantity will support life for the time, but with a constant feeling of discomfort and strain upon the health, while the larger gives a good tone to the body and a free flow to the spirits.

In cold weather, and it is then only that the amount of air need be limited, it will always be found, that, however large a quantity we may desire, we must bound ourselves by our wealth. The supply of heat required to warm a room is in proportion to the supply of fresh air admitted to it. Thus, while the rich may enjoy open flues and hot-air furnaces, those of more moderate means must content themselves with less costly modes of warming their rooms, and continue to use their atmosphere, as they do their garments, as long as possible.

It appears that the cost of high ventilation does not end with heating the air; for it has been found that a larger supply of food is consumed by a person kept constantly in a fresh atmosphere, than by one having less change of air. The following cases given by Dr. Wyman are in point.

"In a weaving-mill near Manchester, where the ventilation was bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted. The consequence soon became apparent in a curious manner. The operatives, little remarkable for olfactory refinement, instead of thanking their employer for his attention to their comfort and health, made a formal complaint to him that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages! By stopping the fan a part of the day, the ventilation and voracity of the establishment were brought to a

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medium standard, and complaints ceased. The operatives' wages would but just support them; any additional demands by their stomachs could only be answered by draughts upon their backs, which were by no means in a condition to answer them.

"In Edinburgh a club was provided with a dinner in a well ventilated apartment, the air being perfumed as it entered, imitating in succession the fragrance of the lavender and the orange-flower. During the dinner the members enjoyed themselves as usual; but were not a little surprised at the announcement of the provider, that they had drunk three times as much wine as he had usually provided. Gentlemen of sober, quiet habits, who usually confined themselves to a couple of glasses, were not satisfied with less than half a bottle; others, who took half a bottle, now extended their potations to a bottle and a half. In fact, the hotel-keeper was drunk dry. That gentlemen who had indulged so freely were not aware of it at the time is not wonderful; but that they felt no unpleasant sensations the following morning, which they did not, is certainly quite so." — pp. 179, 180.

To understand the effect of any arrangement for producing or aiding ventilation, it is necessary to become familiar with the laws which govern the movements of air.

"The movement of the air has been called by Dr. Reid, according to the means by which it is brought about, the *plenum*, the *vacuum*, and the *mixed movement*. Giving here merely the general principles upon which they act, a description of the means by which these movements are kept up will be deferred to a subsequent chapter.

"By *plenum movement* is meant the circulation produced by air forced in from without by the wind, or any mechanical power. Every part of the room so ventilated is subjected to a slight pressure, and air escapes through all doors, flues, and crevices; it is one of the advantages which attend this mode of ventilation, that there are no indraughts whatever except through the proper channels. The wind-sails used for the ventilation of ships act upon the principle of the plenum movement, the moving power being derived from the wind blowing upon the large open mouth of the air-channel. The force of the wind, acting upon a cowl turned towards it, is frequently made use of in the ventilation of buildings; and where it is combined with another in the opposite direction, with a good wind, is quite efficient. But as we cannot depend upon the constant and sufficient action of the wind, and as it has no effect in calm weather, when we require it most, other and mechanical means must be provided. In almost all cases, air vitiated by living beings, except in the very hottest

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weather, is warmer than that into which it is poured. In winter, it is very much warmer; and hence, when a sufficient outlet is afforded in the ceiling, an important moving power is obtained, aiding the plenum movement; we seldom make use of a plenum movement solely.

"The *vacuum movement* takes place where we produce a difference of pressure, whether by heat applied at the bottom of a chimney, or by mechanically pumping out the air, the external atmosphere rushing in to supply its place. The reverse of the plenum movement, there is in this a pressure of air in at all windows, open doors, and flues not connected with the moving power. It is therefore a matter of great importance to the successful operation of this plan, that the windows should never be opened, and the doors as little as possible. This movement, produced by heat, is the most natural and simple, and is observed as well in the great movements on the surface of the globe as in the operations of the arts. It is the only means ordinarily employed in private houses, and by far the most common in public buildings.

"The *mixed movement* is produced by a combination of the means just mentioned; the vacuum movement being induced by a chimney, and the inward pressure, with its inconveniences, obviated by the propulsion of the requisite quantity of air. It is undoubtedly by a nice adjustment of this mode of ventilation, that the most perfect system may be produced. When a large number of persons are crowded together in a small space, the quantity of air required for their comfort is greatly increased; and unless a corresponding increase in the exhausting power is provided, — and this is accompanied with an increased inconvenience from the pressure inwards at the doors, — mechanical means must be resorted to to make up the deficiency." — pp. 131 – 133.

"In examining the ventilating arrangements of a room, the smoke from gunpowder burnt in a spoon will be found very convenient; it need not be in sufficient quantity to heat the air materially, and yet will show the various currents in different parts of the room at the same instant. If exploded over the register in the floor for admitting air from the hot-air furnace in common use, the current will be found to rise rapidly to the ceiling, along which it will flow towards the walls, descending by these slowly, by the cold windows more rapidly, approach the register, and a part be again drawn into the ascending current. The various currents from windows and doors, if examined by this process, will be found to follow the course we have pointed out in the preceding illustrations. A fine thread of silk has been frequently used for the same purpose, but it will be found better adapted to

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the examination of single currents than those complications which are usually found in a room." — p. 140.

Such are the movements or modes of ventilation which are to be applied under all varieties of circumstances, and modified to suit the size and height of the room, the method of heating it, and the use to which it is subject. Of rooms for public use, where large numbers assemble, churches are generally the least difficult to ventilate, as the audiences are rarely large in proportion to the size of the building, and the assembly seldom continues more than an hour and a half; a time so short, that a few flues or openings in the ceiling, and a supply of air from a Wakefield furnace, or hot-air stove, are sufficient to correct the effect of all noxious gases.

The air of lecture-rooms is commonly more oppressive than that of churches, as the audiences are more crowded, the ceiling lower, and the lecturer often overestimates his ability to interest his hearers, and holds them together more than his legal hour. As it is not often in our power to adopt the *plenum movement* in a lecture-room, great care should be used, when such rooms are designed and built, to provide large flues in the walls, or openings in the ceilings; which should be assisted by cowls to produce a constant flow from the room.

School-rooms, occupied, for several hours in succession, by persons of tender years and requiring every aid from external circumstances to fortify their health and assist their growth, need a high degree of ventilation. Children are not readily sensible of the presence of foul odors or a suffocating atmosphere. Hence, they may receive much injury in their health from bad ventilation, without complaint. Cold is immediately painful to them, and they will take care to let their sufferings be known. They are therefore better pleased with unwholesome air at a high temperature, than with pure air if at all chilly. But they should be exposed to neither; for it is impossible that the object for which schools are instituted can be well attained without an invigorating atmosphere, which gives clearness to the mind as well as strength to the body.

As the number of scholars who assemble in one room rarely amounts to a hundred, there can be no difficulty in providing a sufficient ventilation for them, if it be taken into consideration and made part of the design when the school-

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house is built. If then neglected, especially if the building be divided into stories, and occupied by different schools or classes, so many difficulties may be found in adding flues for ventilation, that they will most likely be for ever wanted. Dr. Wyman has given the subject of school-rooms particular attention in his treatise, not only in relation to ventilation, but in respect to various other conditions which affect the health and comfort of both scholars and instructers.

Of all rooms for large assemblages, the chambers or halls used by deliberative bodies are the most difficult to ventilate. The complaints constantly made of the close and uncomfortable atmosphere of our legislative chambers are known to every body. This is to be attributed solely to these assemblies continuing together during many consecutive hours, so that, if there be any excess in the production of noxious over the supply of pure air, it has time to accumulate, while the members of the assembly, from want of exercise, and sometimes from the prosy and unsatisfactory character of the debates, are rendered particularly sensitive to the annoyance. The amount of fresh air required for a House of Representatives or a House of Commons is enormous. It is in warming and ventilating the British House of Commons, that Dr. Reid has found it so difficult to give satisfaction to the public.

This gentleman was employed by the government, after the destruction by fire of St. Stephen's chapel, formerly used by the Commons, to warm and ventilate the rooms temporarily provided for parliament. It was intended, likewise, to make such experiments with these rooms, as should lead to a more perfect mode of heating and ventilating the new Houses of Parliament, then erecting. Funds without limit appear to have been placed at his command, and on his part, he seems to have disregarded all complexities in the construction, and all attendant difficulties of derangement from neglect or any other cause. He has made the chamber a part of a chemical apparatus, and the air and the Commons are substances to be operated upon by it. The air is strained, washed, heated, and again moistened; and then it is sent, in definite quantities, always under control, to combine with the members. Thermometers and observers are placed wherever they can be useful, and one would suppose that all that can be effected by *science* to render the house comfortable had been done. Still, such is the diversity of sensa-

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tion in different members, that Dr. Reid complains, that, when the House first met, after the ventilating arrangements were made, one of the members exclaimed, as he hurried to the door, "The temperature is rising; we shall be suffocated immediately"; and in a moment or two, he was followed by a second who said, "I am shivering with cold, I can bear this house no longer." He found, moreover, that the same individuals differ materially in their feelings at different times. Occasionally it has been found necessary, in order to suit the fluctuating orders of the members, to make from fifty to one hundred changes in the quantity and quality of the air in a single night. In general, the members require air of a higher temperature before dinner; after dinner an increased quantity of air at a moderate temperature. Moreover, it is found necessary, in protracted sittings, as the time advances to two, three, four, and five o'clock, in the morning, gradually to increase the temperature to stimulate the exhausted constitution, except when the excitement of the debate is extreme. The greatest supply is needed in autumn, when the air is moist, the wind light, and the barometer low. With a crowded house, fifty thousand feet a minute are required to render the atmosphere comfortable.

The various experiments made by Dr. Reid, and the knowledge obtained from their results, led a committee, charged with the subject, in 1841, to recommend the following plan for ventilating the new Houses of Parliament.

"The air, according to this proposed plan, is to be taken from a height of 200 feet, by two towers, the clock-tower and the Victoria tower, which are to be situated at opposite extremities of the immense pile of buildings constituting the new Houses of Parliament. The design in taking air from this great height, and from two sources, is to escape the various impurities which usually exist near the surface of the earth, and to use one or the other source, as the wind may drive smoke or impure air towards the other. From these towers the air is conducted to a basement story, between the foundation walls, which extends under the whole building. This immense area is expected to afford, in warm weather, a magnificent reservoir of cool air for the supply of the halls above. In the basement, also, is to be placed the warming apparatus, the mechanical power, and all the horizontal flues connecting with the upright flues conducting to the various apartments.

"After the air has been properly tempered in the basement, it

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is to be allowed to ascend into the public hall above, and into the committee-rooms. In the committee-rooms, the air entering which is to be only moderately warmed, are to be open fires, fed by coke or other smokeless fuel. All the ventilating and smoke-flues of these apartments, to the number of about 400, are to be carried upon a fire-proof floor under the roof to a ventilating tower or spire over the central octagonal hall. This tower, which is to be 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark, is to be the sole egress and the principal moving power to the whole system.

"Provision is to be made in this tower for making a fire, if it shall be found necessary; but it is hoped that the plenum movement derived from the natural current of the wind, by which the air is forced inwards, aided by the rarefaction of the air, when heated in the various apartments, by which it flows outwards, will, in most cases, produce a sufficient ventilating current in the lofty tower. When the Houses are much crowded, it is intended to make use of mechanical means to propel the air, and prevent indraughts at the doors.

"As the large halls are used in the evening only, and the committee-rooms in the day-time, it is proposed to use upon the committee-rooms the same power which at other times would be devoted entirely to the halls.

"The following is the estimate of the expense of the warming and ventilating arrangements of these buildings, machinery being provided to assist solely in the ventilation of the Houses proper.

1. Air-flues under the basement, &c., and under all the floors, including the vaulting of the basement, and communicating channels in the roof, leading to the central shaft, ...	£ 12,320
2. Apparatus for warming, purifying, propelling, and regulating the admission of the air, ...	12,000
3. The central shaft, ...	20,000
4. Fire-proof floor under the roof, to simplify the general construction of the flues, and permit them to be discharged by a central shaft, ...	20,680
Total, ...	£ 65,000"

— pp. 236 – 238.

To pass from these great and expensive works to the more simple, though more important, matter of ventilating private houses in connection with warming them; the great principle laid down by Dr. Wyman should always be borne in mind, namely, that the greatest economy in warming can-

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not be combined with the most perfect ventilation. They are things incompatible with each other. To produce a sufficient ventilation with the least possible waste of heat must, therefore, be the measure of excellence aimed at.

The heating apparatus now in common use with us may be arranged under three kinds. The open fireplace or grate; the close stove, or a vessel or system of pipes containing hot water or steam, placed in the room occupied by the family; and the apparatus for hot air, in whatever form it may be constructed. Where the open fireplace or grate is used, it must always be accompanied by a good ventilation; as the flow of air to the chimney, above and by the side of the fire, must be attended by an equal flow of fresh air from without. With the wide fireplaces and open flues, such as were used by the early settlers in New England, the ventilation was in such excess, that the temperature of the room could never be raised much above that of the external air. The model of this old fireplace and chimney was probably brought from England by the Puritans, where it had lately been substituted for the more simple hole in the roof, in the dwellings of the common people; as Holinshed says that old men, in his time, mentioned the great increase of three luxuries since their remembrance, namely, glass windows and chimneys to their houses, and pillows to their heads.

The introduction of the close stove was an immense advance from the open fireplace, even after it had been improved by narrowing it to its smallest dimensions, in giving a comfortable temperature to rooms; while it has been attended with the great evil of rendering the ventilation imperfect. Used as it sometimes now is, under the name of the air-tight stove, in a close room, it cannot fail to be most pernicious to the health of all exposed to it. The mode of warming by hot water or steam held in vessels or pipes within the occupied room may be subject to the same abuse. Should this method of warming houses be improved and extended, as we think it not unlikely it will be, some flue or aperture should always be provided for ventilation; otherwise, it will become quite as injurious as the air-tight stove.

The system of warming by hot air, whether the air be heated immediately by the furnace, by water, or by steam-pipes, is one of the greatest improvements in domestic comfort of the last twenty years. The furnace is a ventilating

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as well as heating apparatus, and it is only necessary to provide for a sufficient evaporation of water, to be introduced with the air, to render the atmosphere of a room always comfortable and healthy. Those to whom the sight of an open fire is pleasant, and who are not willing to abandon the domestic hearth, may use hot air for their halls, entries, and many other rooms, and retain the fireplace and its accessories in their sitting-rooms ; and this combination furnishes the most perfect method of warming and ventilating now known.

The peculiarities of the foregoing systems of warming and ventilating are fully described and examined by Dr. Wyman ; and as it is our purpose rather to call attention to his work, than to furnish a treatise of our own, we may here close our notice with again recommending his book for the sound judgment, accurate science, and good taste which everywhere pervade it.

Art. IX. — *Memoirs, Official and Personal; with Sketches of Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians; embracing a War Excursion, and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Borders.* By Thomas L. M'Kenney, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Author of The History of the Indian Tribes of North America, &c., &c. Two volumes in one. [Title to Vol. II. *On the Origin, History, Character, and the Wrongs and Rights of the Indians, with a Plan for the Preservation and Happiness of the Remnants of that Persecuted Race.*] New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 340, 136.

The purpose and spirit of this book place it aside from the technical canons of criticism. It is the tribute of a sincere philanthropist to a cause to which he has given not fair words alone, but the substantial efforts and costly sacrifices of many years. Yet, in a merely rhetorical point of view, the work has no need to intrench itself upon its moral rights, and evade criticism. Without art or ostentation, it possesses great merits of style. Its narrative is the plain, straightforward, unsophisticated story of a man of strong

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sense, true refinement, and deep sympathy. Its appeals are in heart-coined words, of the utmost directness and cogency.

Colonel M'Kenney was appointed in 1816, by Mr. Madison, "Superintendent of the United States Indian Trade with the Indian Tribes." For twenty years previously, our government had conducted, under officers of its own appointment, and on capital drawn from the public treasury, a barter traffic with the various Indian tribes on our borders. The object of this arrangement was to protect the tribes from the imposition and extortion, which had grown into a system and constituted the basis of a common law among the irresponsible traders, many of whom had rapidly become rich on a business the lawful profits of which would have yielded them a bare subsistence. The federal government had from its formation exercised a careful and truly parental guardianship over all friendly Indians within its territory, though subsequent injustice and outrage have nearly obliterated the memory of those days. But the efforts of the government in their behalf encountered the most vehement opposition from individuals and companies engaged in the Indian trade; and by their influence over the Southern and Western delegation in Congress, the public trade establishment was abolished in 1822. Colonel M'Kenney, having triumphantly rebutted, by an overwhelming array of testimony, certain calumnious charges of official malversation, and still retaining the highest confidence of the administration, was, in 1824, appointed chief of the bureau of Indian Affairs, then first established as a separate department of the office of the secretary of war. Though opposed to the election of General Jackson, he was suffered to remain in office for nearly seven months after the change of administration, it being found impossible to fill his place with any one whose personal qualifications for it bore comparison with his own; and he owed his final dismission undoubtedly to his refusal to sign and issue from his office a circular, the designed and understood effect of which was to break down the Cherokee government, and to deprive that tribe of its independent national existence. When he asked the acting secretary of war the reasons for his dismissal, the reply was, — "Why, Sir, every body knows your qualifications for the place; but General Jackson has long been satisfied that you are not in harmony with him in his views in regard to

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the Indians." This removal was a marked era in Indian history, as the commencement of that encroaching, arbitrary, and oppressive policy which has cost the country millions of treasure, many thousands of valuable lives, and more reputation than a patriotic American likes to acknowledge, and which has issued in the forced emigration, under treaties surreptitiously made, of tribes far advanced in the arts and refinements of life, and entitled to their soil by the joint claims of original proprietorship, reiterated guaranty and recognition on the part of the United States, and productive occupancy. Since his removal from office, Colonel M'Kenney has devoted himself, with great ardor and perseverance, to the objects which had received his chief attention when in office under the government. He has endeavoured, by public lectures, an extensive correspondence, and personal intercourse in every part of the country, to excite a sufficiently deep interest in the remains of our aboriginal tribes, to lead to some concerted plan and organized movement for their preservation, improvement, and elevation. His enthusiasm and eloquence, aided by an unusual combination of the best personal endowments for such a mission, have powerfully stirred up strong minds and good hearts, wherever he has gone. The present publication is designed to fix and deepen the necessarily vague and evanescent impressions made by the living voice.

The title of the first volume allows our author a wide range of autobiography; but he has taken advantage of it, beyond the main scope of his work, only to give us a few anecdotes of public men and traits of official life at Washington, which his readers would not willingly lose. From a chapter chiefly devoted to anecdotes of President Monroe we quote the following, as illustrative of a striking contrast between the better days of our republic and our own.

"In 1823, I think it was, I write from memory, Colonel Freeman, then fourth auditor of the treasury, died. Mr. Calhoun, being then secretary of war, asked me if I would accept the office made vacant by the Colonel's death. I assented, — when, leaving me in his office, he went over to see Mr. Monroe, the President, and ascertain his pleasure on the subject. Mr. Calhoun soon returned, telling me the President very cordially assented, — but had scarcely finished the sentence, when the President's messenger came in, saying to Mr. Calhoun that the President

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would be glad to see him. He left me, requesting me to remain until his return; and being gone some half hour, he came back, saying, in substance, 'It is very strange! The President, I think, is singularly scrupulous. He recognized you just now with great pleasure as Colonel Freeman's successor; and then sent for me to say he could not nominate you, — giving as his reason, that you had been active and useful in defending his administration, and if, with the knowledge the public had of this fact, he should appoint you to office, it might be interpreted as a compensation to you, out of the public money, for those services.' He went on to say, that Mr. Monroe was anxious for my appointment to some suitable office in the government, provided a situation could be found that would not devolve upon him the duty, for the reasons stated, of conferring it upon me.

"I introduce this little anecdote to show how *sensitive* was this good man, and how constantly alive to his fame; and also, that it may serve as a contrast to the practice which was destined in a few short years to take the place of it, — of an exactly opposite character.

"Another anecdote illustrative of this sensibility in Mr. Monroe to his reputation. It is known that his entire devotion to the public service left him but little time to attend to his private affairs. He became embarrassed, — greatly so; but was perhaps never more so than during the term of his Presidency. He owned, by bequest, I believe, a valuable estate in Virginia, — known as the Albemarle estate. It was his great object, if possible, to save this, and pass it down to his descendants. But the pressing nature of his finances forced from him, at last, a reluctant offer of this property for sale. Some time after the appearance of the advertisement, he was waited upon by a gentleman, who said to him, — 'Sir, I am just from Virginia, and from your estate in Albemarle. My object in going there was to examine it, with a view to its purchase. I have done this, and have also learned from your agent your terms. I am here to say, that I am ready, when you shall have made out the title-deeds, to pay you the stipulated price.'

"Mr. Monroe replied, 'Colonel O——, I cannot sell that estate to you. My necessities, I know, are great; and these alone prompted me to advertise that property for sale, — but ——' Colonel O——, interrupting him, asked, with surprise, 'Why not sell to me?' 'For no other reason than one, — and that is, you were a contractor during the war; and you received your contracts from me as secretary of war. You were faithful, I know, and fulfilled your trust like an honest man, and made money. And now, were I to sell you my estate, I might incur

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the suspicion of having, by these contracts, purposely placed it in your power to buy it.' All remonstrance on the part of Colonel O—— proved in vain. Mr. Monroe held to his first decision, preferring to bear the weight of heavy embarrassments, to the liability of incurring the suspicion that he had converted his trust, as secretary of war, into an instrument of pecuniary gain and personal emolument.

"Such instances of purity in public life are refreshing. They will appear to the reader of the present day, perhaps, as fables; and the patriotic Monroe may, probably, be considered, when contemplated through the medium of modern times, as fastidious." — Vol. I., pp. 41–43.

The greater part of this volume is occupied with the narrative of an excursion made, in the year 1827, among various Indian tribes, from Lake Superior to Georgia. The story abounds in graphic descriptions of natural scenery, in detailed sketches of Indian habits and character, and in all the minute tracery of forest and savage life. Without stilt-like phrase or rhetorical artifice, the author tells us, as he might have told his own family on his return, just what he saw and heard, said and did. And without any affectation of philanthropy, without a particle of that maudlin sentimentality which seems to us a philological rather than a moral attainment, he manifests everywhere a prompt and hearty sympathy with the noble though fallen race whose servant he made himself, and a keen and true moral discernment as to their relations, rights, and wrongs. In all his transactions with them, he appears as their apologist, defender, and patron, and seems to have sown along his whole path among them claims upon their personal gratitude and affection. We had marked several extracts from this volume; but we should hardly do justice to the work in quoting single incidents of travel apart from those connectives of time, place, and circumstance, whence they derive so much of their interest and point.

The second volume consists of discourses which the author has delivered, in the prosecution of the work of love to which his latter years have been consecrated. With regard to the origin of the Indian races, Colonel M'Kenney supposes them to be of Tartar descent, and to have found their way to this country across Behring's Straits. He does not ascribe to the present races the construction of

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the fortifications and other remarkable monuments which still baffle antiquarian acumen; but supposes them to have been built by an earlier Asiatic race, identical with the Mexicans or Peruvians, which was vanquished and exterminated by the fiercer and less civilized ancestors of the modern tribes. His grounds for this hypothesis are a similarity between the mounds and circumvallations in our territory and those found in both Mexico and Peru; a general resemblance in relics disinterred from the mounds in the three countries respectively; traditions favoring this theory; and the occasional digging up in our soil of skulls belonging to a manifestly extinct race. On these obscure points, without the profession or parade of learning, our author reasons with great good sense and discrimination; and we cannot but pay the more deference to his conclusions, from his having omitted that entire and copious class of arguments by which our antiquaries are wont to illustrate their own erudition much more than the questions at issue. We have neither room nor disposition to enter upon these questions here; and setting aside both our author's speculations and our own, we transfer to our pages a rare *morçeau* of Indian cosmogony or *anthropogony*, which we commend to the admirers of the "Vestiges," as a parallel theory, resting on no less solid *a posteriori* grounds, and presenting a no less beautiful union of poetical fancy with profound philosophy, than that which finds literal truth in the words of Job, when he said to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister."

"The government had made arrangements, somewhere about the year 1825, for introducing among the Seminoles of Florida the school system, and a sum of money was appropriated for that object. It was resisted by NEA-MATHLA, a chief, at that time, of distinction, and exercising over that tribe great authority. After several ineffectual attempts to apply the government bounty under that form, a council was held, when Nea-Mathla rose and addressed Governor Duval, *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs, as follows: —

"'*Father*, — It is not my wish to have my red children made white children of. When the Great Spirit made man, he made him as he is, and under three marks. He assigned to each color, at the creation, the duties of each; and it was never intended that they should mingle.

"'*Father*, — This was the way in which the Great Spirit made man. He stood upon a high place. Then taking into his hand

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some dust, he mixed it, and dried it, and then blew upon it, sending it from his hand in front of him, — when there stood up before him *a white man!*

" 'The Great Spirit was sorry. He saw that what he had made was not what he aimed at. The man was white! He looked feeble and sickly. When the Great Spirit, looking at him, said, " White man, I have given you life. You are not what I want. I could send you where you came from; but no, — I will not take away your life. Stand aside." The Great Spirit mixed up the dust again, and drying it, blew upon it again, — and there stood before him *a black man!*

" 'The Great Spirit was grieved. He saw, now, this man was black and ugly; so he bade him stand aside; when, mixing up the dust again, he blew upon it, — and there stood before him A RED MAN! The Great Spirit smiled. At this moment, all looked up and saw an opening in the heavens, and through it descended, slowly, three boxes. They came down, at last, and rested on the ground; when the Great Spirit spoke, saying, " I have given life to you all. The red man, alone, is my favorite; but you shall all live. You must, however, fulfil, each of you, the duties that are suited to you. These three boxes contain the tools you are to use in getting what is necessary to support you." So saying, he called to him the white man. " White man," said the Great Spirit, " you are not my favorite, — but I made you first. Open these boxes, and look, and choose which you will take. They contain the implements you are all three to use through life."

" 'The white man opened the boxes, looked in, and said, " *I'll take this.*" It was full of pens, and ink, and paper, and all the things you white people use. He looked at the black man, saying, " I made you next, but I cannot allow you to have the second choice "; then, turning to the red man, he smiled, and spoke, saying, " Come, my favorite, and make a choice." The red man looked into the two remaining boxes, and said " *I'll take this.*" That was full of beaver-traps, bows and arrows, and all the kind of things the Indians use. Then the Great Spirit said to the negro, " You can take this "; and that was full of hoes and axes, — plainly showing that the black man was made to labor for both the white and red man.

" '*Father*, — Thus did the Great Spirit make man, and in this way did he provide the instruments for him to labor with. It is not his will that our red children shall use the articles that came down in the box which the white man chose, any more than it is proper for the white man to take of the implements that were prepared by the Great Spirit for the use of his red children.'

" The result was, the means provided for the support of schools

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were rejected, and have never been employed to this day."—Vol. II., pp. 15 – 17.

The second discourse treats of the "claims of the Indians upon our national regard, arising from past services and sufferings, and from unanswerable evidence of endowments, and capacity to receive and enjoy the benefits of civilization." That the early indebtedness of the Colonists to the placable dispositions and friendly offices of the Indian tribes should have been so soon overlooked, and so unrighteously recompensed, in the very lifetime of Pocahontas and Massasoit, presents an enigma, for the solution of which the civil and domestic history of the Colonies furnishes no adequate materials. We are disposed to think that religious bigotry bore a large agency in the seemingly gratuitous suspicion and hostility with which the Indians began to be regarded, before any aggressive movements on their part authorized alarm. The origin of these tribes was then a vexed question among theologians, as now among antiquaries. The celebrated Joseph Mede was gravely consulted on this point, and replied by propounding and defending, in an elaborate and profoundly learned essay, the following theory. The name and faith of Christ having been rapidly diffused in the Eastern continent, Satan began to despair of the permanence of his empire in Asia, and determined to found a kingdom in the New World, where the abhorred symbols of the Christian worship should never meet his eye; or, as Mede more classically expresses the thought, "*ubi nec Pelopidarum nomen, nec facta audiret.*" He accordingly convened somewhere among the *steppes* of Tartary a body of his most devoted servants, and led them to the previously uninhabited glades and forests of America, marking out by his own diabolical ingenuity a more practicable path than unaided mortals could have found, defending their passage across the straits, and going before them by some visible sign of his presence, corresponding to the pillar of alternate cloud and fire that preceded the Israelites in the desert. The grounds of this theory are ample and satisfying. The reasoning of the author of the "Vestiges" is not one whit more conclusive. In the first place, the Peruvian and Mexican divinities, which Mr. Mede had seen, strikingly resembled the Devil in face and form. Then, again, it had been found impossible, either by strong water or fire-arms, to convert any of the Indians to Christianity.

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And, thirdly, the New England settlers had suffered much sorer hardships than the Almighty would have permitted his special favorites to endure, had they not put themselves beyond his protection, by intruding on Satan's own soil. From all which Mr. Mede sagaciously infers, that the experiment of colonizing America with Christians was a very doubtful one, and liable at any moment to be abruptly closed by an explosion of diabolic wrath. Now, when we consider that these absurdities were believed and published by the first divine of the day, a cherished ornament of the English church, and a correspondent and friend of many distinguished Puritans, it is not too much to suppose that similar opinions had a deep root in Virginia and in New England, and that the Colonists hunted and slew Indians, not maliciously or wantonly, but from religious motives, and as an essential department of divine service.

Colonel M'Kenney has brought forward, were it still needed, abundant evidence of the mental capacity of the Indians, and of their susceptibility of the highest moral and religious culture. Few portions of our country would present an average standard of intelligence and moral worth, that would compare with that of the Cherokees before their removal; and they in their new homes, as well as the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks, are well organized nations, with written laws, representative assemblies, regular courts of justice, and liberal provisions for public education. We extract the following beautiful portraits of Indian piety; and we confess that we know not where to look for a more luculent commentary on the precepts of the New Testament than in Kusick's rigid, tender, minute conscientiousness.

"Who has not heard of the famous Oneida chief Skenandoah? He whose pathway, for sixty years, had been marked with blood; whose war-whoop had resounded through many a terrified settlement, and until the regions of the Mohawk rang with it; and who was, in all respects, the *cruel*, the *indomitable* savage. One would suppose that habits, stiffened by so long a period of indulgence, could not be easily, if at all, softened and remoulded; that the spirit of the warrior, having been so long indulged in the practices so congenial to the feelings of the savage, could not be subdued, and made to conform to all that is gentle, and peaceful, and pious. But all this *was* effected in the person of this chief. He was awakened under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and

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became a convert to the faith of the Christian. The tomahawk, the war-club, and the scalping-knife fell from his grasp; the desolations which he had produced he mourned over; he saw, in his mythology, nothing but chimeras; he was penitent, — and was forgiven. Nor did he ever abandon the faith he had adopted, but continued a peaceful, faithful, and devoted Christian, until his death, which occurred when he was over a hundred years old.

"Awhile previous to his death, a friend, calling to see him, and inquiring after his health, received this answer (which most of you, doubtless, have heard), — 'I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top (referring to his blindness). Why I yet live, the great, good Spirit only knows. When I am dead, bury me by the side of my minister and friend (meaning Mr. Kirkland), — that I may go up with him at the great resurrection!' He was accordingly so buried, and I have seen his tomb.

"Another case was that of Kusick, chief of the Tuscaroras. He was also an Indian, and had served under La Fayette, in the army of the Revolution. It was usual for him, in company with a few of his leading men, to visit, once in every two or three years, the State of North Carolina, whence his tribe originally came, to see after some claims they had upon that State. In passing through Washington, the old chief would call at my office, for the purpose of submitting his papers, and of counselling with me. On one of these occasions, he made a call before breakfast, at my residence, accompanied by his companions. A neighbour had stepped in to see me, on his way to his office, and our conversation turned on Lady Morgan's France, which had been just then published, and was lying on my table. We spoke of La Fayette. The moment his name was mentioned, Kusick turned quick upon me his fine black eyes, and asked, with great earnestness, —

"'*Is he yet alive?* The same La Fayette that was in the Revolutionary war?'

"'Yes, Kusick,' I answered, 'he is alive; and he is the same La Fayette who was in that war. That book speaks of him as being not only alive, but looking well and hearty.'

"He said, with deep emphasis, '*I'm glad to hear it.*'

"'Then you knew La Fayette, Kusick?'

"'O, yes,' he answered, 'I knew him well; and many a time in the battle, I threw myself between him and the bullets, — *for I loved him.*'

"'Were you in commission?'

"'O, yes,' he replied, 'I was a lieutenant; General Washington gave me a commission.'

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"My friend (who was the late venerable Joseph Nourse, at that time Register of the Treasury) and myself agreed to examine the records, and see if the old chief was not entitled to a pension. We (or rather he) did so. All was found to be as Kusick had reported it; when he was put on the pension list.

"Some years after, in 1827, when passing through the Tuscarora reserve, on my way to the wilderness, I stopped opposite his log cabin, and walked up to see the old chief. I found him engaged drying fish. After the usual greeting, I asked if he continued to receive his pension.

"'No,' said the old chief, 'no; Congress passed a law making it necessary for me to swear I cannot live without it. Now here is my little log-cabin, and it 's my own; here 's my patch, where I can raise corn, and beans, and pumpkins; and there's Lake Oneida, where I can catch fish. With these I can make out to live without the pension; and to say I could not would be to *lie to the Great Spirit!*'

"Here was principle, and deep piety; and a lesson for many whose advantages had far exceeded those of this poor Indian. In connection with this, I will add another anecdote, in proof of his veneration for the Deity. He breakfasted with me on the morning to which I have referred; and knowing him to be a teacher of the Christian religion among his people, and an interpreter for those who occasionally preached to them, I requested him to ask a blessing. He did so, and in a manner so impressive, as to make me feel that he was deeply imbued with the proper spirit. He employed in the ceremony his native Tuscarora. I asked him why, as he spoke very good English, he had asked the blessing in his native tongue? He said, 'When I speak English, I am often at a loss for a word. When, therefore, I speak to the Great Spirit, I do not like to be perplexed, or have my mind distracted, to look after a word. When I use my own language, it is like my breath; I am composed.' Kusick died an honest man and a Christian; and though an Indian, has doubtless entered into his rest." — Vol. II., pp. 83 – 86.

In the series of Indian portraits published by McKenney and Hall, some of our readers have no doubt become familiar with the noble countenance of Petalesharro. His story is a long one; but we cannot well abridge it, and it is so full, not only of romance, but of the highest moral interest, that we are unwilling to pass it over.

"The Pawnee Loups had long practised the savage rite, known to no other of the American tribes, of sacrificing human

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victims to the *Great Star*, or the planet Venus. This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent a failure of the crop, and a consequent famine, some individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and some one was always found who coveted the honor of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit. The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay attire, supplied with choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity, and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities who were to be propitiated. When, by the successful employment of those means, the unconscious victim was sufficiently fatted, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

"You will now fancy yourselves in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, and in sight of the multitude assembled in honor of the sacrifice. In your nearer approach you will hear their orgies. In the midst of the great circle a stake is brought, its end is sharpened, when it is driven deep in the ground. Yells and shouts are heard, and these announce that all is ready. In the distance is a company of Pawnees, — by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. She is an Itean maid. They approach nearer. He who made her captive steps proudly into the circle. Shouts welcome him. He takes the maid by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The fagots are now collected, and placed round the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eye, — perhaps a tear! Her bosom heaves, and her thoughts are of home. A torch is seen, coming from the woods, hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the circle, — rushes to the stake, — severs the cords that bind the victim to it, and springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails, — then murmers are heard, and then the loud threats of vengeance, when all retire! The stake and the fagot are all that remain to mark the spot, on which, but for this noble deed, ashes and charred bones would have been distinguished. Who was it that intrepidly released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous PETALESHARRO. Whether it was panic, or the dread of Letalashahou's vengeance (LETALASHAHOU was the great chief of the Pawnees, and father of Petalesharro), that operated to keep the warriors from employing their bows and arrows, and rifles, on the occasion, is not known; but certain it is, they did not use them.

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"Having borne the rescued maid into the broad plains beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was distant about four hundred miles, and left her. She, alive to her situation, lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune, the next day, to fall in with a war-party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

"Can the records of chivalry furnish a parallel to this generous act? Can the civilized world bring forward a case demonstrating a higher order of humanity, united with greater bravery? Whence did the youthful Petalesharro learn this lesson of refined pity? *Not of civilized man.* The lessons of the good had never yet reached the Pawnees, to instruct them, or to enrapture their thoughts by such beautiful illustrations of the merciful. *It was the impulse of nature:* — nature, cast in a more refined mould, and probably, as the sequel will show, nurtured by the blood and spirit of a noble, though untaught father.

"The rescue of the Itean maid happened a short time before Petalesharro was deputed to Washington, as one of a deputation on matters connected with the interests of the Pawnee nation. His visit to that city was in 1821. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war-eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back, to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown gracefully, but carelessly, over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs, — these were the auzeum, the leggins, and the moccasons, — all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, but his age was about twenty-five. I had his portrait taken, which is a perfect one.

"As was most natural, the tidings of his noble deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. Both himself and his chivalry became the theme of the city. The ladies, as is their nature, hastened to do him honor. A medal was prepared, and a time appointed for conferring on him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act, in the rescue of the Itean maid. He was asked by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Itean girl. With that grace which is peculiar to the

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Indian, he held the prize he had so nobly won before him, and as he gazed upon it, thus replied: — 'This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf, after a storm, and when the wind is still. I have listened to you. I am glad. I love the pale-faces more than ever I did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know it, by giving me this medal.'

"The rescue of the Itean girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and *not* as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only instance of the sort, in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy. He was a Spaniard. The captor resolved to offer him as a sacrifice to the Great Star. The chief, Letalashahou, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right, under the immemorial usages of the tribe. They parted. Letalashahou sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose? Petalesharro replied promptly, 'I will take the boy, like a brave, by force.' The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. This intention was made known, when those who had any goods of any kind brought them to the chief's lodge, and laid them down, as an offering, on the pile which the chief had supplied from his *own* limited stores. The captor was again sent for, and in the authoritative tone of the chief thus addressed: — 'Take these goods, and give me the boy.' He refused, when the chief seized his war-club, and flourished it over the head of the captor. At the moment, Petalesharro sprang forward, and said, — 'STRIKE! *and let the wrath of his friends fall upon me.*'

"The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed, if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief; they were added, and the boy was saved. The goods were sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds, and suspended on poles, at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles were burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made."— Vol. II., pp. 93–97.

The plan which Col. M'Kenney proposes for the permanent benefit of the Indians, and in behalf of which he is diligently manufacturing public opinion, is, for the United States to convey to the Indian races the unconditional fee of the

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lands west of the Mississippi, to which the principal tribes have been removed, and to give these tribes a territorial government, with a view to their ultimately taking their place as an independent state in the confederacy. By this arrangement, a stimulus would be given to all institutions and enterprises for the general good, and to all forms and modes of self-improvement, which now languish on account of the doubtful tenure on which the Indians hold their soil and their rights, and the large experience of Punic faith vouchsafed to them by the American republic. For our own peace, as well as for their good, ought the fee of their soil and the permanence of their political condition to be guarantied to them. As they are now situated, should any new invasions of their rights rouse a vindictive spirit, there is hardly a limit to the mischief which they might do to the States on their eastern frontier, before they could be successfully resisted, or to the extent to which, if driven back among the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, they might prolong a desperate guerilla warfare. Let our government arrest too well merited retribution by a timely return to justice and mercy.

We rejoice in the bold and eloquent appeal made to our countrymen in the volume before us. We trust that it will find a free and rapid sale in all parts of the country. Except that it is a larger book than the devourers of cheap literature like, it is admirably adapted to win its way into general circulation. Its typography is large, clear, and tasteful. It is embellished by numerous and well designed lithographs. It contains a *fac simile* of the venerable Mrs. Madison's letter, accepting the dedication of the first volume. It bears for its frontispiece the author's own intellectual and benevolent face; and to the second volume is prefixed a strikingly beautiful colored engraving from Sully's copy of the original portrait of Pocahontas, with a characteristic anecdote of one of whose illustrious descendants we close our critical labors, and earnestly commend the book, on which we have bestowed them, to all who admire the native nobleness of the Indian character, who sympathize with the sufferings of this persecuted race, or rejoice in the aspirations and impulses which are now urging some of these tribes rapidly on in a career of self-improvement.

"I was present in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, during an exciting debate; on the one side of which

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was Mr. Randolph, and on the other, Mr. Jackson, of Virginia. Mr. Randolph had spoken, when Mr. Jackson rose in reply. He had not proceeded far, when, having occasion to refer to some part of Mr. Randolph's speech, he addressed him as — 'My friend from Virginia.' He had scarcely given utterance to the word 'friend,' when Mr. Randolph sprang to his feet, and throwing his lustrous eyes first on Mr. Jackson, and then on the speaker, keeping his arm extended, meantime, and his long, bony finger pointing at Mr. Jackson, said, in that peculiar voice of his, —

"'*Mr. Speaker! — I am not that gentleman's* FRIEND, sir. I have never been his friend, sir; nor do I ever mean to *be* his friend, sir!' — when he took his seat.

"Mr. Jackson, meantime, keeping his position on the floor, looking first upon Mr. Randolph, and then at the speaker, replied, —

"'Mr. Speaker, I am at a loss to know by what title to address the honorable *member* from Virginia'; — then pausing awhile, with his finger beside his nose, he said, — '*I have it, sir, — I have it, — it shall be*' — looking Mr. Randolph full in the face — 'THE RIGHT HONORABLE DESCENDANT OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN POCAHONTAS!'

"The entire countenance of Mr. Randolph changed instantly; and, from a look of mingled aversion and contempt, to a smile the most complaisant and gracious. The storm-cloud was dissipated, and the rainbow seemed to reflect all its hues upon his countenance, in one glow of heart-felt reconciliation, — when he bowed most courteously, giving evidence that of all the honors he had ever coveted, that of having descended from that heaven-inspired woman was the one he most highly prized. And who would not be proud of such a descent?" — Vol. II., pp. 64, 65.

ART. X. — *The Koran, commonly called the Alcoran, of Mohammed; translated into English, with Explanatory Notes, and a Preliminary Discourse.* By GEORGE SALE. London. 1838. 8vo.

SISMONDI and Carlyle have done something, of late years, to make us believe that the old orthodox notion of Mahomet's, or Mohammed's, power and success is not as well founded as might be. They have tried to convince the world that naked, selfish, mean imposition never could have done what

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the spirit of the founder of Islam did. God, according to their doctrine, has not endowed shallow craft and unlimited lying with such mighty control over human souls as that which the great Arabian possessed. But the mass of those who write on the prophet still write in the tone of the Crusaders; they buckle on their armor to do battle with the false leader of the infidel host, in place of opening their eyes and purging their minds, to see and understand aright one of the great phenomena of history, that is to say, one of the great facts in God's government of the world. And is it not truly a great fact, that a wild, illiterate, unregenerate Arab was able to breathe a spirit of advancement, of daring, of enterprise, of civilization even, into those desert children, which has lasted for so many centuries, and swept clean so many countries? Count over your great men, your Alexanders, Solons, Platos, Homers, — how many of them have influenced human destinies, moulded human laws, ruled in palaces, judged in courts, led in battles, taken the child in the cradle and guided it even to the tomb, as this rude Ishmaelite has done? Let us not, even if we can, shut our eyes to the fact, that in the success of Mohammed God has placed before us a riddle worthy our reading; and let us not forget, that, when he places before us a lesson to be learned, we are little better than blasphemers, if we fail at least to study it. It is in the hope that we may do something for some minds toward reading this riddle, that we write the few following pages.

And, in the first place, it should be clearly understood that we know very little with certainty respecting the prophet. Neither Saracens nor Christians are to be believed. He that reads must read *as Niebuhr* did. He must question every statement, weigh every intimation, compare friend and enemy on every point of praise and dispraise. The Koran alone may be trusted, and to the study of that more than all else the inquirer should turn, and strive to find the needle which shall guide him in that vast stack of mingled weeds, flowers, and food.

In the next place, the different periods of Mohammed's life must be distinguished, and each one made to throw light upon the others. And this must be done with a constant prayer that God will enable us to set aside prejudice, and judge of this man as we should judge of another. With these

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two thoughts to aid us, let us enter upon the inquiry, What was Mohammed, and how came he to play so great a part in the world's history? His life consisted of three periods; the first extending from his birth to the commencement of his mission, at about the age of forty; the second including his years of trial and suffering, and closing with his flight to Medina, in the fifty-third year of his age; the third, his period of triumph, ending with his death, ten years after his flight. What was this man in these three periods?

In a narrow valley, hemmed in by barren mountains, a valley without pastures, or grain-fields, or even springs of sweet water, stood the holy city of Mecca. Many tribes of the keen, nervous Arab race lived there, but none of them was so noble as the Koreish, and of that tribe no house was so powerful as the house of Hashem, who kept the key of the Caaba, the holy temple, where the sevenfold stone bound with silver, which the archangel Gabriel brought from heaven when God made the world, stood for the reverential kiss of the sons of Ishmael. Gabriel brought it milk-white from above, but the sins of man had in early ages changed its color to black. Of the house of Hashem, in the year of our Lord 569, there were living Abdol Motalleb, his thirteen sons, and six daughters. Among these sons was Abdallah, the light of the East, whose smile no maiden could withstand. Flashing eyes followed his stately person, wherever he moved; warm Arab hearts beat quicker, whenever his noble countenance was seen; and when the rumor spread through the Holy City, and sped out on swift coursers even to the daughters of the desert, that Amina was the chosen bride of the beautiful grandson of Hashem, many a bosom felt that void which nothing can fill. Amina, like her husband, was of the tribe of the Koreish, and of a noble house of that tribe. We may be sure it was a princely wedding. Grand old men with flowing beards, and stately women, and free-moving youths in their light Eastern costume, and wondering children with their open eyes, we may feel certain graced the ceremony; the youngest of them died twelve hundred years ago, and yet is that wedding memorable, for from the union sprang Mohammed.

The little boy, who inherited his father's beauty, and whose mind and temper were from the cradle noticeable, was but just beginning to climb that father's knee, and to

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listen and answer as they sat upon the house-top in the twilight, when the angel of death took Abdallah from the earth; the son of Hashem saw the fairest of his nineteen children fall the first. Can we bring before us the widowed Amina, with her little prophet by her side? Can we imagine how he, with his quick, wild soul and keen sense of justice, was educated into a horror and hatred of the customs of his country by the injustice of his uncles, who, according to usage, seized his father's wealth, and left him and his mother stripped? Will not the two years, sad and lonely years, which he passed with the mourning and suffering bride of Abdallah, show us something of the creation of the Arabian Reformer? Two lonely years, and then the weary heart of Amina herself stood still. Silence reigned in the house; silently friends moved round the bed of death; and he stood there, a little child of four years old, with the heart and the imagination of a child, — looked on the pallid face, the speechless lips, and knew that it was the cruel treatment allowed by the pagan faith he lived under, which had robbed the eye Abdallah had loved of its beauty, and brought the young bride to her grave. He knew it all, but did not know he knew it; it was in his imagination and soul, not in his understanding. Many words had that weeping mother spoken to him, which had sunk into his heart to lie for years, and prepare the way for Islam.

Amina was laid in her tomb, and Mohammed looked up into the sorrowing face of his grandfather, who took the orphan-boy kindly by the hand and led him home. He was a kind old man, Abdol Motalleb, and he loved and cared tenderly for Abdallah's child. For two more years Mohammed grew in strength, beauty, and intelligence under the patriarch's eye; then the son of Hashem called the stripling to him, and having sent for Abdallah's eldest brother, Abu Taleb, he gave the orphan to his uncle, saying, — "I am dying. Take this child, whose father and mother have been called away from this world, and rear him as if he were your own." The uncle promised him protection, and in a little while the boy followed to the grave his third, his last parent. So early was his spirit purified and made strong by sorrow.

Let us pass by twenty years, and look at Abdallah's son a grown man, faintly visible as he is in the pages of biogra-

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phy. He is a merchant or factor, not trading on his own account, but heretofore agent for his uncle, and lately advanced into the service of a rich lady of Mecca, Cadijah, already twice a widow. He had travelled; he had been in Syria; had seen Christians and Jews; had listened to the history and the poetry of the old Hebrews. Calm, acute, quick, imaginative, and devout by nature, and devout also through suffering, Mohammed saw and heard realities; and in silence, half consciously, weighed the faith and the practice of his own pagan Arabia against the simple deism and the sublime morality of Moses. Among his companions, kind, considerate, and remarkable for his purity; in business exact and thorough; with a person of uncommon beauty, an address of remarkable grace, a fine intellect, and a spotless character, — none of the descendants of Hashem promised better than the son of Abdallah. And now he is leaving again, in the service of Cadijah, to spend some years in Syria. Will he not carry still farther his inquiries into Judaism and Christianity? Will he not think yet more earnestly of a change among his own wild brethren, that shall do away with those savage customs which made his childhood one of dependence, and brought Amina to the grave? Can we not from all the fables about the Nestorian monk Sergius take simply this kernel, that Mohammed, in his various journeys to Syria, became well acquainted with the faith of Moses and with that of Jesus, and leave all the husks of time, place, and circumstance to those who please to quarrel about them? Are we not authorized to feel sure, that, when the factor of the rich Meccan widow, at the age of twenty-eight, became her husband, and rose through her wealth to the place which he might claim as his own by birth, he was already earnestly, silently meditating that great reform in the faith and practice of his countrymen which twelve years later he commenced?

Slowly do the great births of time, material or spiritual, take place. Napoleon may rise in an instant to his zenith of influence, but so he falls, too; Mohammed through twenty years quietly meditates his mission, and leaves an impress on the world for twenty centuries; Christianity yet more slowly grows towards power; the Arab lived to triumph, Jesus died upon the tree; and now the crescent is passing away before the cross. No meteor hangs long in the firma-

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ment. Through twenty years Mohammed listened, thought, and prayed, — through eight years of active life, through twelve of quiet retirement. Imagine the effect of retirement, of earnest, solitary meditation, on a mind of vast, uneducated powers; a soul of mighty passion, chastened and curbed by a will of iron. He saw the evils of Arabian society, of Arabian law, of Arabian religion, — that is, of paganism; he saw, too, that, wherever great progress had been made, it had proceeded from revelation; Moses and Jesus were prophets of the one God. Was God dead? Had he ceased to take an interest in mankind? Did he care less for the offspring of Hagar than for those of Sarah? Was no other prophet to arise, no further revelation to be made? Nay, did not even Judaism and Christianity require another revelation to purify them? Had not Jesus promised another to complete his work, the Comforter?

Twenty years of such questioning, and deep meditation thereon, might produce an impostor or an enthusiast, a liar or a self-deceiver. Which was Mohammed? Before seeking an answer in his after life, look at him as he is, and which is the most probable character for him to live in? He is noble, his ambition is thereby gratified; he is rich, he can hope no more from wealth; he is looked on as a man of leading mind, love of power and fame on that score is satisfied; his character is so pure, so faultless, that men point him out as a model to their sons. Will he, profoundly false, plan to deceive his countrymen into a system better than their own, and gain nothing himself? That surely would not be human nature. And what could he gain for himself? What did Jesus gain? What did Moses gain, or any true servant of God? Would these fierce idolaters — these worshippers of the sun, and moon, and stars, these kissers of the Black Stone — make him their king and prophet because he *pretended* to have a mission from God? The Israelites, with their old traditions, so much stronger and fresher than those of the Ishmaelites, could scarce yield to Moses with all his miracles; would he, without any miracle, succeed, where the rod of the Hebrew lawgiver and the thunders of Sinai were so weak? He was a shrewd man, this Mohammed; in worldly matters he had sped well; he was an astute, cautious, judicious merchant of forty. In England or the United States, he would, in our day, have been presi-

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dent of a bank, chief director in a railroad or canal company. Now, to him coolly calculating, what sort of a speculation was this of prophecy? On the one hand, certain rank, certain wealth, certain respect and estimation; on the other, every thing uncertain, but persecution probable, and little to be hoped at last save the production of a faith in one God, for whom — on this imposture theory — he cared not a straw. Would any judicious Yankee have gone into this business of humbug with such odds? It was not a case of quack medicines, or perpetual-motion machines. Mohammed was trying his patent invention against the intensest prejudices of one of the intensest races this earth has been occupied by. Imagine a Dutch merchant of old times, say 1650, going to preach the gospel of peace and forgiveness among the Mohawks *on speculation*; or a wise Boston dealer of our day starting, — not for Texas or Oregon, — but for the Blackfeet or Crows on a like mission; — imagine this, and then you have a conception of Mohammed playing the part of impostor. Out on the idea! Paley's argument for the honesty of the Apostles is worth nothing, if Mohammed was an impostor, — leaving out of sight, what we have presently to present, his after life. O, no! whether rogue or not afterwards, let us so far respect our own hearts and heads, — human nature, fallen as it is, — as to believe that this unlettered, imaginative, world-oppressed, heaven-seeking Arab was no mere cheat, but one to whose imagination heaven was opened, and to whom Gabriel came, *subjectively at least*, in truth. Twenty years of earnest thought on the questions, "Will God never send another prophet? never heal our woes?" twenty years of earnest longing that he would, of solitary, heartfelt prayer that he might, were enough to draw Gabriel to that cave of Hara, in Mohammed's thought, if not in reality. In how many hours had Amina met her child in that quiet cave! How often had the misty form of Abdallah, even, floated near him! Was it strange, that, on the night of Al Kadr (the divine decree), the Koran drew near to the earth, — God's expressed will near to man, — and that the archangel, dark with excessive bright, told the dreamer of his mission?

The light of morning was breaking over Mecca on the 24th of the month of Ramadan, and Cadijah yet waited the coming of her husband. Many a night he had been absent

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in his solitude, and she had slept in peace ; but for some days his mind had been so absent, so excited, so elevated, that she could not rest. Morning dawned ; her husband came ; never had she seen such a fire in his eye, such light in every trait of his noble countenance. Was it insanity or inspiration ? To her his words, burning with the calm fervor of the sun, proved it the latter, and the new prophet had one disciple.

Now begins the second period of the prophet's life, extending through about thirteen years. Supposing him honest at the commencement of it, did he continue so ? And what light does his conduct during this part of his career throw upon the previous portion of his history ? Does it add to or take from the proofs of his honesty at the beginning of his mission ?

His wife was his first convert ; his servant his next ; Ali, the son of Abu Taleb his protector, and the leading man of Mecca, was his third ; Abubekir, a rich and influential citizen of the Holy City, his fourth. In four years he had gained but nine followers. Then he called together all of the house of Hashem to hear his message, for hitherto he had labored in secret, — labored rather to perfect his own conceptions, probably, than to convey them to others. His relatives, or forty of them, came at his call, curious to hear what their quiet, easy, comfortable cousin Mohammed had to say. Cousin Mohammed was a changed man since they last saw him ; then he was a thriving merchant and bridegroom, who seemed likely to enjoy his wealth, bring up his children respectably, and command the regard of his fellow-citizens for his intelligence and virtue, but who would never set the world on fire. Now, at this annunciation feast, his eye, manner, voice, and words had a vehemence, fervor, and extravagance in them, heretofore unknown in him. Some wondered, some laughed, some scoffed ; to a few it was inspiration, to most sheer madness, to one or two (the rogues of the family) deep hypocrisy and imposture. The family of Hashem, the kin of Abdallah, rejected him. Then he turned from his own house to the Holy City, and in public, to all men, at the doors of the Caaba, to the idolatrous pilgrims flocking thither, proclaimed the truth given through Abraham, through Moses, through Jesus, and now again through him : — " God is one God ; the eternal God ; he begetteth not, neither is he begotten ; and there is not any one like unto

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him."* "Those whose balance shall be weighty with good works shall go into paradise; but they whose balance shall be light of good works shall go into hell." † The people listened in wonder to the eloquence of their townsman; the pilgrims heard, half angry, half alarmed, his denunciations of their idol-worship. The tribe of the Koreish — from among whom the keepers of the temple were taken, and who now saw with alarm and horror one rising to overthrow that temple, from the very family to which its care had been confided — found a solace for their troubles in the suggestion, that, should the family of Hashem uphold Mohammed, the time was come to turn that house from its primacy and exalt some other to its place. Abu Taleb, calm and firm, who had promised his father to protect Abdallah's child, would not desert him in his hour of need. He knew his virtues, his integrity, his purity, his intelligence, — and while he thought him an enthusiast, perhaps a madman, he still held over him his powerful arm, and the bold prophet was unhurt. Months passed, and years passed; day after day Mohammed took his station in the open street, and proclaimed the unity of God, the terrors of hell that lay before all idolaters and evil-doers, and the certainty of his own mission. A man, as we have said, of noble appearance, of persuasive manners, of natural eloquence and grace, and of excited imagination, — all could not hear him unmoved; but the greater part cried out upon him, that he had a devil, that he was a sorcerer, that he was a man distracted, a liar and a knave. Now and then some man came to him privately, and owned himself a convert; now and then some woman fell at his knees and hailed him as the prophet of the Most High; but in the seventh year of his mission, all his adherents in Mecca could not much have exceeded a hundred. ‡

Months passed, and years passed, and still, day by day, amid the gathering storm, when his followers had to fly to other lands, when even his daughter had to seek a foreign home, and after the other families of the Koreish had bound themselves by a solemn league against the family of Hashem, — even then, Mohammed, in the streets of Mecca, poured

* Koran, ch. 112. † Koran, ch. 101.

‡ One hundred and one fled to Ethiopia in that year, to escape persecution; and these could not have been the weakest only, as Mohammed's own daughter and her husband were among them.

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forth his denunciations of divine wrath against the idolater and evil-doer. No threats, no dangers, daunted him ; and though death at the hands of his opponents seemed sooner or later inevitable, he never swerved from his purpose of declaring the message confided to him. Fortunately, the Meccans were not the only hearers of his message ; all the pilgrims who crowded to kiss the Black Stone came within the reach of his voice. Among them were wayfarers from Yatreb, or Medina, the city of "the people of the book," the literary emporium (as we should say in America) of Arabia. Many Jews, many half Christians, dwelt there ; to the pagans of Medina, therefore, the unity of God was not, as to other pagans, a novelty and rock of offence ; and they listened to the voice of Mohammed, and believed, and became his disciples. Returning home to Yatreb, these few disciples became apostles, and while on all sides darkness seemed closing in upon the Reformer, while Mecca was becoming a more and more perilous home for him each year, silently at the sister city his doctrines were spreading ; and behold, in the twelfth year of the mission, when at the Holy City itself civil war and the death of the prophet seemed inevitable, twelve men went up from Medina to pledge themselves to Mohammed. At night, upon the hill Al Akaba, north of Mecca, these twelve swore to renounce all idolatry ; neither to steal, commit fornication, nor kill their infant children, — the common crimes of the pagan Arabs ; not to forge calumnies ; and to obey the new prophet of the one true God in every thing reasonable. Such was the oath of fealty on which rested the empire of the Caliphs. They returned, with one of the better instructed of the Meccan believers, who was to be a missionary in Yatreb. Even at that juncture, when death stood on one hand, and life and power on the other, Mohammed remained fronting death. Nay, when, the next year, a larger deputation from the city of the faithful came and offered to the endangered Meccan a home, and almost a throne, he still waited in his native town until all hope of success there should have vanished.

The thirteenth year of his mission came. The brave, wise, faithful friend of Abdallah's son, Abu Taleb, had descended to the tomb, and the arm of power which shielded the prophet was withdrawn. Nor was the death of his defender his only loss ; Cadijah, — for twenty-five years his wife, to

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whom through that quarter of a century he had been faithful as few of that land ever were, for many wives were allowed, — Cadijah, his benefactress and his first disciple, had also been recalled from the earth. It was the "year of mourning" for the Reformer, that one which thus took from him his two best friends. His heart was no longer in Mecca.

And now an enemy, a deadly enemy, filled the place of Abu Taleb, and the hour of vengeance drew near. Silently, beneath the shades of night, the leaders of the Koreish met in conclave; with hushed voices, they plotted the destruction of Mohammed; from each family one was to be chosen, and all these were to strike their daggers into the breast of the offending member of the house of Hashem, and thus would that powerful connection be forced to seek revenge upon all the other houses of the tribe. They plotted, but "God is the best layer of plots"; * by unknown means those whispers reached the ear of the doomed one. Should he fly? Had not God bidden him do so, by raising up an asylum at Yatreb? But already his chamber was watched, and at midnight the daggers would be in his heart. "Give me thy mantle," cried the young, fearless, generous Ali, "and do you, O Prophet, and Abubekir escape in the twilight." Ali put on the green mantle of Mohammed, and laid himself, fearing nothing, upon the apostle's bed. Eyes of vengeance watched him there, while the daggers were whetted, and while, with noiseless steps, the founder of Islam commenced the Hegira. He fled, with Abubekir, to a cave three miles from Mecca, and there rested till pursuit was passed. As he rested, sleeping calmly, his friend touched his arm; he awoke to hear at the mouth of the cavern voices debating the probability of the fugitive being concealed there. Trembling with fear, Abubekir whispered, — "We are lost! what can we do against so many, we two"? "There is a third," was the calm reply. "Who?" asked the astonished follower, — and as his hand fell by chance in the dark on the apostle's wrist, he felt the pulsations regular as those of a child; — "Who?" he asked. "God." As they spoke, the voices receded, and they were safe. A pigeon had built her nest at the mouth of the cavern, and a spider had woven her web across the entrance. Truly, by a spider's thread at

* Koran, ch. 8.

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that moment hung the fate of the world. After three days' delay, the fugitives pursued their way, and reached Medina in safety. Five hundred men met the prophet, and he entered the city of his adoption in triumph.

How does this portion of his life, these thirteen years of persecution and contempt endured, and death dared hourly, correspond with the theory of imposture on speculation? How does his answer in the cave agree with the probable feelings of one who was thinking, talking, living a lie? If the lie theory can be made to explain the second period of Mohammed's life, then, we aver, a similar theory may be made to apply to almost every great promulgator of the gospel. If thirteen years so spent are not *primâ facie* proof of honesty, nothing can be; and it is a proof so strong, that a vast, vast amount of counter evidence must be brought forward to overturn it. One who is content to reason as Professor Bush does, in his Life of Mohammed, may see no force in what is so mighty as evidence to us; but to such champions of the cross we do not speak. He, for example, disbelieves the express statement of his hero, that he was not taught to write, — because, first, his cousin Ali was; secondly, because writing was not rare among the Arabs; thirdly, because Mohammed was to be a merchant; and fourthly, because it is asserted in the Koran, the last place where truth is to be looked for; * and he actually supposes this prince of liars to have dictated to Ali this useless lie, which Ali, and Cadijah, and every body else knew to be a lie, at the time when he wished to inspire confidence, and all for no other purpose, apparently, than to have the pleasure of lying. To such reasoners we have not a word to say; but to the rest of our readers we address the question, — Does the second period of the prophet's life add to or take from the probability, created by the purity and honesty of his character during the first period, that he was honest? And we cannot doubt the answer.

Let us now pass to the third, — the shortest, last, and most mysterious portion of this man's life. And let us begin by remembering that we are looking at a man fifty-three years old, one void of ambition hitherto, and remarkably free from impurity and immorality; who has been led to feel keenly the

* Bush's *Life of Mohammed* (Harper's edition), pp. 38, 39.

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need of a great radical change in the habits of his countrymen, who believes such a change must be effected by a revelation from God through an inspired prophet, and who has, after long meditation, come apparently to the conclusion that he is so inspired. And as we proceed in this man's history, and meet, as we shall, with circumstances which would stamp a sane man as a rogue, let our inquiry be, whether they are inconsistent with what has been observed of other monomaniacs, and honest religious enthusiasts. This is the basis on which, as we conceive, all such inquiries must proceed, and on which, in common daily affairs, all men would proceed. Had we known a man sensible and upright to the age of forty, and for the next thirteen years showing undoubted signs of insanity on some one subject, should we ever after that judge of his actions as of a perfectly sane man's in matters relating to that and kindred subjects? Should we not reckon as delusion in him many things which in one of sound mind we should deem clear knavery? Up to the time of the Hegira, we claim that Mohammed's life gives proof of nothing but honest self-deception or monomania; and we also claim, that, in trying to understand the ten years of his career that remain, we are still to regard him as under the same influence, unless something which is opposed to such an idea can be shown.

Mohammed had ever proclaimed the impolicy and iniquity of religious persecution; he had advocated the propagation of his doctrines, by addressing the reason, feelings, and consciences of men. For thirteen years he had persevered in thus addressing them, and almost in vain; they had spurned his instructions, rejected his truths, and sought his life. On a sudden, without agency of his, unsought, unasked by him, lo! God had put into his hands an army of devoted followers; for what? The old Hebrew collection answered very plainly, that God chastised by physical suffering those that persisted in rebellion and unbelief; it taught him that by the sword, when all else failed, Jehovah had prepared a way for himself. Is this denied? Is it denied that an Arabian of the sixth century might, in his best senses, most naturally thus read the Holy Book? Is it denied that in modern Europe, in England, more than a thousand years after Mohammed, the idea of promulgating by force the truth, even the truth as it is in Jesus, was a common idea? Can we

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look at the conquest of America by the Spaniards, and hold an Arab, into whose possession Heaven had as by miracle given arms, an evident knave, and no enthusiast, for believing that God designed him to use the arms thus given for the purpose of spreading that truth which men would not otherwise receive? Nothing, perhaps, tells more against Mohammed in the popular mind, than the idea that he wished to spread his faith by the sword; and yet how strange would it have been, had he persevered in peaceful addresses to men's reason, after laboring so long in vain, and being at last empowered to use other means, — the same means that were used against him! Truly, had he refused the armies of Yatreb, he would have deserved from all of us the name of prophet, and would have proved himself one of the truest successors to the spirit of the gentle Jesus. But so great virtue was not in him; the offer of the sword was to his mind not to be refused, for God offered it. The means of conversion which the greatest monarch of Christendom tried some three centuries later, this untutored Arab appealed to. Was Charlemagne dishonest in his bloody baptisms? If not, why Mohammed? It will be said, because he once taught a better doctrine; but shall there be no end to God's forbearance? Had not a clear proof reached the fugitive from Mecca, that the day of retribution was at hand?

But Mohammed, when in power, was cruel, vindictive, and showed that he used the sword for selfish, not noble, purposes; so many appear to think. In two lives of the prophet lying before us, the fact, that, after the battle of Beder, the bodies of the Meccans were thrown by Mohammed's followers into a well, is mentioned as a striking instance of their barbarity. Did the writers of those works remember how Christians, in this nineteenth century, treat the corpses of their foes? Did it occur to them, that, in the situation of the victorious army at Beder, no other mode of burial was possible than the one adopted? and that the act which is denounced as barbarous may have been an act of unusual respect? Surely, to leave the body of an enemy to the kites and dogs is as barbarous as to bury it, even though the grave be a well. And to aid them in estimating the barbarity of the victor in that wonderful battle, they had the fact, — more important, one would think, than the disposition of the dead, — that, of seventy prisoners taken, but two suffered death.

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But the charge of cruelty is utterly false. Mohammed forgave the very men of Mecca who had driven him forth and hunted him like a wild beast; he probably forgave the Jewess who administered the poison which produced his death; nor does a spirit of cruelty show itself in any part of his career.

He entered Medina, as we have said, in triumph. He found himself Prophet, Priest, Lawgiver, Judge, General, and King. Never was monarch so revered by his people, as the son of Abdallah by his followers. He built a temple or mosque of the most primitive simplicity, and reared for himself a palm-tree for a pulpit. His private life was one of marked abstinence and plainness. He lit his fire, and swept his chamber; mended his own garments, and spread his own table; dates and barley-bread, milk and honey, were his food.

One charge, and only one, relative to his private conduct, is, or can be, made; he is accused of licentiousness. Into a full discussion of this subject we cannot enter; but we ask the inquirer to consider these suggestions. From his youth to the age of fifty-three, Mohammed had been a model of chastity, and this at a time when no external circumstances operated upon his mind to make him so. Is it, then, to be at once believed that he, who had been so free from licentiousness through youth and manhood, would become a profligate in his old age, when every inducement from without called upon him to control himself? He was trying to reform his countrymen in regard to the very vice of which he is accused; and should we look, in the course of nature, for utter abandonment on the part of the Reformer, heretofore so continent, just when he was preaching continence? Ought we not, before we admit so improbable a charge, to weigh well the evidence on which it rests? And what is this evidence? It is, first, the tradition of his followers; secondly, certain portions of the Koran. In regard to the first, we hold it as worthless, for it is clear that what we look on as criminal his followers viewed in a wholly different light;* and this, leading, as we know it did, to immense exaggerations and fables, vitiates the tradition entirely. And what is the evidence of the Koran? We take it to be this,

* See Gibbon, chap. 50, notes 162, &c.

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and nothing more; Mohammed took a greater number of wives than he allowed to his followers, under an assumed permission from God to do so. Why? From a licentious spirit? We cannot believe it. What then? it may be asked. We answer, that the conduct of the prophet may, very probably, have been induced by the same feeling which led Napoleon to repudiate Josephine; the only sons he had appear to have died in infancy, and he had no one to succeed him in that priesthood to which God had raised him. In short, that charge of unbounded licentiousness, which Christian and infidel writers have brought against the husband of Cadijah, we believe may be regarded as a misinterpretation of the fact, that, in his desire for an heir, he supposed himself allowed by Heaven to increase the number of his wives beyond the bounds prescribed to his followers. No other explanation than this seems to us to accord with his previous purity, and this explanation coincides entirely with the idea upon which we are proceeding, that Mohammed was a monomaniac, a self-deceived enthusiast, up to the time of his flight from Mecca.

And how do the other circumstances of his life at that time accord with our theory? Take, for instance, the first noted event after his accession to power, that battle of Beder, to which we have already referred. A caravan of the Koreish was on its way to Mecca. Anticipating an attack from the followers of Mohammed, a reinforcement from Mecca, consisting of nine hundred and fifty men, went out to meet and defend their fellow-citizens. To this force the Prophet could oppose only three hundred and thirteen soldiers; but he did not hesitate about engaging the superior body, assuring his followers of divine aid. At first, he stood aloof from the battle, calling on God to assist his true worshippers; but when he saw his men wavering before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, throwing himself upon a horse, and casting a handful of sand into the air, with a loud cry he led his yielding followers back to the charge, and by his enthusiasm so inspirited his supporters, and daunted his opponents, that he gained the day.

In relation to this battle, we have another specimen of the way in which prejudice can lead a man to write. Professor Bush, after giving an account of the contest, says this triumph is often alluded to in the Koran "in a style of *self-*

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satisfied vaunting," and immediately quotes this passage : — " And ye slew not those who were slain at Beder yourselves, but God slew them. Neither didst thou, O Mohammed, cast the gravel into their eyes when thou didst seem to cast it, but God cast it " ; together with one or two others of similar import, all ascribing the victory to God.

But perhaps no period will more fully prove a man's honesty than the hour of death. How was it then with the Arabian impostor ? He knew, for many months before his death, that his end was approaching, as he died from the lingering disease produced by poison. As long as his strength permitted, he pursued his usual course, promulgating his faith by force, where the Koran was not enough. Though he knew Azrael to be so near, he changed neither in language nor action, but continued to claim to be God's messenger, and to fulfil the duties of his mission. At length his strength failed him, but not his courage, his enthusiasm, or his faith. For the last time he caused himself to be borne to the mosque, and spoke to his people. He told them that his last hour was near, and called upon any to whom he had been unjust, or whose name he had injured, to accuse him openly ; and if he owed any, he prayed them to make their claims then, rather than at the day of judgment. From the crowd there came a voice making a demand ; it was acknowledged and paid, with many thanks to the creditor. He then set free his slaves ; arranged every thing for his funeral ; appointed Abubekir to succeed him as priest, but made no mention of any successor in command ; and, with his head resting on Ayesha's knee, prepared to die. When the delirium of fever was upon him, he wished to dictate new messages from God ; when the delirium passed by, he bade his weeping friends be comforted. Around him were gathered his chief followers ; the worthlessness of power, the poverty of the rewards of ambition, could not fail to be seen by the dying man. Did he point out their vanity to Ali and Abubekir ? Were his last moments given to self-reproach, or even silent despair ? Could this impostor, this liar, this greatest of quacks and deceivers, pass away, and not utter one word showing that his soul was stricken with agony, when he looked back upon the villany of his mature years ? His lips moved ; they leant over him to catch the feeble sounds. " O God ! pardon my sins," he cried ; " yes, I

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come among my fellow-laborers on high!" He dipped his faint hand in the water, sprinkled his face, and died. Was that a liar's death-bed?

But there is one fact in the history of Mohammed which is usually regarded as conclusive; the fact, that he had revelations to suit his own plans, wishes, and position; in any difficulty or danger, he was informed from heaven what course to pursue. This is considered as certain proof of his imposture. But we think the history of monomania would show it to be one of the most common results of that disease. An enthusiast whose mind is unsound will, in most cases, have his visions or voices, when circumstances make them desirable; his revelations will be guided by his wishes. We cannot, therefore, think this strongest of all the evidences of the Arabian's dishonesty of any weight.

We have now given the leading points which need to be considered, in estimating Mohammed's honesty. For ourselves, we look upon him as honest to the last hour of his life; and we suppose his success and his influence to have been the result of his truthfulness and his real greatness of soul. It is disheartening to think, for a moment, that a mere deceiver and cheat could rule men's minds as this man did; but it is full of comfort and food for faith, the conviction that earnest, heartfelt, fearless devotion to the cause of God, as he believed, enabled the Arab Reformer to change the fortunes of so many millions. We regard the lesson to be learned, from the study of the prophet's life, as in favor of uprightness; not, as by the imposture theory, in favor of deception and knavery.

But not only do we look on Mohammed as honest, we regard him as one of the great souls of the world. We have no room to discuss his whole character, but we would call the attention of the reader to his forgiveness of the Meccans who had sought his life; to his ability as a soldier, though educated to arts of peace; to the fact, that he originated the laws and literature of a great people, though but partially taught himself; and to that peculiar power which he gained over all about him. Had he been less great, his honesty would not have enabled him to perform the wonders he did; and had he been otherwise than honest, we cannot believe his name would have been now known to the reader of history.

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ERRATA.

Page 295, 11th line from the bottom, for "his doctrines" *read* "its doctrines."
" 296, 18th line from the bottom, *dele* "But."
" 298, 17th line from the top, for "modest" *read* "utmost."
" 307, 5th line from the top, for "honor" *read* "horror."
" " 12th line from the bottom, for "puffs" *read* "huffs."

The statement on page 390, that manuscripts of the Gospels written in the age of the first Christian Emperor are even now extant, is perhaps made with too little qualification. It is true that some critics ascribe both the *Alexandrine* and the *Vatican* manuscripts of the Gospels to the fourth century, in the early part of which Constantine flourished. But others, with more reason, do not give them a higher antiquity than the fifth century.

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